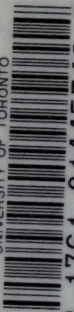


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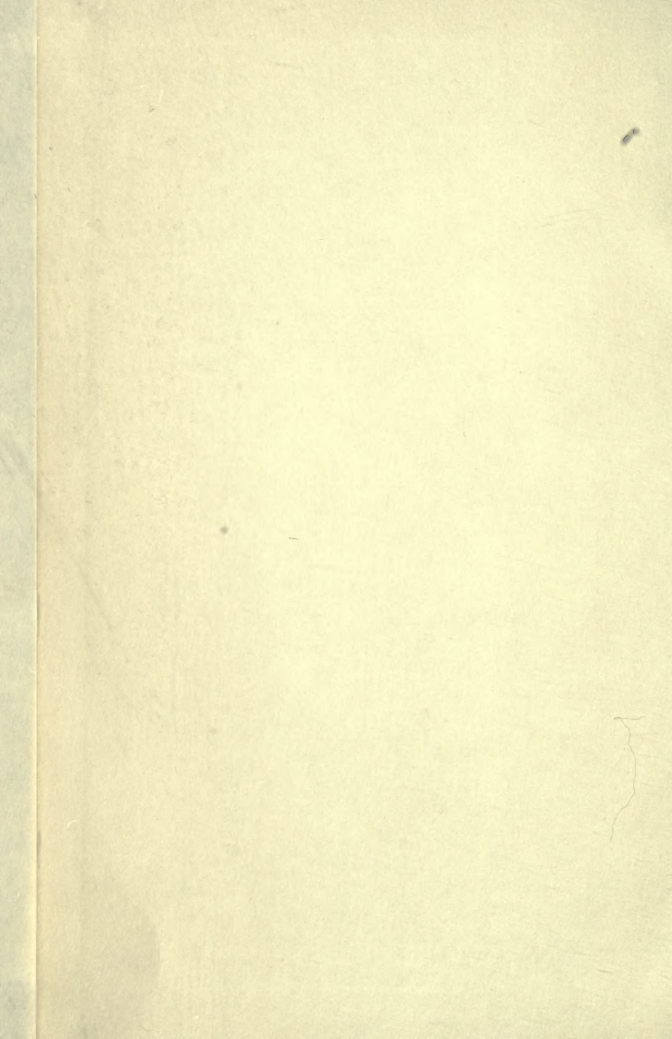


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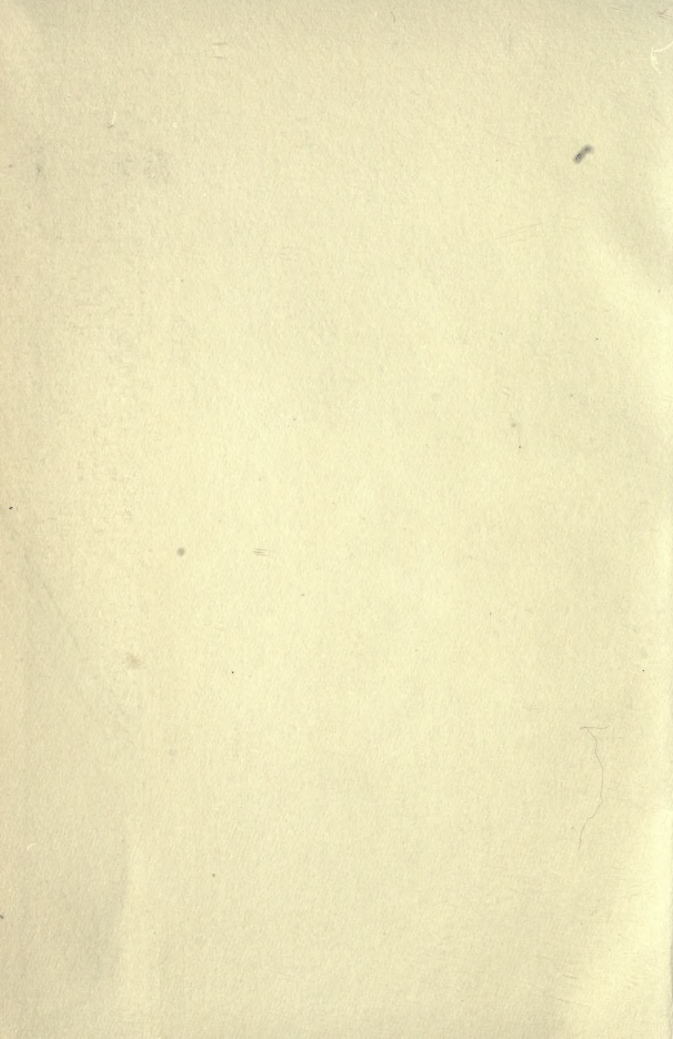
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SECTION III

THE ENGLISH DRAMA

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FROM ITS BEGINNING TO THE PRESENT DAY

GENERAL EDITOR

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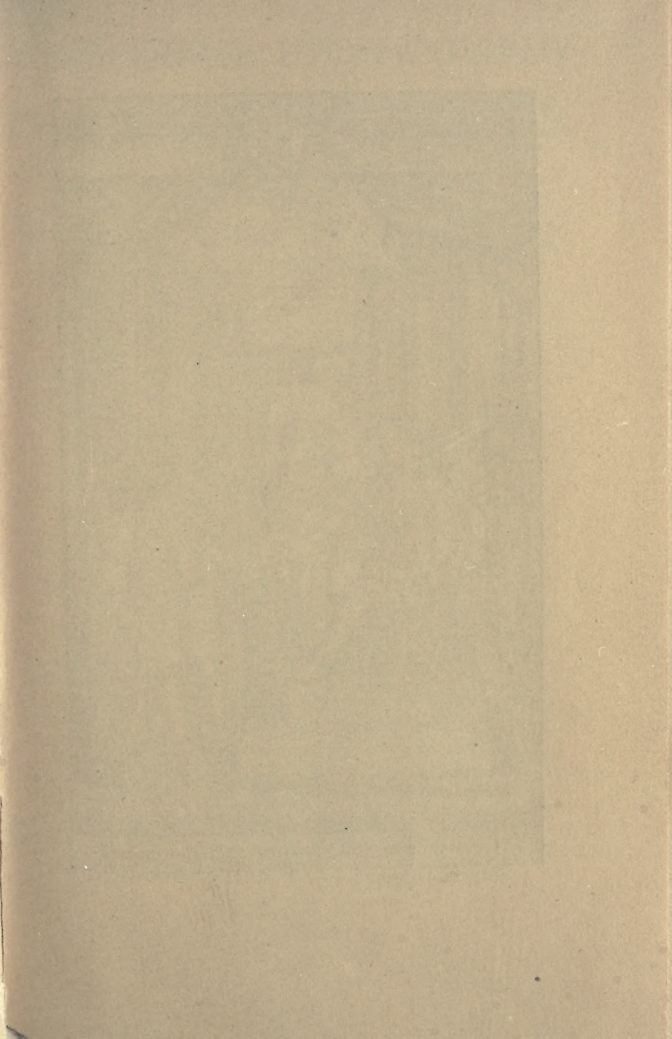
FROM THE BEGINNING TO THE PRESENT DAY

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IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY





Tantum de medio Sumptus accedit honoris.

A DISCOURSE UPON COMEDY
THE RECRUITING OFFICER
AND
THE BEAUX STRATAGEM

BY
GEORGE FARQUHAR

EDITED BY
LOUIS A. STRAUSS, PH.D.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

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Biography

GEORGE FARQUHAR was born in Londonderry, Ireland, in 1677 or 1678. Our sole source of information as to the time of his birth is the entry of his matriculation in the register of Trinity College, Dublin. He is entered as sizar on July 17, 1694, born and educated (*sub magistro Walker*) in Londonderry. His age is given as 17 (*annos 17*); earlier biographers interpreted the entry "in his seventeenth year," and accordingly fixed upon 1678 as the year of birth. Schmid argues for 1677, but his reasoning is not conclusive: as the entry comes in the middle of the year there is as strong a presumption for 1678 as for 1677; under the first interpretation it might have been 1679 as well as 1678. In the absence of more definite information the old date, 1678, should be favored. From the same entry we learn that the dramatist's father was William Farquhar, a clergyman; this lays the surmise of Leslie Stephen that he may have been the son of John Farquhar, prebendary of Raphoe, and it likewise disposes of Cibber's vague impression that the father was Dean of Armagh.

The reports of Farquhar's early life in the eighteenth-century editions of his works and other sources are the vaguest possible. The least indefinite information comes from the biography prefixed to the Dublin edition of 1775, written by Thomas Wilkes, a relation of Farquhar's intimate and faithful friend Robert Wilks, the actor. From him, and from the researches of Dr. D. Schmid, we learn that Farquhar's father held a living in the north of Ireland, not, however, in Londonderry. George was one of seven children, and the living was worth £150; little enough for such a family, and yet, considering the cost of living at that time, the facts (if they are facts) scarcely justify the note of dire poverty which all the poet's biographers harp upon. The supposed relationship of his mother with Dr. Wiseman, Bishop of Dromore, would make Farquhar of mixed Celtic and Teutonic blood — a happy combination for letters, and probable enough in view of his birthplace.

That Farquhar was educated in Londonderry under a schoolmaster Walker we know from the Trinity entry. Schmid assumes that it was in the Grammar School, and that the poet's father had a hand in his training. All this is plausible but entirely without supporting evidence. Hallbauer's inferences about "the religious austerity of his training" rest upon the flimsiest sort of foundation. All that we really know of his education is that he was in residence in Trinity something more than one year. Wilkes remarks that "he acquired a considerable reputation" in college; on the other hand, Leigh Hunt brings forward the deadly accusation of dullness. Both reports may rest upon contemporary opinion. Farquhar certainly was precocious enough to gain reputation if he chose to: on the other hand, the attribute of "diffidence" (not to mention melancholy) included in his self-portrait (*Letters*) may well explain the dullness in the eyes of the undergraduates.

If, as is supposed, Farquhar was designed for the church, it is well that his university career was cut short. The occasion, according to Wilkes, was the death of the Bishop of Dromore: but a more popular explanation has it that he was expelled by the university authorities for a profane jest. Required to present an exercise on the miracle of Christ's walking upon the waters, he alluded to the proverb about "a man who is born to be hanged." Whether the story be true or not will probably never be known: it is certainly not out of keeping with Farquhar's reckless nature, as revealed in his writings.

On leaving the university Farquhar was, for a short time, a corrector of the press. He soon became acquainted with Robert Wilks, and probably through him was given a chance upon the Dublin stage. He appeared in divers rôles during the year 1696, making his début as Othello. T. Wilkes¹ furnishes a list of the parts Farquhar played: Lenox in *Macbeth*, Lord Dion in *Philaster*, Rochford in Banks's *Virtue Betrayed*, Guyomar in Dryden's *Indian Emperor*; Young Bellair in *The Man of Mode*, Careless in Howard's *Committee*, and Young Loveless in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*. It was while playing Guyomar that Farquhar, forgetting to exchange his sword for a foil, severely wounded his fellow-actor Price, who played Vasquez. Though Price recovered, Farquhar conceived so strong an aversion for the calling of actor that he forthwith abandoned the

¹ *The Works of George Farquhar*. Dublin, 1775, vol. 1, p. iv.

stage. It is likely that his very moderate success was a factor in his decision. We are told that his voice was thin and that he never overcame the self-consciousness that induces stage fright — two very serious hindrances.

Wilks now advised Farquhar to try his hand at play-writing, urging him to go to London. He also loaned him ten guineas and secured a benefit for him in the Dublin theater. Accordingly, the end of 1696 (or the beginning of 1697) found Farquhar in London. The common statement that he came in company with Wilks is no doubt incorrect: Wilks came at least two years later. As Schmid points out, in discussing this matter, it is significant that he did not create the part of Roebuck in Farquhar's first play. The leading part in all of the later comedies was assigned to Wilks.

This comedy, *Love and a Bottle*, appeared in December, 1698, at the Drury Lane Theater, and had a successful initial run of nine nights. It has been supposed that the play was sketched in Ireland and completed soon after Farquhar's arrival in London, but that the stage was held by Vanbrugh's *Relapse* and that Collier's *Short View*, appearing soon after, further delayed the production. Aside from its inherent improbability, Mr. Archer rightly questions this view, holding that the knowledge of London life displayed argues a longer residence in England. It seems not unlikely that the usual "manuscript carried in his pocket" may have been of a totally different play, rejected finally by the managers or by the poet himself. Another fruitful theme for conjecture is how Farquhar occupied his time, and how he supported himself, during the two years in London previous to his début as dramatist. The earliest biographer¹ (anonymous) states that the Earl of Orrery gave him his lieutenant's commission while he was still in Ireland. Wilks's friendship might have procured Farquhar the favor thus early, but it is extremely improbable in view of the fact that there is no contemporary mention of it. T. Wilkes dates the commission 1702; while an allusion in the prologue to *Love and a Bottle* seems to fix it late in 1698, but the dedication of the play, not to the Earl of Orrery, but to the Marquis of Carmarthen, as Schmid points out, somewhat offsets this evidence. At any rate, Farquhar probably had two years of struggle during which, it is natural to suppose, he supported himself by

¹ *Works*, vol. 1. London: 1728.

hack-work, possibly connected with the theater. Incidentally he learned to know London and its ways.

Soon after the appearance of his first play, Farquhar rendered a service to the stage by the discovery of Anne Oldfield. By reason of his retiring nature (his German biographers will have it) the young dramatist frequented quiet taverns in preference to the witaunted coffee-houses. It was in the Mitre that he accidentally heard the sixteen-year old niece of the hostess reading from *The Scornful Lady*. Impressed with her talent, he enlisted Vanbrugh's interest. This resulted in her engagement by Rich. The actress and playwright became intimate friends. She created the parts of Silvia and Mrs. Sullen in his last comedies, and is believed to have been the "Penelope" to whom some of his letters are addressed.

Love and a Bottle was a successful first play, but it was *The Constant Couple, or a Trip to the Jubilee*, that gave Farquhar a commanding position among the dramatists of the day. This comedy was produced toward the end of 1699 (published Dec. 9, 1699) and proved an instant and lasting favorite. It draws from a book entitled *The Adventures of Covent Garden, in imitation of Scarron's City Romance*, published earlier in the same year. One of the lyrics in this book afterwards appeared in *Love and Business*; hence it is generally believed that Farquhar, if not the author, at least had a share in its composition. The success of *The Constant Couple* owed much to the acting of Sir Harry Wildair by Wilks, as Farquhar freely acknowledged: but the actor's debt to the author is no less great, for his fame and popularity were henceforth associated with the rôle. The play was performed fifty-three times, according to Chetwood,¹ whose statement is confirmed by an allusion in the preface to *The Inconstant*. It had frequent revivals during the eighteenth century, Wildair being a favorite part of Peg Woffington.

In 1700 Farquhar spent several months in Holland, three of his published letters being written in that country. T. Cibber (and other biographers follow him) states that he was there on military duty, but there is no hint to that effect in the letters. In fact, his remark at the close of the first letter (Aug. 10, 1700, N. S.) argues the contrary: "I can assure you that while I have a brother to that pistole left, you shall not see . . . your Friend and Ser-

¹ *A General History of the Stage*, p. 150. London: 1749.

vant." It is more than probable that Farquhar traveled to recruit his health: frequent allusions in his letters, as well as his early death, show that he was a man of delicate constitution. He was seriously ill while in Holland.

In his third play, *Sir Harry Wildair*, which appeared early in 1701, Farquhar sought to exploit the popularity of the characters he had created in *The Constant Couple*. Thanks to the earlier comedy, it enjoyed a fair run. Schmid apologizes for its weakness by supposing it to be a sort of exercise composed during an attack of illness: but the theory is unwarranted and superfluous. Farquhar could write well during illness, witness *The Beaux' Stratagem*, but the character of Sir Harry was scarcely calculated to bear the weight of a sequel.

Early in the following year Farquhar produced *The Inconstant; or the Way to Win Him*. It is founded upon *The Wild-Goose Chase* of Fletcher. While not a complete failure (six performances) the play had less success than its merits and the reputation of its author would lead us to expect. Farquhar explained its poor reception as due to the eclipse of English comedy by French dancing. *The Twin Rivals*, Dec. 14, 1702, shared the same fate. This play was Farquhar's answer to Collier's *Short View*, its design being to prove that "an English comedy may answer the strictness of poetical justice."

The same year, 1702, saw the publication of a little volume of miscellanies, entitled *Love and Business: in a collection of occasional verse and epistolary prose. . . . A Discourse likewise upon Comedy in Reference to the English Stage*. The poems include a flamboyant pindaric ode *On the Death of General Schomberg, kill'd at the Boyn*, a prologue and epilogue, and a few epigrams and amatory poems in the prevailing manner and of no worth. The letters, with one or two exceptions, are equally trifling, and are distinctly disappointing to the biographer. They throw little light upon Farquhar's life or character. Even *The Picture*, in which he draws himself for the benefit of a fair correspondent, is of little worth, for it is not impressively sincere. The *Discourse upon Comedy* is the redeeming feature of the little book. Several additional letters were published in 1718 in *Familiar Letters of Love, Gallantry, . . . by the Wits of the last and present age, together with Mr. T. Brown's Remains*. Farquhar's letters, occupying pp. 273-291, Vol. II., pertain to his amatory adventures. They have not been republished.

Farquhar's marriage probably occurred in 1703. There is no valid reason for rejecting the story told by all his biographers, and yet some positive proof would be most welcome. As Wilkes relates it, a penniless young lady of Yorkshire, enamored of the dramatist, represented herself as an heiress and entrapped him into marriage. Farquhar accepted the inevitable like a true comedian — and a gentleman. "To his honour be it spoken, though he found himself deceived, and his circumstances embarrassed, yet he never once upbraided her for the cheat, but behaved to her with all the delicacy and tenderness of an indulgent husband."¹ Of the wife nothing further is known than that her name was Margaret. She survived him and affixed her name to the advertisement to his epic poem *Barcellona*, published after his death.

Mr. Archer points to Farquhar's emphatic views on divorce, expressed in *The Beaux' Stratagem*, as confirming the story by pointing to an unfortunate marriage. But we have no right to assume that Farquhar there expresses his personal views; and it is easy to exaggerate and take too seriously the generalizations of a facile writer. Moreover, the marriage, though unfortunate, was probably not unhappy: the *Memoir* in the early editions of Farquhar's works states that he "was so charmed with her love and understanding that he entirely forgave her, and liv'd very happily with her." The strongest argument against the story is that it has absolutely escaped contemporary mention: it is extremely improbable that it could have remained unknown, and that, if known, Farquhar would have been spared by the satirists. However, true or false, the story has done much to establish our belief in Farquhar as a generous and chivalrous gentleman, and has thus reflected more light upon his plays than any other single detail.

A period of sterility, doubtless more or less occupied with the duty of recruiting for the army, lasted about three years (1703-6). In 1704, in conjunction with Motteux, Farquhar produced a one-act farce, *The Stage Coach*, at Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is an adaptation of *Les carrosses d'Orleans*, by Jean de la Chapelle. The play is included in few editions of Farquhar's works. The same year saw his visit to Ireland, during which he "murdered his own Sir Harry Wildair" at a benefit which yielded him £100.

On April 8, 1706, *The Recruiting Officer* was produced at Drury

¹ *Works of George Farquhar*. Dublin, 1775.

Lane. Its success was great and immediate. In the fall it was played simultaneously in the Drury Lane and Haymarket theaters; and after the initial run revivals were frequent throughout the eighteenth century.¹ For some time previous to its composition Farquhar was engaged in recruiting in Shropshire. The recruiting scenes in the play are obviously founded on his experience there, and the whole tone of the comedy, as well as of the dedication, shows this to have been the happiest time of Farquhar's life.

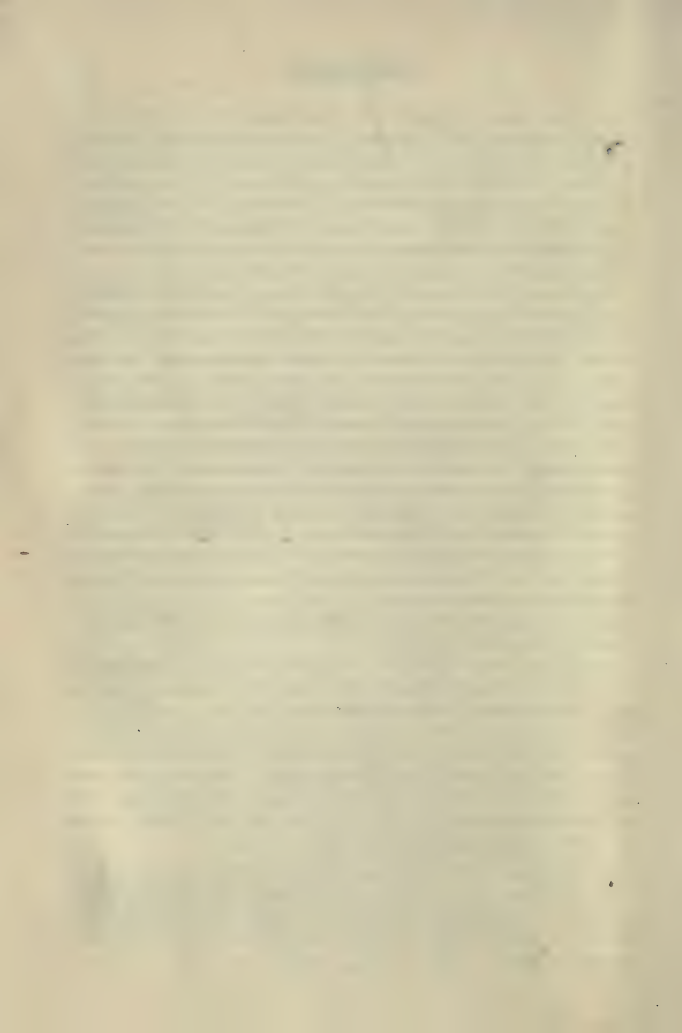
In spite of the success of this play, the poet's domestic burden dragged him deeper and deeper into poverty. He was forced to sell his commission in order to pay his debts. It is believed that he was advised to do so by the Duke of Ormond, who promised him another. The failure of the duke to keep his promise is said to have brought upon Farquhar the "settled sickness" that resulted in his death. In the dramatist's distress his friend Wilks came to him, cheered him with a substantial present, and urged him to write another comedy. Farquhar immediately set to work, and *The Beaux' Stratagem*, generally acknowledged his masterpiece, was finished in six weeks. According to an account traceable to Wilks himself, "most part of it he wrote in his bed, and before he had finished the second act he perceived the approaches of death."² The play was performed March 8, 1707. Farquhar died the last week in April, so there is something wrong with the story that he died on the very night (the third) of his benefit.³ He was buried in the Church of St. Martin's in the Fields on May 3d.

A pathetic letter to Wilks, consigning his little daughters to the actor's charity, as well as the advertisement and epilogue to the play, all attest the pitiful conditions attending the author's death. Wilks secured a benefit for each of the two girls and found employment for them. Mr. Chaloner, to whom *Love and Business* was dedicated, obtained a small pension for the family. But they never rose above poverty. One daughter married a small tradesman, and died soon after: the other, according to Hunt, lived, as a servant, as late as 1764, in total ignorance of her father's fame!

¹ As late as 1885 it was produced in New York by the late Augustin Daly, who prepared a new stage-version of the comedy.

² W. R. Chetwood. *A General History of the Stage*, p. 150.

³ It is quite probable that Farquhar died on the night of his second benefit.



Introduction

FARQUHAR'S position in English comedy is, historically, of far greater significance than is generally acknowledged. His work marks a turning-point in the drama so decided and meaningful that, without seeking to magnify his importance, I am disposed to mention him with such innovators as Lyly, Shakespeare, Jonson, and Etherege. As author of one of the last perfect specimens of comedy of manners and of the first two splendid examples of comedy of the balanced modern type, he emerges from the ranks of the Orange and Augustan comedians as the prophet of a new order. For while he introduced no comic principle hitherto unknown, he blended the essentials of character, plot, and situation in juster proportions than any previous writer of realistic comedy, lifting their interest to an equality with that of the dialogue, to which they had been subordinated in the wit-ridden comedy of manners. The result was a form of comedy unsurpassed for naturalness and fidelity to life: the form adopted and perfected by Sheridan and Goldsmith.

Mr. William Archer,¹ with a fine appreciation of Farquhar's genius, has lamented his early death as a great blow to the English drama — one of its many instances of unfulfilled promise. I would emphasize, on the other

¹ *George Farquhar*. Edited by William Archer (*Mermaid Series*), pp. 15-16.

hand, the richness and completeness of Farquhar's personal achievement, and the unlikelihood of further achievement had his life been prolonged. Farquhar died in 1707. Congreve and Vanbrugh, his elder contemporaries, the former of whom is rated above Farquhar, the latter at least his equal, survived him about twenty years. Yet these two men produced no comedy, good or bad, in all the time that was denied to Farquhar. Vanbrugh's interest in architecture and Congreve's impatience of criticism and snobbish disdain of authorship are not sufficient explanation of their silence. We must seek the reason, rather, in the nature of their work and in the changed conditions attending their mature years. Comedy of manners does not stimulate and tax the invention and imagination of its author: it handles the conventional, and ever the same conventional, over and over again: its vein is therefore soon exhausted, and no writer of this type of comedy yields a large output of good quality. Moreover, the early eighteenth century had become as unfavorable an age for comedy as the late seventeenth century had been propitious. The altered conditions, too well known to demand discussion at this point, must have affected Farquhar, had his life been spared, much as they affected Congreve and Vanbrugh. Though my speculation may seem as idle as Mr. Archer's vain regrets, I am bound to express my conviction that Farquhar had done his life-work. He had shown the way to a new order of comedy; an order, to be sure, in which imagination and invention played a far greater part than in the old. But it does not follow that, had he lived, he would have occupied the new field

—in fact, all signs point to the contrary. The world was not ready for the new comedy even if Farquhar was able to furnish it.

The claim I make for our author necessitates a brief discussion of the era of comedy that closed before his death. The comedy of manners has been considered, since the eighteenth century, as hopelessly bad by reason of its moral unsoundness, or as tolerable for the sake of its cleverness, in spite of that immorality. To escape from the monotony of such criticism, Charles Lamb proposed to remove this entire drama from the category of the moral and to regard it as moving in a world of its own creation, independent of our ordinary ethical criteria. The common-sense of criticism has perceived the impossibility of this attitude: romantic comedy, though moving in an ideal world and enveloped in an atmosphere of poetry, can have no meaning if completely estranged from actual life — much less can realistic comedy. And yet the critic has not flouted Lamb's theory. Perhaps he has dimly sensed, behind Lamb's kindly attempt to avoid the clash of ethical and æsthetic universals, a great soul's sure intuition of a recondite truth. Lamb sought to justify the morals of Restoration comedy, which he did not understand, for the sake of its consummate art, to which he was keenly susceptible.

It is time to face the issue squarely. To say that comedy of manners is tolerable in spite of its immorality is to set at naught the world-old axiom that good art must be morally sound. At the same time, if we condemn it utterly on account of that immorality, we ig-

nore the judgment of many of our most competent critics. We cannot escape from this dilemma by declaring that morality is relative, not absolute; that what seems immoral to one age or race is perfectly moral in the eyes of another: for the comedy of manners was vigorously denounced by a large element of the seventeenth-century public, who found its reckless tone as unpalatable as did the reader of the nineteenth century. This is obvious enough, but it should be almost equally obvious in the light of our present-day philosophy, which envisages human life as progressive and protests against a sharp separation of history into periods, each categorically complete, that an art may be immoral according to the standards of its own and later generations and still present an aspect of sound morality to the larger historical view.

Comedy of manners is necessarily immoral. It is so because it faithfully reflects a mode of life that is itself immoral. This sounds like calling a mirror ugly that bodies forth ugly faces: but it is not precisely so. If there were a mirror that could reflect only ugly faces, remaining blind to such as are beautiful, the comparison would hold, for comedy of manners can exist only amidst conditions of immorality. Its unsoundness lies not in defiance of the moral code, but in its easy approval and acceptance, as normal, of transient fashions in conduct that belie the essential and abiding facts of human nature. It can flourish only in the heart of a highly sophisticated polite society, a society whose self-consciousness as regards social usage, or manners, has been refined to the point of morbidity. It is immoral

exactly as life is immoral when self-indulgence is practiced on principle, and when relaxation of virtue is condoned as proof of moral independence and a noble scorn of pharisaism. This comedy of manners reveals the truth of the latter seventeenth century as nothing else could reveal it. It is quite as necessary, in order to understand that age, and those following it, to know Congreve as to know Bunyan.

To see this clearly and prepare for its consequences, let us contrast comedy of manners with comedy of humours. Since Jonson declared, "The Manners, now called Humours, feed the stage," the two names have been confused: but the things for which they stand are as different as well can be—in fact, opposites. The two types of comedy represent successive stages in a decadence. The comedy of humours follows the culmination of a period of great men and vast achievement, like the Elizabethan. It comes when greatness is yet in the air and gives its complexion to all life. Every frog fancies himself an ox, and it is with his swelling conceit, or humour, that the satiric comedy deals. It is imperative to note that comedy of humours flourishes when the heroic age has reached or just passed its climax, and that the giant personages of the time are still inspiring all men to the development of their own personality. Hence it is the individual, with his foibles and eccentricities, in whom the comedian is interested. His business is to lash the follies of the time, and those follies consist at once in the criminal faults and the peccadilloes of unbalanced minds. Comedy of humours is profoundly moral: more than this, it is frankly moralistic, preaching

a gospel of common-sense to a world of mediocre men who are frantically striving after individual distinction.

Comedy of manners prevails when the work of the humours comedy is done, and the heroic age departed. Individuality is no longer sought; on the contrary, men are reducing themselves to types. Conduct has been formulated to a nicety. The courtier is no more individuated than his powdered perruque: his actions are reduced to the walking of a stately minuet. It is decadence in its last stages, but in high conceit with itself; confusing the life which Jonson ridiculed with that which Shakespeare exalted, it calls the age of departed greatness barbarous. It is not noble, as decadence may be, but little, selfish, heartless. Comedy of manners is immoral because it pertains to an order in which the potent springs of human conduct are relaxed, yet the social machinery runs smoothly on. We need not wrench the word manners from its everyday acceptance to perceive how false and hollow the art must be that is based exclusively upon them. Manners are the empty husks of actions that were great or chivalrous, the conventionalized form of self-mastery, victory without conflict, the habit of appearing what man cannot habitually be. No one denies the value of manners in the individual, as letters-patent of good breeding: and breeding is an excellent thing if there is something bred. But "manners themselves are mischievous" when they cease to be an index to the inner man, and this is what has happened when a society is become sufficiently negative to be aware of its manners and to exploit them in comedy.

The historical conditions under which such a state of affairs comes to pass are of far greater interest and consequence than the modern world, which has brushed the matter aside, affects to believe. Pseudo-classicism, of which comedy of manners is a product, is usually viewed narrowly as a literary fashion, a resultant of reaction against a former fashion and of contemporary literary influence from abroad. To be sure, the modern critic remarks a sort of affinity between the cold, worldly tone of literature and the scientific, analytic posture of the national consciousness, but beyond this he perceives no vital bond between literature and life; the affinity is, in fact, little more than a convenient analogy. Distinguishing the pseudo-classical age (the latter seventeenth and early eighteenth century) from the romantic Elizabethan and Victorian ages — nay, even from the classical post-Elizabethan and the eighteenth century — on the ground of its sheer formalism and artificiality, he persists in viewing its literature apart from life as “a thing in itself.” The critic would say this is justifiable, for in a pseudo-classical age literature is more interested in itself than in life; more occupied with the rules of composition than with the eternal truth of human nature : it is thus false and superficial, and must be treated accordingly.

The attitude of the critic is dangerous, even though he seems simply to be taking classicism at its own word. It disregards the fundamental truth that literature is an expression of life. Of the three ingredients that make a literature, viz., the influence of the literature of the past, contemporary foreign influence, and the actual life of the present, the third is inevitably the

most important ; indeed, we might contend that apart from it the others do not exist. If there is a revolt against Elizabethan standards in poetry, we shall also find a revolt against Elizabethan ideals of life : if the French influence is paramount, there must be, for the moment at least, a close kinship between English and French ideals. So, if the critic seems to find a literature flourishing merely upon revolt against one literary tradition and support of another, it devolves upon him to find, if he can, the conditions that cause such an alienation between art and life. But it is highly improbable that he will find what he seeks, for the discontent that turns the artist against the tyranny of literary custom lies deeper than mere weariness of too-familiar models or a frivolous yearning for novelty. It rests, rather, in a sense of the inadequacy of the discarded form to express the new forces surging up in life. The estrangement is not between the literature of to-day and that of yesterday, nor between contemporary life and art, but between our life and an outworn art that seeks to comprehend it. Hence it is toward life that we must direct our scrutiny. No study of mere improvement or deterioration of literary forms will explain the descent of the supremacy in comedy from Jonson to Etherege ; nor can it explain the contemporaneity of such moral extremes as Bunyan and Wycherley. Yet these things we need to explain in order to understand the English comedy of manners.

The classical movement, of which pseudo-classicism is the extreme development, is viewed, in time-honored theory, as a reaction in favor of regularity of form arising

out of impatience with the licentiousness of Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan poetry. It turns, we are told, for inspiration and for regulation to the literature of classical antiquity, and is powerfully affected by the example and precept of continental writers, particularly the French, who took the lead in reverting to ancient authority. Finally, it is augmented by a revulsion from the asceticism and repression of the Puritan rule. This last element, however, which is held to be chiefly responsible for the indecency and the reckless morals of the comedy, is plainly a disturbing factor that complicates the whole question and throws our theory into confusion. We are asked to believe a palpable absurdity when we are told that a movement against licentiousness of form was driven to a worse licentiousness of morals by contact with an influence that was itself a revolt against over-freedom of life and belief! This view of classicism, good in part, involves itself in contradiction because it plays upon the surface instead of boring to the center of things. It should be apparent that the explanation of Restoration immorality must be sought within, not without, the classical temper. As we have said, the literature of an age is determined by the life of that age — not by the dead literature of an earlier period or by the literary tendencies of an alien life. The theory mistakes symptoms for causes: hence arises the blunder which explains one thing as a reaction from another when the two are merely dissimilar effects of the same cause operating under unlike conditions.

The classical movement is the literary expression of the effort, general throughout Europe, to escape from the

laxness and turbulency of life that characterized the period culminating (in England) in the sixteenth century. Broadly speaking, it is a revolt from the reckless adventuresomeness of the Renaissance, by which we understand, not merely humanism in letters, induced by the Revival of Learning, nor yet merely paganism in religion, the by-product of the Reformation, but both of these and vastly more. The Renaissance may be vaguely described as a great tidal-wave of human progress, whose flood begins obscurely in the earliest stages of the Christian Era and whose ebb is yet to be consummated. In its first weak manifestation, as well as in the full violence of its overwhelming flood, it seemed the revulsion of the pent-up sea of human passion and zest for life against the barriers opposed to living and feeling by the early Christianity; but we now realize that this early Christianity, itself a revulsion against the earlier pagan culture, was but a transient phase unable to account for the great movement which we call the Renaissance, and which is, indeed, nothing more nor less than Christian civilization itself. We are, accordingly, still in the midst of the Renaissance, and the Elizabethan period is not necessarily its climax in England, but the crest of one great wave. Classicism is diminished, therefore, to a reaction against a phase of the movement, but at the same time it becomes an element in the Renaissance instead of a blank stretch between it and something else.

The seventeenth century, of which classicism expresses one aspect, is, then, in revolt against a mode of life, not merely of literature. The growth of the scien-

tific consciousness and the spread of rationalism in conduct and religion are evidence of a decline from the lofty pitch of an unrestrained emotional ideality: while they have their positive aspects, they are, in so far, negative, and negative they remain, for the most part, during the seventeenth century. The predominant feature of this age throughout Europe is found in the necessity of subjecting the life of the individual to a rigid system of control, corresponding closely with the disciplinary idea that underlay the early Christian life and worship. The Pagan Renaissance, in removing these restraints, had opened the flood-gates for the frenzied self-indulgence which burst all bounds: and Reformation and counter-Reformation — at work in both churches — were attempting to rebuild the barriers on lines conformable to the spirit of the age. This effort to rehabilitate life in a vesture of order and seemliness asserts itself to the outward view in various guises, yielding and answering to racial and class peculiarities; but beneath all differences the constant and elemental force is the demand for discipline consequent upon the over-assertion of freedom and self-realization. The result within the Church is neo-Catholicism, with its extreme expression in the rigid lay and priestly orders typified by the Society of Jesus. In England, which had broken from the papacy, it finds corresponding expression in Puritanism, which is to Protestantism precisely what neo-Catholicism is to the elder church — viz., a persistent working out, to the breaking point, of the ideals to which the Reformation was dedicated.

But in the seventeenth century there was, in all coun-

tries, an important element for which the appeal of the "other world" had lost its potency. Largely among the classes that enjoyed the richest pleasures in this life, especially in the courts and capitals of France and England, the pagan worldliness of the Renaissance had completely displaced the faith in which modern civilization has its foundation. To the joyless existence of the "third estate" this faith, with its attendant promise of a better life beyond, was as needful as ever: to a large element among the pampered aristocrats it had become an unnecessary hypothesis. Through the powerful working of the new learning the cultured classes proceeded, without entire rupture of the outward forms of Christianity, to the very antithesis of Christian belief and life. For them the clear daylight of Greek thought had given rationalism the victory over mysticism, self-realization over abnegation, hedonism over asceticism: in short, their life and view-point negated every phase of the mediæval Christian ideal. Yet despite divergence of class ideals the oneness of humanity is shown in the need of a stricter rule of life common to the classes and the masses. In a word, it is the same need of discipline that accounts for the fanaticism of Jesuit and Puritan and for the classical rigidity of form that dominates the literature of the seventeenth century. That this need strikes precisely as deep into life as the interests of life themselves penetrate explains how one and the same age could produce *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Sir Fopling Flutter*. The peasant's craving for discipline expresses itself in his religion: he regulates his life by the absolute formula of faith dictated by his conscience

and by his narrow interpretation of the Gospels. To say, then, that the need *is* Puritanism is to suggest that the peasantry are living their reform so intensely that there is little room for literary expression of their ideal. To say, on the other hand, that it *is* classicism, implies that the life of cavalier and courtier, when devotion to unfortunate royalty ceases to be their redeeming virtue, is concerned with no more vital matters than the cultivation of elegance in dress and deportment, in speech and in poetry. There is small occasion for surprise that moral laxity should underlie so hollow a culture: on the contrary, it could not be otherwise. And its outcropping in indecency is but the natural symptom of an inward disease and can in no way be connected with an external cause, such as the influence of Puritanism.

A perfect example of the classical tendency is found in French tragedy. In its fine, courtly idealism is preserved the grandiose exaltation of mediæval romance, subdued to elegance by social convention and poetic restraint. Complementary to this tragedy, and sharply contrasted with it, the comedy of France attacks with deadly satire the shams and follies of daily affairs. The wide gap between the levels of this tragedy and comedy may well betoken the hollowness of the life they express, and foretell coming disaster. Yet it must be said that the tragedy, in its lofty devotion to a remote ideal, and the comedy, in its grim adherence to present reality, alike exhale an intense moral earnestness which, in view of the impending ruin, is solemn and grand.

It is not so with the English drama. The heroic play

and the comedy of manners follow French exemplars, to be sure, but they follow in curiously different ways. The former falls far short of attaining the spirit of French tragedy. The frivolous patrons of the theater felt little sympathy with the sickly heroics of their borrowed tragedy; perhaps they were conscious of a sound and permanent national life beneath the passing order. Indeed, the age of heroics was departed in England, possibly forever, but certainly until a completed social evolution should create a nobler aristocracy out of a perfected democracy. The heedless gentry of feudal France might play contentedly with its fabrication of ancient legends, mediæval ideals, and modern manners; but the English public, whose peaceful restoration of a banished dynasty proved far more than they suspected, could derive little satisfaction from a false idealism which their own reality surpassed. And the playwrights can scarcely be blamed for failing to produce great tragedies for an unsympathetic audience.

But if the heroic play failed utterly to approach French tragedy in dignity and worth, the English comedy as surely outstripped its models as consummate art. This does not mean that, weighed in the balance, they are greater or of more lasting value; the contrary has been the judgment of the world in general. It does mean that, as comedy of manners, the creations of Congreve and his contemporaries are more perfect specimens of their kind than those of their master, Molière. If this statement is offensive, there is no help for it save in the reclassifying of the French comedian. In truth, a superficial glance reveals him closer akin to Jonson than to

the Restoration writers. His strongly satirical bent, amounting usually to sheer moralism, leads him to the creation of characters, at once typical and individual, that stand forth boldly from the social average. True comedy of manners finds its interest in the exposition of the conventional, the ultra-fashionable. Eccentricity and strong individuality are alike distasteful to it. Like comedy of humours, it deals with the typical, but it selects the typically normal while humours selects the typically abnormal. But adherence to the normal in court-life in such an age as the latter seventeenth century is possible only to writers whose indifference to moral considerations is at least equal to that of the court itself. Such an indifference was not possible for the bourgeois actor-playwright Molière. His spirit is that of reform; he exposes folly with a view to its correction. True comedy of manners, on the other hand, handles it lightly and playfully with utter unconcern as to the consequences.

In every age we find an isolated case or two of the artist to whom the demolition of what most men consider the sound and healthful standards of life is a passion and delight. Whether from over-refinement of the artistic temperament or from under-development or perversion of the moral sense, they view society as stifling in the corruption of its own institutions. To the shallow reader, impressed by flashing wit and epigram and by contemptuous disregard of the established order, they seem great reformers, akin to the indignant prophets of old. To the mass of men, conservative and optimistic, they appear as they are, diseased members of society.

whose jaundiced vision discolours whatever they behold. Their following is insignificant, and they vanish as the snow of yesterday. But in Restoration comedy we have a unique spectacle in the history of letters. The exception here becomes the rule. All writers regard society as corrupt and delight in so picturing it. They parade their own frivolity and immorality upon the boards with infinite relish, dressed in all the attractions that graceful abandon and dazzling art can bestow. True to the old formula, comedy lashes the vices of the time, but very gently and indulgently, well knowing that itself is the age's culminating vice. And the public applauds its own arraignment and hugs its darling sin. This proceeds in a riot of reciprocal sophistication between stage and pit, the one fancying it is exposing the hollowness of life, the other that it is indulging itself with a view of something laxer than life itself. And so it is like some mad carnival in which men mask their faces and unleash their passions in an ever-increasing orgy of debauchery, until, when it can go no farther, the lights are suddenly extinguished and the world is sober — and ashamed.

Comedy of manners is immoral because it is a faithful image of an immoral life. The seventeenth century knows itself immoral and frankly admits it. At the same time (witness all the poets) it considers itself the most cultured and delightful of all ages. Hence springs the deep sin of Restoration comedy: it paints vice attractively. Suppose it did not? Then it would be equally immoral, for it would be plainly hypocritical, and dull to boot. The age, as I have said, was in high conceit

with itself. It was an age in which the veneer of life, hard, hollow, and polished, absorbed the vital energy and left life a false, glistening show. Hence, I infer, the comedy that reflects this life, to be truly moral, must be immoral. It must be hard, hollow, and polished, in other words false, in order to be true: false from the partial view-point of those who judge it with reference to fixed ideals; true in the larger view that finds growth everywhere and always, in ideals and institutions no less than in men. Question may be raised, why need it be at all? To that criticism has no answer ready. But the historian might well reply that by the excesses of comedy, far more than by the fulminations of its Puritan Colliers, the age brought itself quickly and suddenly to a sense of its own immorality.

But, finally, the truth goes deeper than this and inheres in the very nature of the period and the type of literature we are considering. The seventeenth century saw the swift decay of Elizabethan greatness; aspiration and achievement gradually crystallized into the mere form of high endeavor, the shadow without the substance. The last of the old English nobility and greatness was centered in the generous devotion of the cavaliers to the cause of Charles I. At the Restoration they were thrown back upon a prosperity without fear and without ambition, and their generosity, courage, and devotion degenerated to gallantry, fastidiousness, indolent elegance, and connoisseurship. Yielding to the age's tendency for repression, emphasized by the break in their own prosperity, the English gentry went beyond their tutors in the metallic hardness of their classicism; and the break-

ing out of indecency, which has been taken as the mere relieving of exuberant spirits from the restraint of form, is more than this. It is an index to the unsoundness within, a proof that life itself was corrupt. The comedy, then, is moral in the midst of its immorality, because it is a true picture of a complete life. It is not like the bad art which presents a part of life as if it were the whole. Yet we should not take seriously the playwright's pretensions to the merit of satirizing the age's vice. It is an unfailing instinct in the artist who is, or expects to be, accused of immorality, to hang out the banner of didacticism and reform. He believes his art is moral, i. e., not inconsistent with sound morality, and it is the natural impulse of self-defense to go a step beyond and claim moralism of purpose. Vanbrugh's assertion that a virtuous woman might place his comedies next her Bible may be set down by the hasty reader as mere impudence: the psychologist, however, will pause and reflect. All of the Restoration comedians are vociferous in protesting their good moral purpose: but the common-sense of the critic must convince him of the perfunctoriness, even admitting a kind of sincerity, of this claim. Such is their theory of comedy, but in their practice they are not constrained by it. On the contrary, they yield to the sheer delight of artistic creation, moulding their material in the semblance of the brilliant life about them with complete unconcern as to the moral import. It is precisely this indifference which gives to comedy of manners the sparkle and effervescent lightness that are its peculiar charm. And in the end the comedy as a whole is unintentionally satirical, because the

age could not be truthfully mirrored without the revelation to itself and to later times of the falseness and emptiness of its life and ideals.

Thus it should appear that the conventional view errs from the most fundamental principle of criticism; for it persists in separating comedy of manners from the life which it expresses, and apart from which it can have no meaning. The comedy was artificial: but so was the life from which it sprung. The very use of the word "manners," in designating comedy, suggests an oversophisticated habit of life in the theater-frequenting public. This mode of life, starting with the gallants of the court but ultimately affecting all strata of society, finds its explanation in the universal tendency to self-control and discipline following the indulgence of the preceding age: and the Puritan movement, which has been commonly regarded as antithetical to classicism, is merely a companion aspect of the same tendency working under different conditions. Both movements, in their extreme form, are naturally short-lived; for both, as repressive of individuality and self-realization, are negative, and hostile to the human impulse for progress and self-development. When its function has been performed, in the restoration of sanity, the artificial must give way to a more natural life and expression. But it is well to note here that the first phase of Romanticism is not entirely in the nature of revolt from classicism. The classical relaxes and becomes natural quite as often as it is displaced. So it is no anomaly to find Farquhar building an easy, natural comedy of life upon the foundations of the affected comedy of manners, all unconscious that he is doing something new.

Farquhar entered his career when comedy of manners was in its last and best years. The classical literature was at full tide: Dryden's life-work was nearly ended, Swift's and Addison's fairly commenced, and Pope's soon to begin. That phase of classicism, however, in which licentious living and nasty writing were openly countenanced was at an end. The new school of classical writers was beginning to apply the strict rules of propriety to conduct: they were professed moralists, and classicism, as in the essayists, was at last showing its near kinship to Puritanism. It is significant that Farquhar's first venture as playwright is supposed by some to have been deferred to a more auspicious time on account of Collier's recent attack upon the stage. Whether or not this was the real cause, it is noteworthy that Farquhar began as a dramatist when comedy lay under the shadow of the public disfavor that sooner or later was sure to envelop it. We may think of Collier's *Short View* as an attack that opened the eyes of the world; or we may regard it merely as a timely expression of the fact that they were open. In either case, it is clear that from that hour the days of the loose comedy were numbered: it must remake itself in seemlier fashion or perish utterly. So Steele, Cibber, and others did their best to rehabilitate the stage with a comedy agreeable to Puritan taste — the sentimental comedy, which was too pious: while Farquhar, after his brief apprenticeship, surprised the world with a new order of comedy whose distinguishing merit was naturalness, and which availed itself of the main resources of the several kinds of comedy that had succeeded in the past. With the wit and spar-

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kle of comedy of manners it combined the brisk business of intrigue, the whimsical comicality of humours, and the more substantial merits of comedy of character. Farquhar came at precisely the right moment to invent a new comedy. He was young enough to learn from his more mature contemporaries the best they had to teach; from Congreve the art of crisp, clever dialogue, from Wycherley the value of odd but strikingly human characters, from Vanbrugh the trick of telling situation and the humour of incident; besides these, he caught from Etherege the spirit of nonchalance and irresponsibility which are at once the life and death of comedy of manners. He added nothing new: he had no theory of a re-generated drama. And yet, by virtue of his healthy nature, he responded to the changing ideals of the life about him; and with a touch he re-combined the elements into a new comedy, a comedy as fresh and natural as that just preceding had been artificial.

Despite the shortness of his career, Farquhar's work divides itself obviously and logically into three periods. In the first, which includes *Love and a Bottle*, *The Constant Couple*, and *Sir Harry Wildair*, he continued in the tradition of the times and wrote comedy of manners. In the second, he cast about and experimented in the endeavor to rescue comedy from the censure of the Puritans. The result was *The Inconstant* and *The Twin Rivals*, both failures, significant of his inability at that time to reform comedy and yet please the public. In his last year of life, constituting the third period, he produced two comedies, utterly unlike each other as to plot, situations, and characters, but far more unlike his

previous efforts and those of his contemporaries. That the complete success of *The Recruiting Officer* and *The Beaux' Stratagem* did not work an immediate revolution in comedy and open another brilliant period of creation merely shows that the drama was, for the nonce, dead. The long devotion to the stage of such genius as that of Steele and of Fielding, with such incommensurate results, enforces this conclusion beyond reasonable doubt.

Farquhar's first play, *Love and a Bottle*, is plainly a very young man's effort to out-manner the mannerists. His conception, unfortunately, lays its main stress upon the reckless profligacy of the hero, and Farquhar's youth and natural redundancy of spirits were not conducive to moderation in the portraiture. At no time in his career was he profoundly troubled with the moral problems that occasionally force themselves upon the artist and make him reflect seriously on the wherefore of his art. Despite his experiments and his *Discourse*, we cannot believe that he ever went beyond the conviction that what the public wants must be good. At this time, in particular, he was entirely free from moral concern. A newcomer in London, he seems most anxious to prove that he has fully steeped himself in the city's vice and is therefore capable of producing a comedy complete as to all the fashionable forms of debauchery. We may, with Mr. Archer, forgive him a part of his sin on the strength of his youth and inexperience: but it is here, rather than in *Sir Harry Wildair*, that Farquhar reaches his lowest moral level.

The play, such as it is, is a genuine comedy of man-

ners. The hero, Roebuck, is too much a swashbuckler to be a perfect rake, but Leathe's description of him, beginning "Wild as winds and unconfined as air," shows that Farquhar was aiming at the creation of such a character as he afterwards happily achieved in the hero of *The Constant Couple*. The unsubdued Wild-Irishman in the author comes out in Roebuck and prevents that delicate pose of diablerie that is the charm of the true manners-hero. Farquhar was "caught young," as Foigard says, but not young enough to help this play. Pope's charge of "pert, low dialogue" against Farquhar finds its chief justification in this first comedy. He strains after wit, and while he achieves an occasional bright effect, the usual result is mere cracking smartness that must have been offensive to ears attuned to the silken subtleties of Congreve. But Mr. Archer is again right in protesting against the unfair comparison of Farquhar with Congreve on the score of wit. After his first play Farquhar rarely went out of his way to be witty, while Congreve lets dialogue run on at the expense of plot, character, incident, and all. We may readily admit that Farquhar could never have attained the high perfection of Congreve in this particular; but as the exponent of a more natural style of comedy this should not be held against him.

Love and a Bottle, despite its adherence to the comic conventions of the day, is especially characteristic in the dash and breeziness of its action. The leading characters are little better than the hero; Lovewell, the good young man, is hopelessly unreal, while the heroines, Lucinda and Leathe, are neither attractive nor con-

vincing. On the other hand, the female rake, so familiar in the comedy of the period, is conspicuous by her absence in this as in all of Farquhar's plays, unless Lady Lurewell, at her second appearance, can be so denominated. Mockmode, the country squire, is dimly suggestive of the Sullen to come, but the combination of bumpkin and university fool is not effective. Lyrick is the conventional poet, and Brush and Pindress the familiar clever servants borrowed by English from French comedy. The happiest stroke in the play is Farquhar's adaptation of Rigadoon the dancing-master and Nimblewrist the fencing-teacher from Molière's *Bourgeois*.

On the whole, in spite of its rawness, *Love and a Bottle* is a promising first venture and at several points significant of the author's individuality.

Farquhar attains the full perfection of the comedy of manners in his second play, *The Constant Couple, or a Trip to the Jubilee*. It follows from this that the leading character, Sir Harry Wildair, is not so much a new creation, as a re-creation under new conditions, of the familiar Frolicks, Bellmours, and Dorimants, any of whom might readily be substituted for another without materially altering the play affected. Sir Harry is an air rather than a character. He carries with him an atmosphere of buoyancy and gaiety, an apparent unmorality, which hits off the frivolity of the age in its most attractive guise, and is the all-in-all of comedy of manners. Unmorality is hinted at by Farquhar in the preface to the play: "I have not," he says, "displeased the ladies, nor offended the clergy; both which are now pleased to say that a comedy may be diverting without smut and profaneness." As to the ladies

we may believe him ; among the other class of judges I venture to surmise some difference of opinion. But certain it is that many, like Farquhar, made the mistake of associating the wickedness of comedy with mere smut, overt cynicism, or downright profaneness: whereas, in reality, it lies in the core of the thing, the most perfect comedy of manners being really the worst, in point of morals, regardless of mere external decency.

In all respects, as compared with *Love and a Bottle*, the second play marks a great advance in dramatic art. The earlier work ended in an absurdly farcical tangle of disguises and cross-purposes: here the plot is simple and coherent, the several threads being admirably interwoven and mutually helpful. The dialogue shows a surer and easier touch, though Farquhar's dramatic prose never attains the distinction of that of Etherege or Congreve. His worst fault is a tendency to break into bastard blank verse disguised as prose. But though the dialogue is weaker than should be in comedy of manners, the characterization is more than sufficiently strong. In Col. Standard, a debrutalized Manly, we have a really striking study of a brave disbanded officer — the model for Lessing's Tellheim in *Minna von Barnhelm*. Vizard, the villain, is drawn with remarkable dignity and restraint, while Smuggler, Clincher, and Dicky are genre studies of impressive vitality. Lady Lurewell is a convincing portrait of a coquette with a history. Of course Sir Harry is the life of the play, and his breezy, graceful, irresponsible presence casts a spell over the others sufficient to preserve the true tone of comedy of manners, to which strong characterization is not essential, if, indeed, it is not hostile.

Of the moral tone we need not say much; in classifying the play we have said enough. To treat it seriously in detail is to break a butterfly upon the wheel. Farquhar, a true child of nature, is no more personally accountable for the morals of his hero or play than is a young Fijian for his anthropophagous appetite or a young Turk for practicing polygamy. He gave form to the accepted ideals of his age, not because he had seriously questioned them, and approved, but because he had the gift of expression and it was the obvious thing to do. Without the easy-going conscience that allowed him to slip into the common ways of his generation, Farquhar could never have accomplished the work he was reserved for. The disposition to revolt would have led him into sentimental comedy, or into an ugly moralism, like that of *The Twin Rivals*. *The Constant Couple*, with its lightness of spirits combined with sureness of touch in portraiture, is an earnest of his fitness to introduce a new comedy worthy of the name.

Sir Harry Wildair is a weak sequel to *The Constant Couple*. The popularity of the preceding play, which owed much to the acting of Wilks, induced Farquhar to reassemble the leading characters in a new setting. Without exception they lose by the process, and though the new play enjoyed a moderate success, thanks to the popularity of its forerunner, Farquhar undoubtedly cheapened himself by this commercial venture. The plot is absurdly trumped-up, depending upon the feigned death of Angelica: and the appearing of her ghost is glaringly out of place and stupidly flat. Lady Lurewell becomes a pitiful intrigante, and Standard has completely lost his

manhood. Sir Harry himself is shorn of his glory; the impalpable charm of his freshness could scarcely endure through another five acts. The traveling humour of Jubilee Clincher is miraculously changed to a political one, doubtless suggested by Jonson's Sir Politick Wouldbe. Fireball, the sea-captain, is violent rather than strong; and the French sharper adds nothing to the ensemble. This is easily the poorest of Farquhar's plays.

The two plays of Farquhar's middle period, both produced in 1702, are sharply distinguished from his earlier works. The turn given to *The Inconstant*, adapted from Fletcher's *Wild-Goose Chase*, by the realistic, semi-tragic incident of the last act, completely transforms the play from a light comedy of manners to something like modern melodrama, and must have suggested to the author the thorough-going moralism that characterizes *The Twin Rivals*. In *The Inconstant* Farquhar attempted, in young Mirabel, to create another sprightly traveled gentleman like Wildair. His unwillingness to fulfill his betrothal contract with Oriana furnishes the motive of a succession of intrigues against him by his and her friends, from each of which he squirms triumphantly. In the end he is entrapped by a false courtesan, and, on the point of being murdered by her bravoës, is rescued by Oriana disguised as a page. The unexpected seriousness and dramatic intensity of this final situation is a complete surprise, and may possibly have displeased the public, for it certainly ruins the play as comedy of manners. From a moral standpoint the play is an improvement upon its forerunners. The rake is given a wholesome lesson — a cold plunge that sobers him. "The Way

to Win Him," we must understand, is for the heroine to show devotion to the rake she loves instead of matching her wit against his. The donning of male attire, always a favorite comedy device of Farquhar, is here made a matter of moral principle.

The Twin Rivals begins where *The Inconstant* left off—it is moralistic through and through, and avowedly so. It is Farquhar's direct answer to Jeremy Collier's onslaught upon the stage, being designed to prove that "an English comedy may answer the strictness of poetical justice" (Preface). Various reasons have been assigned for the failure of the play: the competition of strong plays by Steele and Cibber; the offensive realism of the character of Mrs. Mandrake; the impersonation of this part by a male comedian; and so on. Farquhar himself protests that the play suffered from the absence of lewdness: the public "stand up for the old poetick license. A play without a beau, cully, cuckold, or coquette is . . . poor . . . entertainment." Turning to the critics he hits a stumbling block upon which criticism is forever breaking its shins, viz., as to what is fit subject-matter for comedy. "Tis said, I must own, that the business of comedy is chiefly to ridicule folly, and that the punishment of vice falls rather into the province of tragedy; but if there be a middle sort of wickedness, too high for the sock and too low for the buskin, is there any reason that it shou'd go unpunish'd?" In other words, the present play is tragi-comedy. But the question is hardly one of classification. Plays are not condemned because they do not precisely fit their pigeon-hole. The wise critic no longer dogmatizes as to the

limits of this or that art, for he knows that it is the prerogative of genius to overleap boundaries. Farquhar's point as to the material is well taken: the question is, what use does he make of it?

And the answer is that he has jumped from the extreme of reckless immorality to its opposite, unpleasant moralism. The play has the stark ugliness of a modern problem play. Admirably conceived and constructed, the interest skillfully suspended and enhanced by a rising series of climaxes, the comedy is yet devoid of pleasing quality and awakens only disgust. It is true that we are spared the beau and the cuckold; but with them we lose also the brightness that is of their train. In its place we have a sermon, which might well have been taken to heart by the public of that day. But, to apply Farquhar's favorite formula in the *Discourse upon Comedy*, it is the *utile* without the *dulci*; in other words, however good the purpose of the play, it fails to please artistically, and this is a fatal fault in comedy, as in all art. (See *Discourse*, pp. 20-22, ff.)

The skeleton of Farquhar's moralism shows painfully through the thin shell of his characterization. Almost his first stroke shows the over-zealousness of the untrained preacher. The younger Wouldbe is no rake, but what our melodrama calls a deep-dyed villain. And so, forsooth, Farquhar gives him a hump to help out the allegory. The other characters lose likewise in strength and humanity through their subserviency to a thesis. The elder Wouldbe and Truman are conventional pictures of manly virtue, as are Constance and Aurelia of womanly. Mandrake is an inconceivably monstrous hell-

cat, and Subtleman an equally villainous shyster. His device, by the way, of inserting a paper into a dead man's mouth, and drawing it out to obtain the last words of the deceased, is almost ingenious enough to excuse his stupidity in making Teague a witness to the forged will. And the hero's denunciation of him, "Thou art the worm and maggot of the law," &c., is superb invective, surprising, in its intensity, from so good-natured an author as Farquhar.

In general, *The Twin Rivals* plainly shows the poet out of his element. It is the attempt of an amiable, easy-going author to be serious upon a subject he has hitherto played with lightly. In his anxiety to moralize he sees no mean between attractive frivolity and an earnestness that is repulsively realistic. He honestly endeavored, contrary to the practice of the time, to render virtue attractive and vice ugly, and he overdid with a vengeance. This abortive attempt to be truly moral, designed to refute Collier's contention that the stage was hopelessly steeped in immorality, is the best vindication of the preacher's position that could possibly have been written. But Farquhar presently gave proof that he could, without conscious effort, assist the cause which his good intentions signally injured.

The same year that brought forth the two plays just considered also saw the publication of the *Discourse upon Comedy*. It would look as if Farquhar wrote this essay to pad out the very slender little volume of letters and verse entitled *Love and Business*; and certainly they required something substantial to justify their publication, for, saving two or three letters, a more empty mass of

composition has scarcely emanated from a writer of repute. I cannot find in the *Discourse* itself either a trace of an outward occasion or such uniqueness or intensity of critical conviction as would compel its composition. So I infer that Farquhar took his little careless fling at an attractive subject because his publisher requested something of the sort. Nevertheless, its appearance so near to (in fact, probably between) *The Inconstant* and *The Twin Rivals*¹ might easily be considered significant. Farquhar doubtless was aware that the conditions obtaining in the theater called for serious reflection. The moralistic tone of the two comedies suggests that he foresaw the doom of comedy of manners. But there is no indication in the *Discourse* that this idea took form in his consciousness: if it did, he felt it the part of wisdom to suppress it. I should certainly disclaim for Farquhar anything like profound reflection upon this subject. There is a brief defense of comedy against the Puritan attacks, and a couple of jibes at Collier and his tribe: but mainly the *Discourse* has to do with the technical side of drama and dramatic criticism rather than with its moral side.

The treatise takes the form of a familiar letter to a friend, a device permitting the greatest latitude of treatment and freedom of style, of which Farquhar takes full advantage. The *Discourse* is characteristic of the author

¹ The mention of the same learned critics in the prologue to *Sir Harry Wildair* and the *Discourse* indicates that Farquhar did his reading for the latter work a year or two before its publication. Of course it is quite possible that it was written as early as 1701, and that the letters were published for its sake rather than the reverse.

throughout: it has the airy assurance of the practical young man of letters, flushed with the success of his *Constant Couple*. The prose is too facile to call for high commendation; but the affectation of scholarship, combined with arrogance toward scholars, is delicious. There is an abundance of good critical common sense in the *Discourse*, and if we cannot call it a distinct contribution to æsthetic, it is nevertheless an important document in the history of classicism.

In brief, the work is a protest against rigidly classical standards of judgment as regards comedy and against the opposite extreme of utter laxity of construction. It vigorously assails the three unities and repudiates the authority of Aristotle; holding that the taste of Athenian critic and public cannot possibly be valid for English theater and audience. While the method of reasoning is grotesquely uncritical, the main point being that Aristotle was no poet and therefore no judge of poetry, the conclusions are sound enough and reveal the healthy instinct of a true artist. The end of comedy, he tells us, is pleasant satire, *utile dulci*: he defines comedy as a "well-fram'd tale, handsomely told, as an agreeable vehicle for counsel or reproof." And its father, Farquhar believes (with sublime disregard for Bentley), is Æsop.

It is thus apparent that Farquhar's theory of comedy is quite in accord with the prevailing views of his contemporaries, and, as is the case with them, widely removed from the spirit of his own practice. We search the *Discourse* in vain for light upon the comedy of manners. In a broad philosophical sense this comedy is sa-

tirical, but not in the sense that Farquhar has in mind. The only comedy in which he truly aimed to realize his theory is *The Twin Rivals*, and we have seen the unfortunate result. The *Discourse* admirably illustrates the blindness of the age as to its own character.

Farquhar seems to have been unconscious, in his last two plays, of any departure from the prevailing type of comedy. There is no syllable, in dedication, prologue, or epilogue, to show that they pretended to be different from his early comedies. On the surface they seem to go back to the same style: his heroes have the free-and-easy bearing of rakes; Melinda and Mrs. Sullen are sophisticated women of fashion; and matters are lightly played with that *The Twin Rivals* treated seriously. The intrigue of Archer and Aimwell is of the kind on which comedy of manners flourished. And yet we are in sympathy with the men and their schemes, because we feel that at bottom they are good men and that their success can lead to no harm. Farquhar's rakes, it is commonly admitted, have at no time been so thoroughly bad as those of his teachers in art: but there is a world of difference between Roebuck and Wildair, on the one hand, and Plume and Aimwell on the other. Not that the latter have attained to the angelic goodness of the modern leading juvenile: but that, thanks to the assertion of Farquhar's kindly and wholesome nature, as against the fashionable conventions of play-writing, we find a deeper humanity beneath the rakish exterior. What influences produced this change, and with what force each operated, are of course impossible of discovery. Doubtless his marriage and the struggle

for a livelihood, his artistic growth, nourished by reflection upon the failure of his intermediate plays, his illness, with, perhaps, a mellowing and refining of his nature attendant thereon, all were contributory.

Dr. Schmid has called attention to the fact that in these two comedies Farquhar for the first time quits the purlieus of London and sets his action in provincial towns. Mr. Archer enlarges upon this theme, pointing out its bracing effect upon the tone and atmosphere of the plays, and the opportunity it afforded for fresh observation and invention. In fact, though it were easy to leap to rash conclusions and postulate romantic tendencies that do not exist, it is almost impossible to overstate the effect of the change of environment in these particulars. Farquhar brings much of London manners into the country, in the train of his captains and beaux. But he finds so much there that is new and fresh that comedy of manners is completely sunk into a new something that, by contrast, might well be called comedy of life. The stimulus it furnishes his invention and spirits is astonishing; and the more so when we reflect that this piece of good luck came to the English stage through the happy accident of his recruiting visit to Shropshire. Without this I believe he would have written no more, or at best a bad comedy or two in his early manner.

For another thing we must give Farquhar credit at the outset. I believe he felt as keenly as Steele or Cibber the impossible and revolting state of court life and city morals, though, having no liking for *comédie larmoyante*, he was less hopeful of a comedy emancipated from them. He did, however, strongly resent the evil

tendency that his older contemporaries gleefully exploited. To my mind, the lowest, though one of the cleverest comedies of the age, is Vanbrugh's *Confederacy*. It shows the morals of the time at their worst, for here the fashionable vices have grown common, descended from the beaux and belles of the court to be the property of flunkeys and tradesmen's wives. In other words fashionable vice is vulgarized; but what is worse, it reveals corruption where virtue ought to persist. Farquhar satirizes this tendency again and again. In *The Beaux' Stratagem* Archer, the pretended valet, affects the spleen, which, "like all other fashions wears out and descends to their (gentlefolk's) servants." Farquhar alludes to "the nice morality of the footmen" in the prologue to *Sir Harry Wildair* and again in the *Discourse*. The last two plays strike off sparks of satire now and again, sometimes hinting that the bitterness of poverty has won into the sweetness of Farquhar's temper, but oftener revealing a growing habit of thoughtfulness regarding manners and institutions. So here again, though much of the air of comedy of manners is preserved, we find the moral tone perceptibly altered.

The Recruiting Officer has its backbone in the recruiting scenes. If the play had no other merits it should live for these scenes alone, which opened a new field of legitimate comedy of the sprightliest kind. The two volunteers, Appletree and Pearmain, are notable creations, true to their kind, "apprehensive, sturdy, brave blockheads"; in fact, the country characters of the play, Rose, Bullock, the justices, the butcher, and the

smith, are a gallery of worthies hard to match, free from the traits of caricature that invariably accompanied the rustic in comedy. Justice Ballance, in particular, is a fine, full-blooded picture of the country gentleman, anticipating the best work of Addison and Steele. The major characters, as more complex, are harder to deal with. Kite, a delightful relief from the clever valet of comedy of manners, is one of the most resourceful rascals in the English drama. He combines the shrewdness and wit of a confidential servant with the bluntness and authority of a petty officer, and is throughout faithful to his military character. He is the center of most of the striking passages of the play — the recruiting, astrologer, and court scenes — in each of which he surprises us afresh with his ingenious and spontaneous devices. Perhaps the part is somewhat overloaded; and it must be admitted that occasionally his cleverness is overdone. The same fault may be found with Lucy, Melinda's maid. Her stealing Melinda's signature to deceive Captain Brazen is an instance of over-elaboration that hurts the plausibility of the play.

The character of Captain Plume shows the undefined nature of the comedy in Farquhar's own mind. Plume is a rake and no rake. He is introduced to us at the outset as a Don Juan among bar-maids: witness Molly of the Castle and Kite's array of other wives. Yet he assures Silvia (Mr. Easy), in a tone of unquestionable sincerity, that he is not the rake the world believes him. He will "give up a woman for a man at any time," and he does so in the case of Rose. At one moment he tells Worthy of his attempts to make

Silvia his mistress : at the next he is furious at the gossips of the town for suspecting that he may have been successful. In short, he has not the petty virtue of consistency ; but he has in abundance that quality of goodness of nature that Fielding so lovingly dwells upon. Altogether he is a likeable hero, brave, generous, and jovial, and not too profligate for redemption. He has magnetism for man and maid, gentleman and bumpkin, and is more nearly our notion of Farquhar himself than any other character of his creation. It is the very unsettled state of Plume's morals that gives the play at once its racy brightness and its ultimate wholesomeness.

Silvia, though a child of nature in the honesty of her love and her freedom from city affectation, is nothing of the coquettish ingenue which the comedy of the time invariably made the country girl. Her unflinching devotion to Plume, and his frank admiration of her sterling qualities, which he declares manly rather than womanish, give the play its firmest moral ground. Though her disguise takes her a step farther than masquerading heroines usually go, resulting in complications that are unfortunately free and suggestive, she remains the most healthful young woman of spirit in all the comedy of that period. Melinda is a vaporish creature, owing to her sudden accession of wealth, and an excellent foil to Silvia ; but again, beneath all her caprice, there is an honest love, which asserts itself at the proper moment. For sheer originality of conception and faultless execution, Brazen is undoubtedly the cleverest creation in the play. To derive him from Vanbrugh's Captain Bluff and Congreve's Tattle is distinctly unjust unless we are to identify all

foolish captains with one another. His refreshing audacity, mendacity, and self-conceit, his wonderfully inventive memory, above all his brisk sanguineness of success in his amours, make him the most engaging of rattle-pates. The supposed similarity to Bluff rests, I believe, in the employment of the common old masking trick to cheat him into marriage.

The characters in *The Beaux' Stratagem*, though not more vivid and original, are more finished than those of *The Recruiting Officer*. The minor persons are invested with a distinction almost Shakespearean. Bonniface is become the accepted type of English innkeeper, and his name is a part of our everyday language. Of Scrub, the factotum, it is sufficient to say that it was a favorite part with Garrick, who frequently exchanged for it the more important rôle of Archer. Cherry, the pert bar-maid, was voted adorable by eighteenth-century audiences. In *Lady Bountiful*, the medicine-dispensing old country lady, Farquhar has exalted a humour into a character. Her matter-of-fact common sense completely redeems her from the conventional. The unconscious humour of her diagnosis of Aimwell's malady furnishes one of the richest bits of Farquhar's comedy. "Wind, nothing but wind!" she interjects, after each grandiose flight of his description of the symptoms of love. Sullen, the impossible country husband, is the middle-step between Jerry Blackacre and Tony Lumpkin, while Gibbet, Foigard, and Gipsej all have more than a touch of individuality. In *Dorinda*, Farquhar has given us something better than the lay figures of his earlier plays; she is genuine and charming. While Mrs. Sullen, albeit somewhat over-

sensuous, is probably his best drawn and most highly-colored heroine. Aimwell is an admirable lover : his confession of the cheat in the moment of victory is a capital stroke, and saves him the true gentleman.

But Archer is Farquhar's most masterly creation. Some one has well said that in Mercutio Shakespeare anticipated all the wit and gaiety of the seventeenth-century cavalier. In Archer Farquhar has perfectly drawn the same cavalier of a later generation, when devotion had given place to pleasure-loving egoism, wit grown hard and brilliant, and poetry vanished to make way for showy prose. In place of Mercutio's free-flowing poetic fancy, we have the art of compliment in high-sounding rhetorical outburst, an echo of the heroic play at the only point where that type of drama really touched court-life. We find all the dashing adventuresomeness of the seventeenth-century rake combined with the circumspect worldliness of his eighteenth-century successor. "Look ye, madam, I'm none of your romantick fools that fight giants and monsters for nothing; my valour is downright Swiss; I'm a soldier of fortune, and must be paid." And so fixed is his determination to get what he wants, that the modern reader is fairly aghast at the lengths of realism to which he leads his author. Thwarted in his design upon Mrs. Sullen, he fights and captures the house-breakers — then coolly asks her for her garter to bind the rogues! "The devil's in this fellow," she ejaculates. "He fights, loves, and banter, all in a breath!" And so it is: courage, sensuality, and wit are his leading qualities, and one is perpetually crowding another out of the fore. When he engages in a project, it

is to the bitter end. Had he been in Aimwell's position, no such lover-like compunction would have caused him to reveal the "stratagem" that was to gain a wife for one and funds for both. "I can't stop," says Aimwell, before matters were critical, "for I love her to distraction." "'Sdeath," Archer retorts, "if you love her a hair's-breadth beyond discretion, you must go no farther." So much for love leading to matrimony; but in the pursuit of an illicit amour, Archer's intensity knows no bounds. It is a pity that the best-rounded comedy since Fletcher should be hurt by finding its climax in a scene too salacious for modern representation; and especially since that scene is so logically the outgrowth of the plot and characters that to excise or change it is to kill the play. But it is indeed so. Archer is true to himself in this scene; fortunately, in a better sense of the phrase, Mrs. Sullen is also true to herself. But this scarcely mends the matter, for Farquhar has gone as far as he could and much further than he should.

This brings the question of morals once more to the front. I have said that Farquhar wrote his last plays more or less in the same light mood of comedy of manners that characterized his early work. This means that he wrote them merely to entertain, and if the result, morally, is better than in his earlier plays, it is because the changing taste of the times and the growth of his own character have made themselves felt. Of serious moral or satirical purpose there is (I am tempted to say "fortunately" when I think of *The Twin Rivals*) not a trace. Of satire there is abundance, and of excellent quality, but it comes in occasional flashes and strikes at all sorts of things —

the dishonesty of constables, the confederacy between innkeepers and highwaymen, the pensioning of army officers' illegitimate offspring, and ever and again the heartlessness of fashionable society. On the whole, the tone of *The Recruiting Officer* is anything but vicious; careless it certainly is. *The Beaux' Stratagem* is freer from indecency, but is, as we have observed, deplorably voluptuous in one vital scene. On the other hand, to find fault with the close of the play as seriously countenancing divorce by mutual consent is really basing grave conclusions upon very trifling grounds. Farquhar was thinking only of the case before him — of a beautiful, clever woman mismated with a sottish and surly clown — and he certainly presents a sound argument for that particular case. He was not addicted to the envisagement of broad social questions or to attacking legal institutions; accordingly criticism has no business to generalize this case and praise or blame him for his views. It is a mistake to judge so light-hearted an author on so serious grounds. It is equally wrong to blame Farquhar for the little grief shown by Ballance, Silvia, and Aimwell, for the death of their near relations. A near relation, in the comedy of that age, was a mere conventional barrier between a hero or heroine and a fortune. The removal of that barrier was no occasion for tears and hysterics, and to introduce them would have been far worse than the apparent indifference shown. This sort of criticism, and it is very common, really deserves no answer, but if answer must be made I would point to the scene in the last act of *The Constant Couple* in which young Clincher tells of his brother's death. Here Farquhar himself

pays his respects to a convention that was none of his making.

That "manners" remain an important ingredient in these plays is apparent from both the dialogue and the characters. Wit is still a strong factor — as it must be in all comedy: and Farquhar is not entirely above sacrificing even his characters at the altar of the seventeenth-century goddess. Thus Kite and Lucy, to say nothing of those to the manner born, are much too clever. Sullen spars with his wife in the last act with the finished ease of a habitu  of Covent Garden. Scrub goes so far out of his own character as to quote Latin. The dialogues between Archer and Aimwell, as well as the picture scene, are unduly protracted to permit the exchange of clever broadsides. In the case of *Love's Catechism*, by having Cherry speak her part by rote Farquhar escapes sacrificing the character; a clever device but one that could not be used again. However, in general Farquhar makes his persons speak in character and the well contrived plots are allowed to work themselves out without delays.

Again, as regards plot, these two plays, by the care and skill employed in their construction, depart radically from the loose habits of comedy of manners. Internally they are totally unlike. *The Recruiting Officer* has the more elaborate and intricate plot, crowded with incident and striking situations, and with business enough for several comedies. That of *The Beaux' Stratagem*, while simpler and more open, loses nothing, by contrast, in point of strength and effectiveness. The impressive fact in this connection is that however Farquhar

may yield to tradition, he never goes so far as to allow dialogue to destroy our interest in the developing action. It is this that enables him to produce an admirably balanced and truly natural comedy.

Accordingly, we may well say that, despite the impress that comedy of manners left upon all his work, Farquhar has in these plays left that form of art far behind him. Exalting both plot and character above dialogue, and humour of situation above wit, escaping largely the conventional and typical of manners and humours, he gave the world two comedies of unsurpassed freshness, deriving their interest from no passing fashion of the day but from their deep-grounded perception of human nature, their liveliness from the ingenious invention of a really creative imagination, and their charm from the playfulness of a buoyant, happy spirit at large in a new, untrodden field. Farquhar is at heart neither Cavalier nor Puritan, neither rake nor ascetic. He entered joyously into the game the former were playing without insight into its meaning or care as to its consequences. Troubled by the obviously just reproaches of the latter, he reacted upon this stimulus with little appreciation of its value. He was neither Cavalier nor Puritan, but a happy-go-lucky Celt who entered the world of warring conventions without prejudice as to forms of discipline, but with a mighty propensity for free living and the enjoyment of life. That is why he, of all the dramatists, could for a brief space bring comedy into the mood of a joyous representation of life, unhampered by the chronic English pretensions to moralism or satire. He could not reform comedy, for in him there was nothing

of the reformer; but by giving his healthy nature free play he allowed comedy to re-form itself, rid of its tyrant, humours, and its mistress, manners, true to the larger life of the English people for the first time in a century. Emulating the playful buoyancy of Farquhar's spirits and preserving his balance of the comic elements, two other light-hearted Irishmen, Goldsmith and Sheridan, gave us all we have of distinguished excellence in later English comedy to 1880.

THE TEXT

The *Discourse upon Comedy* was published in 1702 in the octavo volume entitled, *Love and Business: in a collection of occasional verse, and epistolary prose . . . a discourse likewise upon comedy in reference to the English stage*, etc. This collection was not republished in Farquhar's lifetime. The *Discourse* does not appear in the first collected edition of the *Comedies* [1709] the second [1710], the two editions numbered seven, and the Dublin edition of 1775, but was first republished in the *Works*, third edition, 1714, and appeared successively in the fourth, 1718, the fifth, 1721, the sixth, 1728, and the other 18th century editions except those entitled *Comedies*.

The present text is based upon the copy of *Love and Business* in the library of the University of Michigan, which I have compared with the British Museum exemplar. (A third copy is in the Yale University library.) With the first edition are compared the reprints in the *Works*, the third edition (Yale and Michigan), the fourth (Harvard), and the sixth (Michigan). The variations in these editions are less numerous and important than in the case of the comedies, in which liberties taken by stage managers doubtless caused the publishers no little trouble. The spelling of the original edition is kept, except in the case of obvious misprints. The punctuation has been modernized, there being no evidence that Farquhar himself attended to this detail. Obvious misprints are silently corrected.



Love and Business .
IN A
COLLECTION
OF
Occasionary V E R S E,
AND
Eipistolary P R O S E,
Not hitherto Publish'd.

A Discourse likewise upon COMEDY
in Reference to the *English* STAGE.
In a Familiar Letter.

By Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

En Orenge il n'ya point d'oranges.

L O N D O N,
Printed for B. Lintott, at the Post-House, in
the Middle Temple-Gate, Fleetstreet, 1702.

There is now in the Press, and will speedily be Publish'd,
Memoirs of the Court of France, and City of Paris. In
Two Parts. Containing a Full and Impartial Account of
all the Remarkable Occurrences both Foreign and Domestick.
Printed for J. Tonson, R. Wellington, G. Strahan, and
B. Lintott.

Advertisement

In the Discourse upon Comedy, I must beg the readers excuse for omitting to mention a certain fragment of poetry written by Aristotle. I thank Scaliger for his timely discovery, but shou'd be much more obliged to any body that cou'd shew me the piece.

Advertisement. In *Love and Business* this stands at the end of the *Preface*. The *Discourse* begins on p. 112.

A
DISCOURSE
UPON
COMEDY,
In Reference to the
English Stage.

In a Letter to a Friend.

WITH submission, sir, my performance in the practical part of poetry is no sufficient warrant for your pressing me in the speculative. I have no foundation for a legislator; and the two or three little plays I have written are cast carelesly into the world, without any bulk of preface, because I was not so learn'd in the laws as to move in defence of a bad case. Why, then, shou'd a compliment go farther with me than my own interest? Don't mistake me, sir; here is nothing that cou'd make for my advantage in either preface or dedication; no speculative curiosities nor critical remarks; only some present sentiments, which hazard, not study, brings into my head, without any preliminary method or cogitation.

Among the many disadvantages attending poetry, none

7 case. Editions 3, 4, 6, cause.

seems to bear a greater weight than that so many set up 15
 for judges when so very few understand a tittle of the
 matter. Most of our other arts and sciences bear an awful
 distance in their prospect, or with a bold and glittering
 varnish dazle the eyes of the weak-sighted vulgar. The
 divine stands wrapt up in his cloud of mysteries, and the 20
 amus'd layety must pay tyths and veneration to be kept
 in obscurity, grounding their hopes of future knowledge
 on a competent stock of present ignorance; (in the greater
 part of the Christian world this is plain). With what
 deference and resignation does the bubbled client commit 25
 his fees and cause into the clutches of the law, where as-
 surance beards justice by prescription, and the wrong side
 is never known to make it's patron blush. Physick and
 logick are so strongly fortify'd by their impregnable terms
 of art, and the mathematician lies so cunningly intrench'd 30
 within his lines and circles that none but those of their
 party dare peep into their puzling designs.

Thus the generality of mankind is held at a gazing dis-
 tance, whose ignorance, not presuming, perhaps, to an
 open applause, is yet satisfy'd to pay a blind veneration to 35
 the very faults of what they don't understand.

Poetry alone, and chiefly the drama, lies open to the
 insults of all pretenders; she was one of Nature's eldest
 offsprings, whence, by her birthright and plain simplicity,
 she pleads a genuine likeness to her mother; born in the 40
 innocence of time, she provided not against the assaults of
 succeeding ages; and, depending altogether on the gen-
 erous end of her invention, neglected those secret supports
 and serpentine devices us'd by other arts that wind them-
 selves into practice for more subtle and politick designs. 45
 Naked she came into the world, and, 'tis to be fear'd, like
 its professors, will go naked out.

'Tis a wonderful thing that most men seem to have a great veneration for poetry, yet will hardly allow a favourable word to any piece of it that they meet; like your virtuosos in friendship, that are so ravish'd with the notional nicety of the vertue that they can find no person worth their intimate acquaintance. The favour of being whipt at school for Martial's *Epigrams* or Ovid's *Epistles* is sufficient priviledge for turning pedagogue and lashing all their successors; and it wou'd seem, by the fury of their correction, that the ends of the rod were still in their buttocks. The scholar calls upon us for decorums and oeconomy; the courtier crys out for wit, and purity of stile; the citizen for humour and ridicule; the divines threaten us for immodesty; and the ladies will have an intreague. Now here are a multitude of criticks, whereof the twentieth person only has read *quae genus*, and yet every one is a critick after his own way; that is, such a play is best because I like it. A very familiar argument, methinks, to prove the excellēce of a play, and to which an author wou'd be very unwilling to appeal for his success. Yet such is the unfortunate state of dramattick poetry that it must submit to such judgments; and by the censure or approbation of such variety it must either stand or fall. But what salvo, what redress for this inconvenience? Why, without all dispute, an author must indeavour to please that part of the audience who can lay the best claim to a judicious and impartial reflection. But before he begins let him well consider to what division that claim do's most properly belong. The scholar will be very angry at me for making that the subject of a question which is self-evident without any dispute; for, says he, who can pretend to understand poetry better than we, who have read Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, &c. at the university? What knowledge can outstrip ours, that is founded upon the criticisms of Aris-

totle, Scaliger, Vossius, and the like? We are the better sort and therefore may claim this as a due compliment to our learning; and if a poet can please us, who are the nice and severe criticks, he cannot fail to bring in the rest of 85
an inferiour rank.

I shou'd be very proud to own my veneration for learning, and to acknowledge any complement due to the better sort upon that foundation; but I'm afraid the learning of the better sort is not confin'd to colledge studies; for 90
there is such a thing as reason without sylligism, knowledge without Aristotle, and languages besides Greek and Latin. We shall likewise find in the court and city several degrees superiour to those at commencements. From all which I must beg the scholar's pardon for not paying him 95
the compliment of the better sort (as he calls it); and, in the next place, inquire into the validity of his title from his knowledge of criticism, and the course of his studies.

I must first beg one favour of the graduate.— Sir, here is a pit full of Covent-Garden gentlemen, a gallery full of 100
citts, a hundred ladies of court-education, and about two hundred footmen of nice morality, who having been unmercifully teiz'd with a parcel of foolish, impertinent, irregular plays all this last winter, make it their humble request that you wou'd oblige them with a comedy of 105
your own making, which they don't question will give them entertainment. O, sir, replies the square cap, I have long commiserated the condition of the English audience, that has been forc'd to take up with such wretched stuff as lately has crouded the stage; your *Jubilees* and your 110
Fopingtons, and such irregular impertinence that no man of sense cou'd bear the perusal of 'em. I have long intended, out of pure pity to the stage, to write a perfect piece of this nature; and now, since I am honour'd by

the commands of so many, my intentions shall immediately be put in practice. 115

So to work he goes; old Aristotle, Scaliger, with their commentators, are lugg'd down from the high shelf, and the moths are dislodg'd from their tenement of years; Horace, Vossius, Heinsius, Hedelin, Rapin, with some half a dozen more, are thumb'd and toss'd about, to teach the gentleman, forsooth, to write a comedy; and here is he furnish'd with Unity of Action, Continuity of Action, Extent of Time, Preparation of Incidents, Episodes, Narrations, Deliberations, Didacticks, Patheticks, Monologues, 125 Figures, Intervals, Catastrophes, Chorusies, Scenes, Machines, Decorations, &c. — a stock sufficient to set up any mountebank in Christendom. And if our new author wou'd take an opportunity of reading a lecture upon his play in these terms, by the help of a zany and a joynt-stool, his 130 scenes might go off as well as the doctors packets; but the misfortune of it is, he scorns all application to the vulgar, and will please the better sort, as he calls his own sort. Pursuant, therefore, to his philosophical dictates, he first chooses a single plot, because most agreeable to the regularity of criticism; no matter whether it affords business 135 enough for diversion or surprise. He wou'd not for the world introduce a song or dance, because his play must be one intire action. We must expect no variety of incidents, because the exactness of his three hours wont give 140 him time for their preparation. The unity of place admits no variety of painting and prospect, by which mischance, perhaps, we shall loose the only good scenes in the play. But no matter for that; this play is a regular play; this play has been examin'd and approv'd by such and such 145

122 *gentleman*. Eds. 4, 6, gentlemen.

129 *his*. Eds. 4, 6, the.

133 *own sort*. Eds. 3, 4, 6 omit *sort*.

gentlemen, who are staunch criticks, and masters of art; and this play I will have acted. Look'ee, Mr. Rich, you may venture to lay out a hundred and fifty pound for dressing this play, for it was written by a great scholar, and fellow of a college. 150

Then a grave dogmatical prologue is spoken, to instruct the audience what shou'd please them; that this play has a new and different cut from the farce they see every day; that this author writes after the manner of the ancients, and here is a piece according to the model of the Athenian drama. Very well! This goes off Hum drum, So so. Then the players go to work on a piece of hard, knotty stuff, where they can no more show their art than a carpenter can upon a piece of steel. Here is the lamp and the scholar in every line, but not a syllable of the poet. Here is elaborate language, sounding epithets, flights of words that strike the clouds, whilst the poor sense lags after, like the lanthorn in the tail of the kite, which appears only like a star while the breath of the players lungs has strength to bear it up in the air. 155
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But the audience, willing perhaps to discover his ancient model, and the Athenian drama, are attentive to the first act or two; but not finding a true genius of poetry, nor the natural air of free conversation, without any regard to his regularity, they betake themselves to other work; not meeting the diversion they expected on the stage, they shift for themselves in the pit; every one turns about to his neighbour in a mask, and for default of entertainment now, they strike up for more diverting scenes when the play is done. And tho' the play be regular as Aristotle, and modest as Mr. Collier cou'd wish, yet it promotes more lewdness in the consequence and procures more effectually for intreague than any *Rover*, *Libertine*, 170
175

or *Old Batchelour* whatsoever. At last comes the epilogue, which pleases the audience very well, because it sends 180 them away, and terminates the fate of the poet; the patentees rail at him, the players curse him, the town damns him, and he may bury his copy in Paul's, for not a bookseller about it will put it in print.

This familiar account, sir, I wou'd not have you 185 charge to my invention, for there are precedents sufficient in the world to warrant it in every particular. The town has been often disappointed in those critical plays, and some gentlemen that have been admir'd in their speculative remarks have been ridicul'd in the practick. All the 190 authorities, all the rules of antiquity have prov'd too weak to support the theatre, whilst others, who have dispenc'd with the criticks, and taken a latitude in the oeconomy of their plays, have been the chief supporters of the stage, and the ornament of the drama. This is so visibly true 195 that I need bring in no instances to enforce it; but you say, sir, 'tis a paradox that has often puzzled your understanding, and you lay your commands upon me to solve it, if I can.

Looke, sir, to add a value to my complaisance to you, 200 I must tell you, in the first place, that I run as great a hazard in nibbling at this paradox of poetry, as Luther did by touching Transubstantiation; 'tis a mystery that the world has sweetly slept in so long that they take it very ill to be waken'd; especially being disturb'd for their rest 205 when there is no business to be done. But I think that Bellarmin was once as orthodox as Aristotle; and since the German doctor has made a shift to hew down the cardinal, I will have a tug with *ipse dixit*, tho' I dye for 't.

But in the first place I must beg you, sir, to lay aside 210 your superstitious veneration for antiquity, and the usual expressions on that score; that the present age is illiterate,

or their taste is vitiated; that we live in the decay of time, and the dotage of the world is fall'n to our share. — 'Tis a mistake, sir; the world was never more active or 215 youthful, and true downright sense was never more universal than at this very day; 'tis neither confin'd to one nation in the world, nor to one part of a city; 'tis remarkable in England as well as France, and good genuine reason is nourish'd by the cold of Swedeland as by 220 the warmth of Italy; 'tis neither abdicated the court with the late reigns, nor expell'd the city with the play-house bills; you may find it in the Grand Jury at Hick's-Hall, and upon the bench sometimes among the justices: then why shou'd we be hamper'd so in our opinions, as if 225 all the ruins of antiquity lay so heavily on the bones of us that we cou'd not stir hand nor foot! No, no, sir, *ipse dixit* is remov'd long ago, and all the rubbish of old philosophy, that in a manner bury'd the judgment of mankind for many centuries, is now carry'd off; the vast 230 tomes of Aristotle and his commentators are all taken to pieces, and their infallibility is lost with all persons of a free and unprejudic'd reason.

Then above all men living, why shou'd the poets be hoodwink'd at this rate, and by what authority shou'd 235 Aristotle's rules of poetry stand so fixt and immutable? Why, by the authority of two thousand years standing; because thro' this long revolution of time the world has still continu'd the same. — By the authority of their being receiv'd at Athens, a city the very same with London in 240 every particular, their habits the same, their humours alike, their publick transactions and private societies *Alamode*

218 *part.* Eds. 4, 6, party.

220 *nourish'd by.* Ed. 6, nourish'd as well by.

227 *nor.* Ed. 6, and.

242-43 *Alamode France.* Ed. 6, *Alamode de France.*

France; in short, so very much the same in every circumstance that Aristotle's criticisms may give rules to Drury Lane, the Areopagus give judgment upon a case in the 245 Kings Bench, and old Solon shall give laws to the House of Commons.

But to examine this matter a little farther: All arts and professions are compounded of these two parts, a speculative knowledge, and a practical use; and from an excel- 250 lency in both these, any person is rais'd to eminence and authority in his calling. The lawyer has his years of student in the speculative part of his business; and when promoted to bar, he falls upon the practick, which is the tryal of his ability. Without all dispute, the great Cook 255 has had many a tug at the bar, before he cou'd raise himself to the bench; and had made sufficiently evident his knowledge of the laws in his pleadings, before he was admitted to the authority of giving judgment upon the case.

The physician, to gain credit to his prescriptions, must 260 labour for a reputation in the cure of such and such distempers; and before he sets up for a Galen or Hippocrates, must make many experiments upon his patients. Philosophy it self, which is a science the most abstract from practice, has its publick acts and disputations; it is rais'd 265 gradually, and its professour commences doctor by degrees; he has the labour of maintaining theses's, methodising his arguments, and clearing objections; his memory and understanding is often puzzled by oppositions couch'd in fallacies and sophisms, in solving all which he must 270 make himself remarkable, before he pretends to impose his own systems upon the world. Now, if the case be thus in philosophy, or in any branch thereof, as in ethicks,

254 to bar. Eds. 3, 4, 6, to the bar.

255 Cook. Ed. 6, Coke. 256 has had. Eds. 3, 4, 6, had.

267 theses's. Eds. 3, 4, 6, theses.

that's
how
it
ought
to be

physicks, which are call'd sciences, what must be done in poetry, that is denominated an art, and consequently 275 implies a practice in its perfection?

Is it reasonable that any person that has never writ a distich of verses in his life shou'd set up for a dictator in poetry; and without the least practice in his own performance must give laws and rules to that of others? Upon 280 what foundation is poetry made so very cheap and so easy a task by these gentlemen? An excellent poet is the single production of an age, when we have crowds of philosophers, physicians, lawyers, divines every day, and all of them competently famous in their callings. In the two learned 285 commonwealths of Rome and Athens, there was but one Virgil and one Homer, yet have we above a hundred philosophers in each, and most part of 'em, forsooth, must have a touch at poetry, drawing it into Divisions, Subdivisions, &c., when the wit of 'em all set together wou'd 290 not amount to one of Martial's Epigrams.

Of all these I shall mention only Aristotle, the first and great law-giver in this respect, and upon whom all that follow'd him are only commentators. Among all the vast tracts of this voluminous author we don't find any 295 fragment of an epick poem, or the least scene of a play, to authorise his skill and excellence in that art. Let it not be alledg'd that for ought we know he was an excellent poet, but his more serious studies wou'd not let him enter upon affairs of this nature; for every body knows that 300 Aristotle was no cinick, but liv'd in the splendour and air of the court; that he lov'd riches as much as others of that station, and being sufficiently acquainted with his pupil's affection to poetry, and his complaint that he wanted an Homer to aggrandize his actions, he wou'd 305 never have slipt such an opportunity of farther ingratiating himself in the king's favour, had he been conscious of any

abilities in himself for such an undertaking; and having a more noble and copious theme in the exploits of Alexander than what inspir'd the blind bard in his hero Achilles. 310 If his epistles to Alexander were always answer'd with a considerable present, what might he have expected from a work like Homer's upon so great a subject, dedicated to so mighty a prince, whose greatest fault was his vain glory, and that took such pains to be deify'd among men? 315

It may be objected that all the works of Aristotle are not recover'd; and among those that are lost some essays of this kind might have perish'd. This supposition is too weakly founded; for altho' the works themselves might have scap'd us, 'tis more than probable that some hint or 320 other, either in the life of the conquerour, or philosopher, might appear, to convince us of such a production. Besides, as 'tis believ'd he writ philosophy, because we have his books; so I dare swear he writ no poetry, because none is extant, nor any mention made thereof that ever I cou'd 325 hear of.

But stay — Without any farther enquiry into the poetry of Aristotle, his ability that way is sufficiently apparent by that excellent piece he has left behind him upon that subject. — By your favour, sir, this is *Petitio Principii*, or, 330 in plain English, give me the sword in my own hand, and I'll fight with you. — Have but a little patience till I make a flourish or two, and then, if you are pleas'd to demand it, I'll grant you that and every thing else.

How easy were it for me to take one of Doctor Tillotson's sermons, and, out of the oeconomy of one of these 335 discourses, trump you up a pamphlet and call it, *The Art of Preaching!* In the first place I must take a *Text*, and

312 *he*. Eds. 3, 4, 6, *we*.

315 *that took*. Eds. 4, 6, *that he took*.

336 *these* Ed. 6, *those*.

here I must be very learn'd upon the etimology of this word text ; then this text must be divided into such and 340 such *Partitions*, which partitions must have their hard names and derivations ; then these must be spun into *Subdivisions*, and these back'd by proofs of Scripture, *Ratiocinatio Oratoris*, *Ornamenta Figurarum Rhetoricarum*, and *Authoritas Patrum Ecclesiæ*, with some rules and directions how these 345 ought to be manag'd and apply'd. And closing up this difficult pedantry with the *Dimensions of Time* for such an occasion, you will pay me the compliment of an excellent preacher, and affirm that any sermon whatsoever, either by a Presbiter at Geneva, or Jesuit in Spain, that deviates 350 from these rules deserves to be hist, and the priest kick'd out of his pulpit. I must doubt your complaisance in this point, sir ; for you know the forms of eloquence are divers, and ought to be suited to the different humour and capacities of an audience. You are sensible, sir, that the 355 fiery, cholerick humour of one nation must be entertain'd and mov'd by other means than the heavy, flegmatick complexion of another ; and I have observed in my little travels, that a sermon of three quarters of an hour that might please the congregation at St. James's wou'd never 360 satisfy the meeting house in the City, where people expect more for their money ; and, having more temptations of roguery, must have a larger portion of instruction.

Be pleas'd to hear another instance of a different kind, tho' to the same purpose. I go down to Woollich, and 365 there upon a piece of paper I take the dimensions of the Royal Sovereign, and from hence I frame a model of a Man of War: I divide the ship into three principal parts, the Keel, the Hull, and the Rigging; I subdivide these into their

347 *Dimensions*. Ed. 6, dimension.

349 *whatsoever*. Eds. 4, 6, whatever.

366 *dimensions*. Ed. 6, dimension.

proper denominations, and by the help of a saylor, give you 370
all the terms belonging to every rope and every office in the
whole ship; will you from hence infer that I am an excellent
shipwright, and that this model is proper for a trading junk
upon the Volga, or a Venetian galley in the Adriatick sea?

But you'll object, perhaps, that this is no parallel case, 375
because that Aristotle's *Ars Poetica* was never drawn from
such slight observations, but was the pure effect of his im-
mense reason, thro' a nice inspection into the very bottom
and foundation of nature.

To this I answer, that verity is eternal, as that the truth 380
of two and two making four was as certain in the days of
Adam as it is now; and that, according to his own posi-
tion, nature is the same *apud omnes Gentes*. Now, if his rules
of poetry were drawn from certain and immutable princi-
ples, and fix'd on the basis of nature, why shou'd not his 385
Ars Poetica be as efficacious now as it was two thousand
years ago? And why shou'd not a single plot, with per-
fect unity of time and place, do as well at Lincoln's-Inn-
Fields as at the play-house in Athens? No, no, sir, I am
apt to believe that the philosopher took no such pains in 390
poetry as you imagine; the Greek was his mother tongue,
and Homer was read with as much veneration among the
school-boys as we learn our Catechism. Then where was
the great business for a person so expert in mood and fig-
ure as Aristotle was to range into some order a parcel of 395
terms of art, drawn from his observation upon the *Iliads*,
and these to call the model of an epick poem? Here, sir,
you may imagine that I am caught, and have all this while
been spinning a thread to strangle my self. One of my
main objections against Aristotle's criticisms is drawn from 400

390 *apt*. Ed 6 omits.

396 *observation*. Eds. 4, 6, observation.

397 *these to call*. Eds. 4, 6, to call these.

his non-performance in poetry; and now I affirm that his rules are extracted from the greatest poet that ever liv'd, which gives the utmost validity to the precept, and that is all we contend for.

Look ye, sir, I lay it down only for a supposition that 405 Aristotle's rules for an epick poem were extracted from Homer's *Iliads*, and if a supposition has weigh'd me down, I have two or three more of an equal ballance to turn the scale.

The great esteem of Alexander the Great for the works 410 of old Homer is sufficiently testify'd by antiquity, inso-much that he always slept with the *Iliads* under his pillow: of this [the] Stagirite, to be sure, was not ignorant; and what more proper way of making his court cou'd a man of letters devise than by saying something in commendation of 415 the king's favourite? A copy of commendatory verses was too mean, and perhaps out of his element. Then something he wou'd do in his own way; a book must be made of the art of poetry, wherein Homer is prov'd a poet by mood and figure, and his perfection transmitted to pos- 420 terity. And if Prince Arthur had been in the place of the *Iliads*, we shou'd have had other rules for Epick Poetry, and Doctor B——re had carry'd the bays from Homer, in spight of all the criticks in Christendom. But whether Aristotle writ those rules to complement his pupil, or 425 whether he wou'd make a stoop at poetry, to show that there was no knowledge beyond the flight of his genius, there is no reason to allow that Homer compil'd his heroick poem by those very rules which Aristotle has laid down. For, granting that Aristotle might pick such and such 430 observations from this piece, they might be meer accidents resulting casually from the composition of the work, and

[413 *the Stagirite*. Ed. 1 omits *the*; Eds. 3, 4, 6, the Stagirite.
417 *his*. Eds. 3, 4, 6, *the*.

not any of the essential principles of the poem. How usual is it for criticks to find out faults and create beauties which the authors never intended for such; and how frequently do 435 we find authors run down in those very parts which they design'd for the greatest ornament! How natural is it for aspiring, ambitious school-men to attempt matters of the highest reach; the wonderful creation of the world (which nothing but the Almighty-Power that order'd it can de-440 scribe) is brought into mood and figure by the arrogance of philosophy. But till I can believe that the vertigo's of Cartesius or the atoms of Epicurus can determine the almighty *Fiat*, they must give me leave to question the infallibility of their rules in respect of poetry. 445

Had Homer himself, by the same inspiration that he writ his poem, left us any rules for such a performance, all the world must have own'd it for authentick. But he was too much a poet to give rules to that whose excellence, he knew, consisted in a free and unlimited flight of imagina-450 tion: and to describe the spirit of poetry, which alone is the *true* Art of Poetry, he knew to be as impossible as for humane reason to teach the gift of prophecy by a definition.

Neither is Aristotle to be allow'd any farther knowledge 455 in dramattick than in epick poetry. Euripides, whom he seems to compliment by rules adapted to the model of his plays, was either his contemporary or liv'd but a little before him; he was not insensible how much this author was the darling of the city, as appear'd by the prodigious 460 expence disburs'd by the publick for the ornament of his plays; and, 'tis probable, he might take this opportunity of improving his interest with the people, indulging their

435 *intended*. Ed. 6, intended. 437 *design'd*. Ed. 6, design.

451 *is*. Eds. 4, 6, in. 453 *humane*. Eds. 3, 4, 6, human.

457 *model*. Ed. 6, modes.

inclination by refining upon the beauty of what they admir'd. And besides all this, the severity of dramattick rage⁴⁶⁵ was so fresh in his memory in the hard usage that his brother soph not long before met with upon the stage, that it was convenient to humour the reigning wit, least a second Aristophanes should take him to task with as little mercy as poor Socrates found at the hands of the first. 470

I have talk'd so long to lay a foundation for these following conclusions: Aristotle was no poet, and consequently not capable of giving instructions in the art of poetry; his *Ars Poetica* are only some observations drawn from the works of Homer and Euripedes, which may be⁴⁷⁵ meer accidents resulting casually from the composition of the works, and not any of the essential principles on which they are compil'd; that without giving himself the trouble of searching into the nature of poetry, he has only complemented the heroes of wit and valour of his age, by⁴⁸⁰ joining with them in their approbation; with this difference, that their applause was plain, and his more scholastic.

But to leave these only as suppositions to be relish'd by every man at his pleasure, I shall without complementing⁴⁸⁵ any author, either ancient or modern, inquire into the first invention of comedy; what were the true designs and honest intentions of that art; and from a knowledge of the *end*, seek out the *means*, without one quotation of Aristotle, or authority of Euripedes. 490

In all productions either divine or humane, the final cause is the first mover, because the end or intention of any ra-

467 *soph.* Ed. 6, Sophocles. See *Notes*.

468 *lest.* Eds. 3, 4, 6, *lest*.

476 *composition.* Eds. 4, 6, *compositions*.

479 *of.* Eds. 3, 4, 6, *for*.

491 *humane.* Eds. 3, 4, 6, *human*.

tional action must first be consider'd, before the material or efficient causes are put in execution. Now, to determine the final cause of comedy we must run back beyond the 495 material and formal agents, and take it in its very infancy, or rather in the very first act of its generation, when its primary parent, by proposing such or such an end of his labour, laid down the first scetches or shadows of the piece. Now, as all arts and sciences have their first rise from a 500 final cause, so 'tis certain that they have grown from very small beginnings, and that the current of time has swell'd 'em to such a bulk that no body can find the fountain by any proportion between the head and the body; this, with the corruption of time, which has debauch'd things from 505 their primitive innocence to selfish designs and purposes, renders it difficult to find the origin of any offspring so very unlike its parent.

This is not only the case of comedy, as it stands at present, but the condition also of the ancient theatres; when 510 great men made shows of this nature a rising step to their ambition, mixing many lewd and lascivious representations to gain the favour of the populace, to whose taste and entertainment the plays were chiefly adopted. We must therefore go higher than either Aristophanes or Menander 515 to discover comedy in its primitive institution, if we wou'd draw any moral design of its invention to warrant and authorise its continuance.

I have already mention'd the difficulty of discovering the invention of any art in the different figure it makes by 520 succession of improvements; but there is something in the nature of comedy, even in its present circumstances, that bears so great a resemblance to the philosophical mythology of the ancients, that old Æsop must wear the bays

507 renders. Ed. 6, render.

514 adopted. Eds. 3, 4, 6, adapted.

as the first and original author; and whatever alterations 525
or improvements farther application may have subjoin'd,
his *Fables* gave the first rise and occasion.

Comedy is no more at present than a *well-fram'd tale*
handsomly told as an agreeable vehicle for counsel or re-
proof. This is all we can say for the credit of its institu- 530
tion, and is the stress of its charter for liberty and tolera-
tion. Then where shou'd we seek for a foundation but in
Æsop's symbolical way of moralizing upon tales and
fables? with this difference: that his stories were shorter
than ours. He had his tyrant Lyon, his statesman Fox, his 535
beau Magpy, his coward Hare, his bravo Ass, and his
buffoon Ape, with all the characters that crowd our stages
every day; with this distinction, nevertheless, that *Æsop*
made his beasts speak good Greek, and our heroes some-
times can't talk English. 540

But whatever difference time has produc'd in the form,
we must in our own defence stick to the end and inten-
tion of his fables. *Utile Dulci* was his motto, and must
be our business; we have no other defence against the
presentment of the grand jury, and, for ought I know, it 545
might prove a good means to mollify the rigour of that
persecution, to inform the inquisitors that the great *Æsop*
was the first inventor of these poor comedies that they are
prosecuting with so much eagerness and fury; that the
first laureat was as just, as prudent, as pious, as reform- 550
ing, and as ugly as any of themselves; and that the
beasts which are lug'd upon the stage by the horns are
not caught in the city, as they suppose, but brought out of
Æsop's own forrest. We shou'd inform them, besides,
that those very tales and fables which they apprehend as 555
obstacles to reformation were the main instruments and
machines us'd by the wise *Æsop* for its propagation; and

539 *beasts.* Eds. 3, 4, 6, *beasts.* 552 *horns.* Eds. 4, 6, *horn.*

as he would improve men by the policy of beasts, so we endeavour to reform brutes with the examples of men. Fondlewife and his young spouse are no more than the 560 eagle and cockle; he wanted teeth to break the shell himself, so somebody else run away with the meat. The fox in the play is the same with the fox in the fable, who stuff his guts so full that he cou'd not get out at the same hole he came in; so both Reynards, being delinquents alike, 565 come to be truss'd up together. Here are precepts, admonitions, and salutary innuendo's for the ordering of our lives and conversations couch'd in these allegories and allusions. The wisdom of the ancients was wrapt up in veils and figures; the Ægyptian hieroglyphicks and the history 570 of the heathen gods are nothing else. But if these pagan authorities give offence to their scrupulous consciences, let them but consult the tales and parables of our Saviour in holy Writ, and they may find this way of instruction to be much more Christian than they imagine. Nathan's 575 fable of the poor man's lamb had more influence on the conscience of David than any force of downright admonition. So that by ancient practice and modern example, by the authority of Pagans, Jews, and Christians, the world is furnish'd with this so sure, so pleasant, and expedient 580 an art of schooling mankind into better manners. Now here is the primary design of comedy illustrated from its first institution; and the same end is equally alledg'd for its daily practice and continuance. — Then, without all dispute, whatever means are most proper and expedient 585 for compassing this end and intention, they must be the *just rules of comedy*, and the *true art of the stage*.

We must consider, then, in the first place, that our business lies not with a French or a Spanish audience; that our design is not to hold forth to ancient Greece, 590

567 of. Eds. 4, 6 omit.

568 these. Eds. 4, 6, these same.

nor to moralize upon the vices and defaults of the Roman Commonwealth. No, no; an English play is intended for the use and instruction of an English audience, a people not only separated from the rest of the world by situation, but different also from other nations 595 as well in the complexion and temperament of the natural body as in the constitution of our body politick. As we are a mixture of many nations, so we have the most unaccountable medley of humours among us of any people upon earth; these humours produce variety of follies, some 600 of 'um unknown to former ages; these new distempers must have new remedies, which are nothing but new counsels and instructions.

Now, sir, if our *Utile*, which is the end, be different from the ancients, pray let our *Dulce*, which is the means, 605 be so too; for you know that to different towns there are different ways; or, if you wou'd have it more scholastically, *ad diversos fines non idem conducit medium*; or, mathematically, one and the same line cannot terminate in two centers. But waving this manner of concluding by 610 induction, I shall gain my point a nearer way, and draw it immediately from the first principle I set down: *That we have the most unaccountable medley of humours among us of any nation upon earth*; and this is demonstrable from common experience. We shall find a Wildair in one 615 corner, and a Morose in another; nay, the space of an hour or two shall create such vicissitudes of temper in the same person that he can hardly be taken for the same man. We shall have a fellow bestir his stumps from chocolate to coffee-house with all the joy and gayety imaginable, 620 tho he want a shilling to pay for a hack; whilst another, drawn about in a coach and six, is eaten up with the spleen, and shall loll in state with as much melancholy,

vexation, and discontent, as if he were making the Tour of Tyburn. Then what sort of a *Dulce*, (which I take for 625 the pleasantry of the tale, or the plot of the play) must a man make use of to engage the attention of so many different humours and inclinations? Will a single plot satisfy every body? Will the turns and surprizes that may result naturally from the ancient limits of time be suffi- 630 cient to rip open the spleen of some and physick the melancholy of others, screw up the attention of a rover and fix him to the stage in spite of his volatile temper and the temptation of a mask? To make the moral instructive, you must make the story diverting. The spleen- 635 atick wit, the beau courtier, the heavy citizen, the fine lady, and her fine footman come all to be instructed, and therefore must all be diverted; and he that can do this best, and with most applause, writes the best comedy, let him do it by what rules he pleases, so they be not offens- 640 ive to religion and good manners.

But *hic labor, hoc opus*: how must this secret of pleasing so many different tastes be discovered? Not by tumbling over volumes of the ancients, but by studying the humour of the moderns. The rules of English comedy don't lie 645 in the compass of Aristotle or his followers, but in the pit, box, and galleries. And to examine into the humour of an English audience, let us see by what means our own English poets have succeeded in this point. To determine a suit at law we don't look into the archives of Greece or 650 Rome, but inspect the reports of our own lawyers, and the acts and statutes of our Parliaments; and by the same rule we have nothing to do with the models of Menander or Plautus, but must consult Shakespear, Johnson, Fletcher, and others, who, by methods much different from the 655 ancients, have supported the English stage and made them-

selves famous to posterity. We shall find that these gentlemen have fairly dispenc'd with the greatest part of critical formalities; the decorums of time and place, so much cry'd up of late, had no force of decorum with 660 them; the æconomy of their plays was *ad libitum*, and the extent of their plots only limited by the convenience of action. I wou'd willingly understand the regularities of *Hamlet*, *Mackbeth*, *Harry the Fourth*, and of Fletcher's plays: and yet these have long been the darlings of the 665 English audience, and are like to continue with the same applause, in defiance of all the criticisms that ever were publish'd in Greek and Latin.

But are there no rules, no decorums, to be observ'd in comedy? Must we make the condition of the English 670 stage a state of anarchy? No, sir — for there are extreams in irregularity as dangerous to an author as too scrupulous a deference to criticism; and as I have given you an instance of one, so I shall present you an example of the t'other.

There are a sort of gentlemen that have had the jaunty 675 education of dancing, French, and a fiddle, who, coming to age before they arrive at years of discretion, make a shift to spend a handsom patrimony of two or three thousand pound, by soaking in the tavern all night, lolling a-bed all the morning, and sauntering away all the even- 680 ing between the two play-houses with their hands in their pockets; you shall have a gentleman of this size, upon his knowledge of Covent-Garden and a knack of witticising in his cups, set up immediately for a play-wright. But besides the gentleman's wit and experience, here is 685 another motive: there are a parcel of saucy, impudent fellows about the play-house call'd door-keepers, that can't let a gentleman see a play in peace, without jogging and nudging him every minute. *Sir, will you please to*

pay? — *Sir, the act's done, will you please to pay, sir?* 690
 I have broke their heads all round two or three times,
 yet the puppies will still be troublesom. Before gad, I'll
 be plagued with 'em no longer; I'll e'en write a play
 my self; by which means my character of wit shall be
 establish'd, I shall enjoy the freedom of the house, and to 695
 pin up the basket, pretty Miss — shall have the profits
 of my third night for her maidenhead. Thus we see what
 a great blessing is a coming girl to a play-house. Here
 is a poet sprung from the tail of an actress, like Minerva
 from Jupiter's head. But my spark proceeds: — My own 700
 intreagues are sufficient to found the plot, and the devil's
 in't if I can't make my character talk as wittily as those
 in the *Trip to the Jubilee*. But stay — What shall I call
 it, first? Let me see — *The Rival Theatres*. — Very good,
 by gad, because I reckon the two houses will have a con- 705
 test about this very play. — Thus having found a name
 for his play, in the next place he makes a play to his name,
 and thus he begins.

ACT I. SCENE *Covent-Garden*. Enter PORTICO,
 PIAZA, and TURNSTILE.

Here you must note that Portico, being a compound
 of practical rake and speculative gentleman, is ten to one 710
 the author's own character, and the leading card in the
 pack. Piazza is his mistress, who lives in the square, and
 is daughter to old Pillariso, an odd, out-o'the-way gen-
 tleman, something between the character of Alexander
 the Great and Solon, which must please because it is new. 715

Turnstile is maid and confident to Piazza, who, for a

698 *is a coming girl*. Eds. 4, 6, a coming girl is.

715 *it is*. Eds. 3, 4, 6, 'tis.

bribe of ten pieces, lets Portico in at the back-door ; so the first act concludes.

In the second, enter Spigotoso, who was butler, perhaps, to the Czar of Muscovy, and Fossetana his wife. 720 After these characters are run dry, he brings you in, at the third act, Whinewell and Charmarillis for a scene of love to please the ladies, and so he goes on without fear or wit till he comes to a marriage or two, and then he writes — *Finis*. 725

'Tis then whisper'd among his friends at Will's and Hippolito's, that Mr. Such a one has writ a very pretty comedy; and some of 'em, to encourage the young author, equip him presently with prologue and epilogue. Then the play is sent to Mr. Rich or Mr. Betterton in a fair, 730 legible hand, with the recommendation of some gentleman that passes for a man of parts and a critick. In short, the gentleman's interest has the play acted, and the gentleman's interest makes a present to pretty Miss —; she's made his whore, and the stage his cully, that for the loss of 735 a month in rehearsing, and a hundred pound in dressing a confounded play, must give the liberty of the house to him and his friends for ever after.

Now, such a play may be written with all the exactness imaginable, in respect of unity in time and place ; 740 but if you inquire its character of any person, tho' of the meanest understanding of the whole audience, he will tell you 'tis intollerable stuff ; and upon your demanding his reasons, his answer is, *I don't like it*. His humour is the only rule that he can judge a comedy by, but you find 745 that meer nature is offended with some irregularities; and tho' he be not so learn'd in the dorama, to give you an inventory of the faults, yet I can tell you that one part of the plot had no dependance upon another, which made this simple man drop his attention, and concern for the 750

event ; and so, disingaging his thoughts from the business of the action, he sat there very uneasy, thought the time very tedious, because he had nothing to do. The characters were so unchoherent in themselves, and compos'd of such variety of absurdities, that in his knowledge of nature he cou'd find no original for such a copy ; and being therefore unacquainted with any folly they reprov'd, or any vertue that they recommended, their business was as flat and tiresome to him as if the actors had talk'd Arabick.

Now, these are the material irregularities of a play, and these are the faults which downright mother-sense can censure and be offended at, as much as the most learn'd critick in the pit. And altho' the one cannot give me the reasons of his approbation or dislike, yet I will take his word for the credit or disrepute of a comedy sooner perhaps than the opinion of some virtuoso's ; for there are some gentlemen that have fortify'd their spleen so impregnably with criticism, and hold out so stily against all attacks of plesantry, that the most powerful efforts of wit and humour cannot make the least impression. What a misfortune is it to these gentlemen to be natives of such an ignorant, self-will'd, impertinent island, where let a critick and a scholar find never so many irregularities in a play, yet five hundred saucy people will give him the lie to his face, and come to see this wicked play forty or fifty times in a year. But this *Vox Populi* is the devil, tho', in a place of more authority than Aristotle, it is call'd *Vox Dei*. Here is a play with a vengeance, (says a critick,) to bring the transaction of a years time into the compass of three hours ; to carry the whole audience with him from one kingdom to another by the changing of a scene : where's the probability, nay, the possibility of

all this? The devil's in the poet, sure; he don't think
to put contradictions upon us? 785

Lookee, sir, don't be in a passion. The poet does not impose contradictions upon you, because he has told you no lie; for that only is a lie which is related with some fallacious intention that you should believe it for a truth. Now, the poet expects no more that you should believe 790 the plot of his play than old Aesop design'd the world shou'd think his eagle and lyon talk'd like you and I; which, I think, was every jot as improbable as what you quarrel with; and yet the fables took, and I'll be hang'd if you your self don't like 'em. But besides, sir, if you 795 are so inveterate against improbabilities, you must never come near the play-house at all; for there are several improbabilities, nay, impossibilities, that all the criticisms in nature cannot correct: as, for instance, in the part of Alexander the Great, to be affected with the transactions of the 800 play, we must suppose that we see that great conquerour, after all his triumphs, shunn'd by the woman he loves, and importun'd by her he hates; cross'd in his cups and jollity by his own subjects, and at last miserably ending his life in a raging madness. We must suppose that we see the very 805 Alexander, the son of Philip, in all these unhappy circumstances, else we are not touch'd by the moral, which represents to us the uneasiness of humane life in the greatest state, and the instability of fortune in respect of worldly pomp. Yet the whole audience at the same time knows 810 that this is Mr. Betterton who is strutting upon the stage and tearing his lungs for a livelihood. And that the same person shou'd be Mr. Betterton and Alexander the Great at the same time is somewhat like an impossibility, in my mind. Yet you must grant this impossibility in spite of 815 your teeth, if you han't power to raise the old heroe from the grave to act his own part.

Now for another impossibility: The less rigid criticks allow to a comedy the space of an artificial day, or twenty four hours; but those of the thorough reformation will con- 820 fine it to the natural, or solar, day, which is but half the time. Now, admitting this for a decorum absolutely requisite, — this play begins when it is exactly six by your watch, and ends precisely at nine, which is the usual time of the representation. Now, is it feazible in *rerum natura*, 825 that the same space or extent of time can be three hours by your watch and twelve hours upon the stage, admitting the same number of minutes or the same measure of sand to both? I'm afraid, sir, you must allow this for an impossibility too; and you may with as much reason allow the 830 play the extent of a whole year; and if you grant me a year, you may give me seven, and so to a thousand. For that a thousand years shou'd come within the compass of three hours is no more an impossibility than that two minutes should be contain'd in one; *Nullum minus continet in* 835 *se majus* is equally applicable to both.

So much for the decorum of Time: now for the regularity of Place. I might make the one a consequence of t'other, and alledge that by allowing me any extent of time, you must grant me any change of place, for the one de- 840 pends upon t'other; and having five or six years for the action of a play, I may travel from Constantinople to Denmark, so to France, and home to England, and rest long enough in each country besides. But you'll say: How can you carry us with you? Very easily, sir, if you be 845 willing to go. As for example: here is a new play; the house is throug'd, the prologue's spoken, and the curtain drawn represents you the scene of Grand Cairo. Whereabouts are you now, sir? Were not you the very minute before in the pit in the English play-house talking to a wench, 850

and now, *presto pass*, you are spirited away to the banks of the river Nile. Surely, sir, this is a most intolerable improbability; yet this you must allow me, or else you destroy the very constitution of representation. Then, in the second act, with a flourish of the fiddles, I change the scene to Astrachan. *O, this is intolerable!* Look'ee, sir, 'tis not a jot more intolerable than the other; for you'll find that 'tis much about the same distance between Egypt and Astrachan, as it is between Drury-Lane and Grand Cairo; and if you please to let your fancy take post, it will perform the journey in the same moment of time, without any disturbance in the world to your person. You can follow Quintus Curtius all over Asia in the train of Alexander, and trudge after Hannibal, like a cadet, through all Italy, Spain, and Afric, in the space of four or five hours; yet the devil a one of you will stir a step over the threshold for the best poet in Christendom, tho he make it his business to make heroes more amiable, and to surprize you with more wonderful accidents and events.

I am as little a friend to those rambling plays as any body, nor have I ever espous'd their party by my own practice; yet I cou'd not forbear saying something in vindication of the great Shakespear, whom every little fellow that can form an *Aristus primus* will presume to condemn for indecorums and absurdities; sparks that are so spruce upon their Greek and Latin that, like our fops in travel, they can relish nothing but what is foreign, to let the world know they have been abroad forsooth; but it must be so, because Aristotle said it; now, I say it must be otherwise, because Shakespear said it, and I'm sure that Shakespear was the greater poet of the two. But you'll say that Aristotle was the greater critick. — That's a mistake, sir, for criticism in poetry is no more

than judgment in poetry; which you will find in your lexicon. Now, if Shakespear was the better poet, he must 885 have the most judgment in his art; for every body knows that judgment is an essential part of poetry, and without it no writer is worth a farthing. But to stoop to the authority of either, without consulting the reason of the consequence, is an abuse to a man's understanding; and neither 890 the precept of the philosopher nor example of the poet shou'd go down with me, without exam[in]ing the weight of their assertions. We can expect no more decorum or regularity in any business than the nature of the thing will bear; now, if the stage cannot subsist without the strength 895 of supposition and force of fancy in the audience, why shou'd a poet fetter the business of his plot and starve his action for the nicety of an hour or the change of a scene; since the thought of man can fly over a thousand years with the same ease, and in the same instant of time, that 900 your eye glances from the figure of six to seven on the dial-plate; and can glide from the Cape of Good-Hope to the Bay of St. Nicholas, which is quite cross the world, with the same quickness and activity as between Covent-Garden Church and Will's Coffee-House. Then I must 905 beg of these gentlemen to let our old English authors alone. — If they have left vice unpunish'd, vertue unrewarded, folly unexpos'd, or prudence unsuccessful, the contrary of which is the *Utile* of comedy, let them be lash'd to some purpose; if any part of their plots have 910 been independant of the rest, or any of their characters forc'd or unnatural, which destroys the *Dulce* of plays, let them be hiss'd off the stage. But if by a true decorum in these material points, they have writ successfully and answer'd the end of dramattick poetry in every respect, let 915 them rest in peace, and their memories enjoy the enco-

miums due to their merit, without any reflection for waving those niceties, which are neither instructive to the world nor diverting to mankind, but are, like all the rest of critical learning, fit only to set people together by the ears 920 in ridiculous controversies, that are not one jot material to the good of the publick, whether they be true or false.

And thus you see, sir, I have concluded a very unnecessary piece of work; which is much too long if you don't like it. But let it happen any way, be assur'd that I in-925 tended to please you, which should partly excuse,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

FINIS.

919-20 of critical. Eds. 3, 4, 6, of the critical.

Notes to a Discourse upon Comedy

For single words see Glossary.

2, 2. a certain . . . Aristotle. Probably refers to the *Elegy to Eudemos*. See Wilhelm Christ, *Griechische Litteraturgeschichte*, pp. 457-58. Munich, 1898. A fragment of the elegy, of doubtful authenticity, may be found in Bergk's *Poetae Lyrici Graeci*, vol. II, 336-37, 4th ed., Leipsic, 1882.

2, 3. I thank Scaliger . . . discovery. In what sense a discovery a century old could be considered timely, I am unable to surmise.

3. Letter to a Friend. The friend was probably Mr. Edmond Chaloner, to whom *Love and Business* was dedicated, if, indeed, the letter was really addressed to anyone.

3, 1-13. my performance . . . poetry, etc. In view of his claim that practical performance alone gives warrant for speculation, we must not take Farquhar's modesty too seriously. Cf. pp. 12 ff.

5, 58. decorums and oeconomy. Obsolete terms in criticism, usually signifying, respectively, the rules of propriety and of structure and proportion. The plural form of decorum is unusual: Farquhar uses the term almost synonymously with "rule," see lines 669 and 836. For another use of oeconomy see B. S., 225, 88.

5, 60. the divines threaten us. Alluding to Collier's attack upon the stage. Jeremy Collier, a non-juring clergyman (1650-1726), flayed the dramatists of the latter seventeenth century from Dryden down in a pamphlet entitled *A short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage* (March, 1697-8). It called forth replies from Congreve, Vanbrugh, Dennis, D'Urfey, and many others. Farquhar's reply came in the shape of his comedy *The Twin-Rivals*. (See *Introduction*.) He mentions Collier frequently. See lines 176, 541, ff., also Epilogue to *Love and a Bottle*.

5, 70. such variety. i.e., variety of critics.

6, 102. footmen of nice morality. Farquhar enjoys his gibe at the footmen. See line 637. The Prologue to *Sir Harry Wildair* has the following line :

“ And in your Footmen there — most nice morality.”

Cf. note to 119–20 below.

6, 110–11. your Jubilees and your Foppingtons. From the context, “Jubilees” refers at once to the play (cf. Farquhar’s *The Constant Couple, or a Trip to the Jubilee*) and to the character Beau Clincher, generally known as Jubilee Clincher. Lord Foppington appears in Cibber’s *Love’s Last Shift* (as Sir Novelty Fashion), later in Vanbrugh’s *The Relapse*, and again in Cibber’s *The Careless Husband*. See also Sheridan’s *A Trip to Scarborough*.

7, 119–20. Horace, Vossius, Heinsius, Hedelin, Rapin. In the Prologue to *Sir Harry Wildair* we find the lines :

“ Our youthful author swears he cares not a pin
For Vossius, Scaliger, Hedelin, or Rapin.”

This coincidence, together with that noted above (6, 102), shows plainly that Farquhar wrote the *Discourse* and *Wildair* at about the same time. See *Introduction*, p. XLIII and footnote.

7, 130. a zany and a joynt-stool. A zany is a merry-andrew, or clown. A joint-stool was “made of parts neatly fitted together by a joiner, not roughly made.” “It appears in allusive or proverbial phrases expressing disparagement or ridicule, of which the precise explanation is lost.” *N. E. D.* Farquhar’s use may explain ; it would seem that the joint-stool was a stage property used by the zany.

9, 181. terminates the fate : i. e., determines or decides. An unusual use of terminates, probably deriving from the obsolete verb, termine.

9, 209. ipse dixit. He himself has said it. Here used substantively for authority, hence, Aristotle.

10, 222–23. play-house bills. Obsolete form of play-bills. Cf. Pope, *Epistle to Augustus*, 1, 69.

13, 330. petitio principii. Begging the question.

14, 343–45. Ratiocinatio Oratoris, Ornamenta Figurarum Rhetoricarum, and Autoritas Patrum Ecclesiæ. The reasoning of the orator, ornaments of rhetorical figures, and the authority of the Church fathers.

15, 183. **apud omnes gentes.** Among all races.

15, 388-89. **Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.** The original Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre was opened by Sir William D'Avenant, as patentee, in 1662. The new theatre of that name was erected by Betterton in 1693.

16, 420. **by mood and figure.** Mood and figure are two forms of syllogism: hence, by strict rules of logic.

16, 423. **Doctor B—re.** Sir Richard Blackmore (1650?-1729). His dull epic, *Prince Arthur*, appeared in 1695.

17, 467. **brother Soph.** Not a flippant contraction of Sophocles, as the editor of *Works*, 1728, supposed. The reference is to Socrates (see 18, 470), soph, or sophister, being an English university form of sophist, with especial application to teachers of philosophy.

20, 543. **Utile dulci.** Horace, *De Arte Poetica*, line 343.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

Every one approves (the dramatist) who mingles the useful with the agreeable.

20, 546, ff. **that persecution.** See note to line 60.

20, 562-63. **The fox in the play.** Ben Jonson's comedy, *Volpone, or the Fox*.

22, 608. **Tour of Tyburn.** The trip, or drive, to the gallows. The phrase is unfamiliar in this form.

23, 642. **hic labor, hoc opus.** Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi, 129.

Hoc opus, hic labor est.

"In this the task and mighty labor lies." Trans. Dryden.

24, 686, ff. **a parcel of saucy, impudent fellows, etc.** Referring to the privilege of seeing one act of a play before paying. Cf. B. S., 298, 27-31.

24, 695-96. **to pin up the basket.** To conclude the matter. *N. E. D.*

25, 703. **Trip to the Jubilee.** See note to line 110.

27, 777. **a place of more authority than Aristotle.** Apparently Farquhar supposed the proverb *Vox populi vox dei*, to be of scriptural origin.

28, 798, ff. **Alexander the Great.** Nathaniel Lee's tragedy, *The Rival Queens, or Alexander the Great* (1677).

31, 904. **Will's Coffee House.** See Glossary.

THE TEXT

Three quartos of the *Recruiting Officer* were published, of which the first two [1706], and possibly the third [1707], were issued during the author's lifetime. Farquhar made many changes in the second edition, one entire scene being omitted, and considerable parts of others being omitted or altered. The third quarto follows the second closely. The first octavo edition of the collected comedies [1709] is closer to Q₂ than to Q₃, except in such mechanical details as punctuation, capitalizing, hyphenation, etc.

The basis of this text is Q₂, the copy in the library of Yale University being used by the editor. With this are collated Q₁, British Museum, and Q₃, University of Michigan library and Lenox Library of New York City. I have also noted the variants in the first edition of the *Comedies* (O₁), the property of the general editor of this series, and in the third edition of the *Works* [1714], in the Michigan Library. Reference is also made to editions four [1718] and five (the latter being not the edition of 1721, but the second volume of the sixth edition, 1728). I have usually referred to these as "later editions." It has not been deemed advisable to note all the changes in these and later eighteenth century texts.

In all respects, except punctuation, capitalizing, and the use of italics, which are modernized, the second quarto is here followed. Variants in spelling are not given unless they involve a possible difference in shade of meaning, or affect pronunciation, as in the case of the dialect of the rustics. Differences in stage-directions are given unless they are merely verbal. Where *exits* are supplied from the later editions the interpolation is indicated. *Asides* are transposed without comment from the end of a speech to its beginning.

THE
Recruiting Officer.

A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By Her MAJESTY'S Servants.

Written by Mr. FARQUHAR.

The Second Edition Corrected.

—Captique dolis, donisque coacti.

Virg. Lib. II. Æneid.

LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT at the *Cross Keys* next
Nando's Coffee-House near *Temple-Bar*.

Price 1s. 6d.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHILOSOPHY DEPARTMENT

PHILOSOPHY 101

LECTURE NOTES

BY [Name]

DATE

CHICAGO, ILL.

19[Year]

TO ALL
FRIENDS

Round the
WREKIN.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Instead of the mercenary expectations that attend addresses of this nature, I humbly beg that this may be received as an acknowledgement for the favours you have already confer'd. I have transgress'd the rules of dedication in offering you any thing in that style without first asking your leave. But the entertainment I found in Shropshire commands me to be grateful, and that's all I intend. 5

'Twas my good fortune to be order'd some time ago into the place which is made the scene of this comedy. I was a perfect stranger to every thing in Salop but its character of loyalty, the number of its inhabitants, the alacrity of the gentlemen in recruiting the army, with their generous and hospitable reception of strangers. 10

This character I found so amply verify'd in every particular that you made recruiting, which is the greatest fatigue upon earth to others, to be the greatest pleasure in the world to me. 15

The kingdom cannot shew better bodies of men, better inclinations for the service, more generosity, more good understanding, nor more politeness than is to be found at the foot of the Wrekin. 20

Some little turns of humour that I met with almost within

the shade of that famous hill gave the rise to this comedy; and people were apprehensive that, by the example of some others, I would make the town merry at the expence of the country-gentlemen. But they forgot that I was to write a comedy, not a libel; and that whilst I held to nature no person of any character in your country cou'd suffer by being expos'd. I have drawn the justice and the clown in their *Puris Naturalibus*; the one an apprehensive, sturdy, brave blockhead; and the other a worthy, honest, generous gentleman, hearty in his country's cause, and of as good an understanding as I could give him, which, I must confess, is far short of his own. 25 30

I humbly beg leave to interline a word or two of the adventures of the *Recruiting Officer* upon the stage. Mr. Rich, who commands the company for which those recruits were rais'd, has desir'd me to acquit him before the world of a charge which he thinks lies heavy upon him, for acting this play on Mr. Durfey's third night. 35 40

Be it known unto all men by these presents, that it was my act and deed, or rather Mr. Durfey's; for he wou'd play his third night against the first of mine. He brought down a huge flight of frightful birds upon me, when (heaven knows) I had not a feather'd fowl in my play, except one single Kite. But I presently made Plume a bird because of his name, and Brazen another because of the feather in his hat; and with these three I engag'd his whole empire, which I think was as great a Wonder as any in the Sun. 45 50

But to answer his complaints more gravely: The season was far advanc'd; the officers that made the greatest figures in my play were all commanded to their posts abroad, and waited only for a wind, which might possibly turn in less time than a day. And I know none of Mr. Durfey's birds 55

40 on. Q1, upon. 55 time. Omitted in O1, O3, and later eds.

that had posts abroad but his *Woodcocks*, and their season is over; so that he might put off a day with less prejudice than the *Recruiting Officer* cou'd; who has this farther to say for himself, that he was posted before the other spoke, and could not with credit recede from his station. 60

These and some other rubs this comedy met with before it appear'd. But on the other hand, it had powerful helps to set it forward: The Duke of Ormond encourag'd the author, and the Earl of Orrery approv'd the play. My *Recruits* were *review'd* by my *General* and my *Collonel*, 65 and could not fail to *pass Muster*; and still to add to my success, they were rais'd among my Friends round the Wrekin.

This health has the advantage over our other celebrated toasts, never to grow worse for the wearing: 'tis a lasting beauty, old without age, and common without scandal. That you may live long to set it cheerfully round, and to enjoy the abundant pleasures of your fair and plentiful country, is the hearty wish of, 70

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most Obliged

and most Obedient Servant,

GEO. FARQUHAR.

59 spoke. Q3, O1, O3, spake.



THE PROLOGUE.

*In antient times, when Hellen's fatal charms
 Rous'd the contending universe to arms,
 The Græcian council happily deputed
 The sly Ulysses forth — to raise recruits.
 The artful captain found, without delay, 5
 Where great Achilles, a deserter, lay.
 Him Fate had warn'd to shun the Trojan blows :
 Him Greece requir'd — against their Trojan foes.
 All the recruiting arts were needful here,
 To raise this great, this tim'rous volunteer. 10
 Ulysses well could talk — he stirs, he warms
 The warlike youth. — He listens to the charms
 Of plunder, fine lac'd coats, and glitt'ring arms. }
 Ulysses caught the young aspiring boy, (Achilles)
 And listed him who wrought the fate of Troy. 15
 Thus by recruiting was bold Hector slain :
 Recruiting thus fair Hellen did regain.
 If for one Hellen such prodigious things
 Were acted, that they ev'n listed kings ;
 If for one Hellen's artful, vicious charms, 20
 Half the transported world was found in arms ;
 What for so many Hellens may we dare,
 Whose minds, as well as faces, are so fair ?
 If by one Hellen's eyes old Greece cou'd find
 It's Homer fir'd to write — ev'n Homer blind ; 25
 The Britains sure beyond compare may write,
 That view so many Hellens every night.*

13 plunder. Q1, Q3, plunders.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MEN.

<p>Mr. <i>Ballance</i>, } Mr. <i>Scale</i>, } Mr. <i>Scruple</i>, }</p>	Three Justices,	<p>{ Mr. <i>Keen</i>. { Mr. <i>Phillips</i>. { Mr. <i>Kent</i>.</p>
<p>Mr. <i>Worthy</i>, A Gentleman of <i>Shropshire</i>,</p>		<p>Mr. <i>Williams</i>.</p>
<p>Captain <i>Plume</i>, } Captain <i>Brazen</i>, }</p>	Two Recruiting Officers,	<p>{ Mr. <i>Wilks</i>. { Mr. <i>Cibber</i>. Mr. <i>Estcourt</i>.</p>
<p><i>Kite</i>, Searjeant to <i>Plume</i>, <i>Bullock</i>, a Country Clown,</p>		<p>Mr. <i>Bullock</i>.</p>
<p><i>Costar Pear-main</i>, } <i>Tho. Apple-Tree</i>, }</p>	Two Recruits,	<p>{ Mr. <i>Norris</i>. { Mr. <i>Fairbank</i>.</p>

WOMEN.

<p><i>Melinda</i>, a Lady of Fortune,</p>	<p>Mrs. <i>Rogers</i>.</p>
<p><i>Silvia</i>, Daughter to <i>Ballance</i>, in love with <i>Plume</i>,</p>	<p>Mrs. <i>Oldfield</i>.</p>
<p><i>Lucy</i>, <i>Melinda's</i> Maid,</p>	<p>Mrs. <i>Sapsford</i>.</p>
<p><i>Rose</i>, a Country Wench,</p>	<p>Mrs. <i>Mountfort</i>.</p>

Constable, Recruits, Mob, Servants, and Attendants.

SCENE SHREWSBURY.

The Recruiting Officer

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Market-Place. Drum beats the Granadeer-March.*

Enter Serjeant Kite. follow'd by the Mob.

Kite (making a speech). If any gentleman souldiers, or others, have a mind to serve her majesty and pull down the French king; if any prentices have severe masters, any children have undutiful parents; if any servants have too little wages, or any husband too much wife: let them repair to the noble Serjeant Kite, at the sign of the *Raven*, in this good town of Shrewsbury, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment. — Gentlemen, I don't beat my drums here to insnare or inveigle any man; for you must know, gentlemen, that I am a man of honour. Besides, I don't beat up for common souldiers; no, I list only granadeers, granadeers, gentlemen. — Pray, gentlemen, observe this cap —

5
10
15

This is the cap of honour ; it dubs a man a gentleman in the drawing of a tricker : and he that has the good fortune to be born six foot high was born to be a great man. — Sir, will you give me leave to try this cap upon your head ? 20

Mob. Is there no harm in't ? Won't the cap list me ?

Kite. No, no ; no more than I can. — Come, let me see how it becomes you.

Mob. Are you sure there be no conjuration in it ? no Gunpowder Plot upon me ? 25

Kite. No, no, friend ; don't fear, man.

Mob. My mind misgives me plaguily. — Let me see it. — (*Going to put it on.*) It smells woundily of sweat and brimstone. Pray, serjeant, what writing is this upon the face of it ? 30

Kite. The crown, or the bed of honour.

Mob. Pray now, what may be that same bed of honour ?

Kite. O ! a mighty large bed ! bigger by half than the great bed of *Ware* — ten thousand peo- 35

19 *Sir.* Q1 inserts [*To one of the Mob.*]

21 *Mob.* This and the following speeches are assigned to Costar Pearmain in later eds.

30 *brimstone.* Later editions, evidently following stage practice, make this interpolation:

Smell Tummas.

Tho. Ay, wauns does it.

36 *of.* O1, O3, and later eds., at.

ple may lye in it together, and never feel one another.

Mob. My wife and I wou'd do well to lye in't, for we don't care for feeling one another. — 40
But do folk sleep sound in this same bed of honour?

Kite. Sound! ay, so sound that they never wake.

Mob. Wauns! I wish again that my wife lay 45
there.

Kite. Say you so? Then I find, brother —

Mob. Brother! hold there, friend; I am no kindred to you that I know of yet. — Look'ee, serjeant, no coaxing, no wheedling, d'ye see! 50
If I have a mind to list, why so. — If not, why, 'tis not so. — Therefore take your cap and your brothership back again, for I am not dispos'd at this present writing. — No coaxing, no brothering me, faith. 55

Kite. I coæx! I wheedle! I'm above it. Sir, I have serv'd twenty campaigns — But, sir, you talk well, and I must own that you are a man, every inch of you; a pretty young sprightly fellow. — I love a fellow with a spirit; but I scorn 60
to coæx; 'tis base. — Tho' I must say that never in my life have I seen a man better built. How

44 *wake.* Q3, O1, O3, awake. 53 *am not.* Q1, an't.
62 *man better built.* Q1, better built man.

firm and strong he treads! He steps like a castle — but I scorn to wheedle any man. — Come, honest lad, will you take share of a pot? 65

Mob. Nay, for that matter, I'll spend my penny with the best he that wears a head, that is, begging your pardon, sir, and in a fair way.

Kite. Give me your hand then; and now, gentlemen, I have no more to say, but this — 70
Here's a purse of gold, and there is a tub of humming ale at my quarters. — 'Tis the queen's money, and the queen's drink. — She's a generous queen, and loves her subjects. — I hope, gentlemen, you won't refuse the queen's health? 75

All Mob. No, no, no.

Kite. Huzza then, huzza for the queen, and the honour of Shropshire!

All Mob. Huzza!

Kite. Beat drum. 80

Exit, drum beating a Granadeers March.

Enter Plume in a riding habit.

Plume. By the Granadeer March, that shou'd be my drum; and by that shout, it shou'd beat with success. — Let me see — four a clock. (*Looking on his watch.*) At ten yesterday morning I left London. — A hundred and twenty miles 85 in thirty hours is pretty smart riding, but nothing to the fatigue of recruiting.

Exit, etc. Q1 reads: *Exeunt, drum beating the Granadeer March.*

Enter Kite.

Kite. Wellcome to Shrewsbury, noble Captain: from the banks of the Danube to the Severn side, noble Captain, you're wellcome. 90

Plume. A very elegant reception indeed, Mr. Kite: I find you are fairly enter'd into your recruiting strain. — Pray what success?

Kite. I have been here but a week, and I have recruited five. 95

Plume. Five! Pray what are they?

Kite. I have listed the strong man of Kent, the king of the Gipsies, a Scotch pedlar, a scoundrel attorney, and a Welsh parson.

Plume. An attorney! Wer't thou mad? List a 100 lawyer! Discharge him, discharge him this minute.

Kite. Why, sir?

Plume. Because I will have no body in my company that can write; a fellow that can write can draw petitions. — I say, this minute discharge 105 him.

Kite. And what shall I do with the parson?

Plume. Can he write?

Kite. Hum! He plays rarely upon the fiddle.

Plume. Keep him by all means. — But how 110 stands the country affected? Were the people pleas'd with the news of my coming to town?

Kite. Sir, the mob are so pleas'd with your

honour, and the justices and better sort of people are so delighted with me, that we shall soon do ¹¹⁵ our business. — But, sir, you have got a recruit here that you little think of.

Plume. Who?

Kite. One that you beat up for the last time you were in the country. You remember your ¹²⁰ old friend Molly at the Castle?

Plume. She's not with child, I hope?

Kite. No, no, sir — she was brought to bed yesterday.

Plume. Kite, you must father the child. 125

Kite. And so her friends will oblige me to marry the mother.

Plume. If they shou'd, we'll take her with us; she can wash, you know, and make a bed upon occasion. 130

Kite. Ay, or unmake it upon occasion. But your honour knows that I am marry'd already.

Plume. To how many?

Kite. I can't tell readily — I have set them down here upon the back of the muster roll. ¹³⁵ (*Draws it out.*) Let me see — *Imprimis*, Mrs. Sheely Snikereyes; she sells potatoes upon Ormond-Key in Dublin — Peggy Guzzle, the

116 *our.* O1, O3, and later eds., your. 119 *the.* Q1 omits.

126 *And so.* Q1, Humph — and so.

128 *If they shou'd.* Q1, If she should.

136 *Draws it out.* Q1, *Draws out the Muster-Roll.*

brandy-woman at the Horse-guard at Whitehall — Dolly Waggon, the carrier's daughter at ¹⁴⁰Hull — Mademoiselle Van-bottom-flat at the Buss — Then Jenny Oakham, the ship-carpenter's widow at Portsmouth; but I don't reckon upon her, for she was marry'd at the same time to two lieutenants of marines and a man of war's ¹⁴⁵boatswain.

Plume. A full company — you have nam'd five. — Come, make 'em half a dozen, Kite. — Is the child a boy or a girl?

Kite. A chopping boy.

150

Plume. Then set the mother down in your list, and the boy in mine. Enter him a granadeer by the name of Francis Kite, absent upon furlow — I'll allow you a man's pay for his subsistence. And now go comfort the wench in the ¹⁵⁵straw.

Kite. I shall, sir.

Plume. But hold, have you made any use of your German doctor's habit since you arriv'd?

Kite. Yes, yes, sir, and my fame's all about ¹⁶⁰the country for the most faithful fortune-teller that ever told a lye. — I was oblig'd to let my landlord into the secret, for the convenience of

140-41 at Hull. Q1, in Hull.

148 dozen, Kite. — Is. QQ, dozen, — Kite — Is.

161 faithful. Q1, famous.

keeping it so; but he's an honest fellow, and will be faithful to any roguery that is trusted ¹⁶⁵ to him. This device, sir, will get you men and me money, which, I think, is all we want at present. — But yonder comes your friend Mr. Worthy. — Has your honour any farther commands? 170

Plume. None at present. (*Exit Kite.*) 'Tis indeed the picture of Worthy, but the life's departed.

Enter Worthy.

What, arms a-cross, Worthy! Methinks you should hold 'em open when a friend's so near. ¹⁷⁵ — The man has got the vapours in his ears, I believe. I must expel this melancholly spirit.

Spleen, thou worst of fiends below,
Fly, I conjure thee by this magic blow.

(Slaps Worthy on the shoulder.)

Worthy. Plume! my dear Captain, welcome. ¹⁸⁰
Safe and sound return'd!

Plume. I 'scap'd safe from Germany, and sound, I hope, from London; you see I have lost neither leg, arm, nor nose: then for my inside, 'tis neither troubl'd with sympathies nor antipathies; ¹⁸⁵ and I have an excellent stomach for roast beef.

Wor. Thou art a happy fellow: once I was so.

¹⁶⁵⁻⁶⁶ *faithful . . . him.* Q1, trusty to any roguery that is confided to him.

Plume. What ails thee, man? No inundations nor earthquakes in Wales, I hope? Has your father rose from the dead, and reassum'd his estate?

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are marry'd, surely.

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are mad, or turning Quaker. 195

Wor. Come, I must out with it. — Your once gay, roving friend is dwindl'd into an obsequious, thoughtful, romantick, constant coxcomb.

Plume. And, pray, what is all this for?

Wor. For a woman. 200

Plume. Shake hands, brother! If thou go to that, behold me as obsequious, as thoughtful, and as constant a coxcomb as your worship.

Wor. For whom?

Plume. For a regiment. — But for a woman! 205
S'death! I have been constant to fifteen at a time, but never melancholy for one; and can the love of one bring you into this condition? Pray, who is this wonderful Hellen?

Wor. A Hellen indeed, not to be won under 210
a ten years siege; as great a beauty, and as great a jilt.

201 *Shake hands, brother.* Later eds., Give me thy hand.

201 *If thou go.* Q1, if you go. 208 *Condition.* Q1, pickle.

209 *wonderful.* Q1, miraculous.

Plume. A jilt! Pho! Is she as great a whore?

Wor. No, no.

Plume. 'Tis ten thousand pities! But who is ²¹⁵ she? Do I know her?

Wor. Very well.

Plume. That's impossible. — I know no woman that will hold out a ten years siege.

Wor. What think you of Melinda? 220

Plume. Melinda! Why, she began to capitulate this time twelvemonth, and offer'd to surrender upon honourable terms; and I advis'd you to propose a settlement of five hundred pound a year to her, before I went last abroad. 225

Wor. I did, and she hearken'd to it, desiring only one week to consider. — When, beyond her hopes, the town was reliev'd, and I forc'd to turn my siege into a blockade.

Plume. Explain, explain. 230

Wor. My lady Richly, her aunt in Flintshire, dies, and leaves her, at this critical time, twenty thousand pounds.

Plume. Oh! the devil! What a delicate woman was there spoil'd! But by the rules of war, ²³⁵ now, Worthy, blockade was foolish. — After such a convoy of provisions was enter'd the place, you cou'd have no thought of reducing it

218 *That's impossible.* Q1, Impossible.

233 *pounds.* Q1, pound. 236 *blockade.* Q1, your blockade.

by famine; you shou'd have redoubl'd your attacks, taken the town by storm, or have dy'd²⁴⁰ upon the breach.

Wor. I did make one general assault, and push'd it with all my forces; but I was so vigorously repuls'd that, despairing of ever gaining her for a mistress, I have alter'd my conduct,²⁴⁵ given my addresses the obsequious and distant turn, and court her now for a wife.

Plume. So as you grew obsequious, she grew haughty; and because you approach'd her as a goddess, she us'd you like a dog. 250

Wor. Exactly.

Plume. 'Tis the way of 'em all. Come, Worthy, your obsequious and distant airs will never bring you together; you must not think to surmount her pride by your humility. Wou'd you²⁵⁵ bring her to better thoughts of you, she must be reduc'd to a meaner opinion of her self. — Let me see: the very first thing that I would do shou'd be to lie with her chambermaid, and hire three or four wenches in the neighbourhood²⁶⁰ to report that I had got them with child. — Suppose we lampoon'd all the pretty women in town, and left her out; or what if we made a ball, and forgot to invite her with one or two of the ugliest? 265

Wor. These wou'd be mortifications, I must confess; but we live in such a precise, dull place, that we can have no balls, no lampoons, no—

Plume. What! no bastards! and so many recruiting officers in town! I thought 'twas a ²⁷⁰ maxim among them, to leave as many recruits in the country as they carry'd out.

Wor. No body doubts your good will, noble Captain, in serving your country with your best blood; witness our friend Molley at the Castle. ²⁷⁵ — There have been tears in town about that business, Captain.

Plume. I hope Silvia has not heard of it.

Wor. O sir! have you thought of her? I began to fancy you had forgot poor Silvia. ²⁸⁰

Plume. Your affairs had put mine quite out of my head. 'Tis true, Silvia and I had once agreed to go to bed together, cou'd we have adjusted preliminaries; but she wou'd have the wedding before consummation, and I was for ²⁸⁵ consummation before the wedding; we cou'd not agree. She was a pert, obstinate fool, and wou'd lose her maiden-head her own way, so she may keep it for Plume.

Wor. But do you intend to marry upon no ²⁹⁰ other conditions?

²⁸¹ *put mine quite.* Misprinted "quit" in Q2. O3 and later eds., quite put mine. Q1, put my own quite.

²⁸⁶ *we cou'd.* Later eds., so we cou'd.

Plume. Your pardon, sir, I'll marry upon no condition at all. — If I shou'd, I am resolv'd never to bind my self to a woman for my whole life 'till I know whether I shall like her com-²⁹⁵pany for half an hour. Suppose I marry'd a woman that wanted a leg? — such a thing might be, unless I examin'd the goods before hand. — If people wou'd but try one another's constitutions before they engag'd, it wou'd prevent all³⁰⁰ these elopements, divorces, and the devil knows what.

Wor. Nay, for that matter, the town did not stick to say that —

Plume. I hate country towns for that reason.³⁰⁵ — If your town has a dishonourable thought of Silvia, it deserves to be burnt to the ground. — I love Sylvia; I admire her frank, generous disposition. There's something in that girl more than woman; her sex is but a foil to her. The³¹⁰ ingratitude, dissimulation, envy, pride, avarice, and vanity of her sister females do but set off their contraries in her. — In short, were I once a general, I wou'd marry her.

Wor. Faith, you have reason; for were you³¹⁵ but a corporal, she wou'd marry you. — But my Melinda coquets it with every fellow she sees — I lay fifty pound she makes love to you.

Plume. I'll lay fifty pound that I return it, if she does. — Look'e, Worthy, I'll win her, and ³²⁰ give her to you afterwards.

Wor. If you win her, you shall wear her, faith; I wou'd not value the conquest, without the credit of the victory.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, Captain, a word in your ear. ³²⁵

Plume. You may speak out; here are none but friends.

Kite. You know, sir, that you sent me to comfort the good woman in the straw, Mrs. Molley — my wife, Mr. Worthy. ³³⁰

Wor. O ho! very well! I wish you joy, Mr. Kite.

Kite. Your worship very well may, for I have got both a wife and a child in half an hour. — But as I was saying: — you sent me to comfort ³³⁵ Mrs. Molly — my wife, I mean. — But what d'ye think, sir? She was better comforted before I came.

Plume. As how?

Kite. Why, sir, a footman in a blue livery had ³⁴⁰ brought her ten guineas to buy her baby-cloaths.

Plume. Who, in the name of wonder, cou'd send them?

³¹⁹ *Lay fifty pound.* Later eds., Lay you a hundred.

³²²⁻²³ *her, faith; I. QQ her, faith, I.*

³²³ *value. Q1, give a fig for.*

Kite. Nay, sir, I must whisper that — (*whispers.*) Mrs. Silvia.

345

Plume. Silvia! Generous creature!

Wor. Silvia! Impossible!

Kite. Here are the guineas, sir — I took the gold as part of my wifes portion. Nay, farther, sir, she sent word the child shou'd be taken all ³⁵⁰ imaginable care of, and that she intended to stand godmother. The same footman, as I was coming to you with this news, call'd after me, and told me that his lady wou'd speak with me. — I went, and upon hearing that you were come to town, ³⁵⁵ she gave me half a guinea for the news; and order'd me to tell you that Justice Ballance, her father, who is just come out of the country, wou'd be glad to see you.

Plume. There's a girl for you, Worthy. — Is ³⁶⁰ there any thing of woman in this? No, 'tis noble, generous, manly friendship; shew me another woman that wou'd lose an inch of her prerogative that way; without tears, fits, and reproaches. The common jealousy of her sex, which is no- ³⁶⁵ thing but their avarice of pleasure, she despises; and can part with the lover, tho' she dies for the man. — Come, Worthy, where's the best wine? For there I'll quarter.

348 *are.* Q1, be. 350 *sent word.* Q1, sent word that.
361-62 *noble, generous.* Q1, noble and generous.

Wor. Horton has a fresh pipe of choice Bar-370
celona, which I wou'd not let him pierce before,
because I reserv'd the maiden-head of it for your
welcome to town.

Plume. Let's away then. — Mr. Kite, wait
on the lady with my humble service, and tell her 375
I shall only refresh a little, and wait upon her.

Wor. Hold, Kite — have you seen the other
recruiting captain?

Kite. No, sir.

Plume. Another! Who is he? 380

Wor. My rival, in the first place, and the most
unaccountable fellow. — But I'll tell you more
as we go. *Exeunt.*

SCENE [II], *An Apartment [in Melinda's House.]*

Melinda and Silvia meeting.

Melinda. Welcome to town, cousin Silvia,
(*Salute.*) I envy'd you your retreat in the country;
for Shrewsbury, methinks, and all your heads of
shires, are the most irregular places for living;
here we have smোক, noise, scandal, affectation, 5
and pretension; in short, every thing to give the
spleen — and nothing to divert it. — Then, the
air is intolerable.

374-75 *wait on.* Later eds., go to. Q1, wait upon.

379 *No, sir.* Later eds. add: "I'd have you to know I don't
keep such company."

Silvia. O madam! I have heard the town commended for its air. 10

Mel. But you don't consider, Silvia, how long I have liv'd in't! for I can assure you that to a lady the least nice in her constitution, no air can be good above half a year. Change of air I take to be the most agreeable of any variety in life. 15

Sil. As you say, cousin Melinda, there are several sorts of airs.

Mel. Psha! I talk only of the air we breath, or, more properly, of that we taste. — Have not you, Silvia, found a vast difference in the taste of 20
airs?

Sil. Pray, cousin, are not vapours a sort of air? Taste air! you might as well tell me I may feed upon air. But prithee, my dear Melinda, don't put on such an air to me. Your education 25
and mine were just the same; and I remember the time when we never troubl'd our heads about air but when the sharp air from the Welsh mountains made our fingers ake in a cold morning at the boarding school. 30

Mel. Our education, cousin, was the same,

16-17 *As . . . airs.* Q1: As you say, cosin Melinda, there are several sorts of airs; airs in conversation, airs in behaviour, airs in dress; then we have our quality airs, our sickly airs, our reserv'd airs, and sometimes our impudent airs.

23 *might as well tell me I may.* Q1, may as well tell me I might.

29 *fingers ake.* Q1, noses drop.

but our temperaments had nothing alike; you have the constitution of an horse.

Sil. So far as to be troubl'd with neither spleen, collick, nor vapours; I need no salts for my stomach, no harts-horn for my head, nor wash for my complexion. I can gallop all the morning after the hunting-horn, and all the evening after a fiddle. In short, I can do every thing with my father, but drink, and shoot flying; and I am sure I can do every thing my mother cou'd, were I put to the trial. 35 40

Mel. You are in a fair way of being put to't; for I am told your captain is come to town.

Sil. Ay, Melinda, he is come, and I'll take care he shan't go without a companion. 45

Mel. You are certainly mad, cousin.

Sil. And there's a pleasure in being mad, which none but mad men know.

Mel. Thou poor romantick Quixote! Hast thou the vanity to imagine that a young sprightly officer that rambles o'er half the globe in half a year can confine his thoughts to the little daughter of a country justice, in an obscure part of the world? 50 55

33 *an horse.* Q1, a horse.

35 *salts.* Q1, salt.

47 *You are.* Q1, you're. Q2 misprints, your are.

48-49 *And there's,* etc. Q1 and later eds. print as verse:

And there's a pleasure, sure, in being mad,
Which none but mad-men know.

50 *Hast.* Q2 misprints, haste.

54 *part.* Q1, corner.

Sil. Psha! What care I for his thoughts! I shou'd not like a man with confin'd thoughts; it shews a narrowness of soul. Constancy is but a dull, sleepy quality at best; they will hardly admit it among the manly virtues. Nor do I think it deserves a place with bravery, knowledge, policy, justice, and some other qualities that are proper to that noble sex. In short, Melinda, I think a petticoat a mighty simple thing, and I am heartily tir'd of my sex. 60 65

Mel. That is, you are tir'd of an appendix to our sex that you can't so handsomely get rid of in petticoats as if you were in breeches. — O' my conscience, Silvia, had'st thou been a man, thou had'st been the greatest rake in Christendom. 70

Sil. I shou'd have endeavour'd to know the world, which a man can never do thoroughly without half a hundred friendships, and as many amours; but now I think on't, how stands your affair with Mr. Worthy? 75

Mel. He's my aversion.

Sil. Vapours!

Mel. What do you say, madam?

Sl. I say that you shou'd not use that honest fellow so inhumanly. He's a gentleman of parts and fortune; and besides that, he's my Plume's 80

71 *have endeavour'd.* Q1, I endeavor.

72 *thoroughly.* Q1, thoroughly.

80 *inhumanly.* Q1, inhumanely. 81 *besides.* Q1, beside.

friend, and by all that's sacred, if you don't use him better, I shall expect satisfaction.

Mel. Satisfaction! You begin to fancy your self in breeches in good earnest. — But to be plain with you, I like Worthy the worse for being so intimate with your captain, for I take him to be a loose, idle, unmannerly coxcomb. 85

Sil. O, madam! you never saw him, perhaps, since you were mistress of twenty thousand pounds; you only knew him when you were capitulating with Worthy for a settlement, which perhaps might encourage him to be a little loose and unmannerly with you. 90

Mel. What do you mean, madam? 95

Sil. My meaning needs no interpretation, madam.

Mel. Better it had, madam, for methinks you are too plain.

Sil. If you mean the plainness of my person, I think your ladyship's as plain as me to the full. 100

Mel. Were I sure of that, I shou'd be glad to take up with a rakhelly officer, as you do.

Sil. Again! Look'e, madam, your'e in your own house. 105

Mel. And if you had kept in yours, I shou'd have excus'd you.

93 *encourage.* Q1, incourage. 101 *ladyship's.* Q1, ladyship.

102 *sure of.* Q1, assur'd of. *shou'd.* Q3, O1, wou'd.

103 *rakhelly.* Q1, rakely. Q3, rakehelly.

Sil. Don't be troubl'd, madam, I shan't desire to have my visit return'd.

Mel. The sooner, therefore, you make an end 110 of this, the better.

Sil. I am easily persuaded to follow my inclinations; so, madam, your humble servant. *Exit.*

Mel. Saucy thing!

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. What's the matter, madam? 115

Mel. Did not you see the proud nothing, how she swell'd upon the arrival of her fellow?

Luc. Her fellow has not been long enough arriv'd to occasion any great swelling, madam; I don't believe she has seen him yet. 120

Mel. Nor shan't if I can help it. — Let me see — I have it! — Bring me pen and ink — hold, I'll go write in my closet.

Luc. An answer to this letter, I hope, madam. *Presents a letter.* 125

Mel. Who sent it?

Luc. Your captain, madam.

Mel. He's a fool, and I'm tir'd of him; send it back unopen'd.

Luc. The messenger's gone, madam. 130

Mel. Then how shou'd I send an answer? Call him back immediately, while I go write. *Exeunt.*

112 *persuaded.* Q1, advised. 117 *swell'd.* Q1, swells.

116 *not you.* O1, O3, you not.

131 *shou'd.* Q1, shall. 132 *Exeunt.* Q1, [*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT II.

SCENE [I], *An Apartment [in the House of Justice Ballance]*.

Enter Justice Ballance and Plume.

Ballance. Look'e, Captain, give us but blood for our money, and you shan't want men. I remember that for some years of the last war we had no blood, no wounds, but in the officer's mouths; nothing for our millions but news-papers not worth a reading. — Our army did nothing but play at prison barrs and hide and seek with the enemy; but now ye have brought us colours, and standarts, and prisoners. — Ad's my life, Captain, get us but another marshal of France, and I'll go myself for a souldier.

Plume. Pray, Mr. Ballance, how do's your fair daughter?

Ball. Ah, Captain! What is my daughter to a marshal of France! We're upon a nobler subject: I want to have a particular description of the battle of Hockstat.

Plume. The battel, sir, was a very pretty bat-

4 no. Q1, nor.

6 army. Q1, armies.

7 prison barrs. Later eds., prison-base.

17 Hockstat. Q1, Hockstet.

tel as one shou'd desire to see, but we were all so intent upon victory that we never minded the 20
battel: all that I know of the matter is, our general commanded us to beat the French, and we did so; and if he pleases but to say the word, we'll do't agen. But pray, sir, how do's Mrs. Silvia? 25

Ball. Still upon Silvia! For shame, Captain, you are engag'd already, wedded to the war; victory is your mistress, and it is below a soldier to think of any other.

Plume. As a mistress, I confess; but as a 30
friend, Mr. Ballance —

Ball. Come, come, Captain, never mince the matter; wou'd not you debauch my daughter if you cou'd?

Plume. How, sir! I hope she's not to be de- 35
bauch'd.

Ball. Faith but she is, sir, and any woman in England of her age and complexion, by a man of your youth and vigour. Look'e, Captain, once I was young, and once an officer as you are; and 40
I can guess at your thoughts now, by what mine were then; and I remember very well that I wou'd have given one of my legs to have deluded the daughter of an old country gentleman as like me as I was then like you. 45

19 *one.* Later eds., any one.

27 *victory.* Q1, war.

44 *old.* Q1, old plain.

Plume. But, sir, was that country gentleman your friend and benefactor?

Ball. Not much of that.

Plume. There the comparison breaks; the favours, sir, that —

Ball. Pho, I hate speeches! If I have done you any service, Captain, 'twas to please my self; for I love thee, and if I could part with my girl, you shou'd have her as soon as any young fellow I know. But I hope you have more honour than to quit the service, and she more prudence 55
than to follow the camp. But she's at her own disposal; she has fifteen hundred pound in her pocket, and so — Silvia, Silvia! *Calls.*

Enter Silvia.

Sil. There are some letters, sir, come by the post from London; I left them upon the table in your closet. 60

Ball. And here is a gentleman from Germany. (*Presents Plume to her.*) Captain, you'll excuse me; I'll go and read my letters, and wait on you. *Exit.* 65

Sil. Sir, you are welcome to England.

Plume. You are indebted to me a welcome,

51 speeches. Later eds., set speeches. *53 for.* Later eds. omit.
65 go and. Q1 omits *and.* *66-82 Sir,* etc. In Q1
the following dialogue appears in place of lines 66-82.

Sil. Sir, you're welcome to England.

Plume. Blessings in Heaven we shou'd receive in a prostrate posture; let me receive my welcome thus. [*Kneels and kisses her hand.*]

Sil. Pray, rise, sir, I'll give you fair quarter.

madam, since the hopes of receiving it from this fair hand was the principal cause of my seeing England.

70

Sil. I have often heard that soldiers were sincere; shall I venture to believe publick report?

Plume. You may, when 'tis back'd by private insurance; for I swear, madam, by the honour of my profession, that whatever dangers I went upon, it was with the hope of making myself more worthy of your esteem; and if I ever had thoughts of preserving my life, 'twas for the pleasure of dying at your feet.

75

Sil. Well, well, you shall dye at my feet, or where you will; but you know, sir, there is a certain will and testament to be made beforehand.

80

Plume. My will, madam, is made already, and there it is; and if you please to open that parchment, which was drawn the evening before the battel of Bleinheim, you will find whom I left my heir.

85

Sil. (*Opens the will and reads.*) Mrs. Silvia Balance. Well, Captain, this is a handsome and a

Plume. All quarter I despise. The height of conquest is to die at your feet.

[*Kissing her hand again.*]

Sil. Well, well, you shall die at my feet or where you will. But first let me desire you to make your will; perhaps you'll leave me something.

77 *I ever.* Q1, Q3, O1, O3, ever I.

84 Q1 has the stage-direction, [*Gives her a parchment. that.* Later eds., the.

86 *Bleinheim.* So QQ. O3, Blenheim.

substantial complement ; but I can assure you, I 90
 am much better pleas'd with the bare knowledge
 of your intention, than I shou'd have been in the
 possession of your legacy. But methinks, sir, you
 shou'd have left something to your little boy at
 the Castle.

Plume. (Aside.) That's home.— My little boy !
 Lack-a-day, madam, that alone may convince
 you 'twas none of mine ; why, the girl, madam,
 is my serjeant's wife, and so the poor creature
 gave out that I was father, in hopes that my 100
 friends might support her in case of necessity. —
 That was all, madam. — My boy ! No, no, no.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my master has receiv'd some
 ill news from London, and desires to speak with
 you immediately ; and he begs the Captain's par- 105
 don that he can't wait on him as he promis'd.

Plume. Ill news ! Heavens avert it ! nothing
 cou'd touch me nearer than to see that generous,
 worthy gentleman afflicted. I'll leave you to
 comfort him, and be assur'd that if my life and 110
 fortune can be any way serviceable to the father
 of my Silvia he shall freely command both.

Sil. The necessity must be very pressing that
 wou'd engage me to endanger either.

Exeunt severally.

102 *No, no, no.* Q1, no, no.

112 *he.* Q1, she.

114 *endanger.* Q1, do.

SCENE [II], *Another Apartment [in the House of Justice Ballance]*.

Enter Ballance and Sylvia.

Sylvia. Whilst there is life, there is hopes, sir; perhaps my brother may recover.

Ballance. We have but little reason to expect it; Doctor Kilman acquaints me here that, before this comes to my hands, he fears I shall have 5
no son.—Poor Owen!—But the decree is just; I was pleas'd with the death of my father, because he left me an estate, and now I am punish'd with the loss of an heir to inherit mine. I must now look upon you as the only hopes of 10
my family, and I expect that the augmentation of your fortune will give you fresh thoughts and new prospects.

Sil. My desire of being punctual in my obedience requires that you wou'd be plain in your 15
commands, sir.

Ball. The death of your brother makes you sole heiress to my estate, which you know is about twelve hundred pounds a year. This fortune gives you a fair claim to quality and a title. 20
~~You must set a just value upon your self, and, in plain terms, think no more of Captain Plume.~~

18-19 *which you know*, etc. Q1, which three or four years hence will amount to twelve hundred pound *per annum*.

Sil. You have often commended the gentleman, sir.

Ball. And I do so still; he's a very pretty fellow. But tho' I lik'd him well enough for a bare son-in-law, I don't approve of him for an heir to my estate and family. Fifteen hundred pounds, indeed, I might trust in his hands, and it might do the young fellow a kindness; but od's my life! twelve hundred pounds a year wou'd ruin him, quite turn his brain. A captain of foot worth twelve hundred pounds a year! 'tis a prodigy in nature. Besides this, I have five or six thousand pounds in woods upon my estate. Oh! that wou'd make him stark mad. For you must know that all captains have a mighty aversion to timber; they can't endure to see trees standing. Then I shou'd have some rogue of a builder, by the help of his damn'd magick art, transform my noble oaks and elms into cornishes, portalls, sashes, birds, beasts, and devils, to adorn some magotty, new-fashion'd bauble upon the Thames; and then you shou'd have a dog of a gardner bring a *Habeas Corpus* for my *Terra Firma*, remove it to Chelsea, or Twittenham, and clap it into grass-plats, and gravel-walks.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, here is one with a letter below for your worship, but he will deliver it into no hands 50 but your own.

Ball. Come, shew me the messenger.

Ex[ist] with servant.

Sil. Make the dispute between love and duty, and I am Prince Prettyman exactly. — If my brother dies, ah poor brother! If he lives, ah 55 poor sister! 'Tis bad both ways; I'll try it again: — Follow my own inclinations, and break my fathers heart; or obey his commands, and break my own; worse and worse. Suppose I take it thus? A moderate fortune, a pretty fel- 60 low, and a pad; or a fine estate, a coach and six, and an ass. — That will never do neither.

Enter Ballance and Servant.

Ball. (To a servant, who goes out.) Put four horses into the coach. Ho, Silvia!

Sil. Sir.

65

Ball. How old were you when your mother dy'd?

Sil. So young that I don't remember I ever had one; and you have been so careful, so indulgent to me since that indeed I never wanted 70 one.

49 here is one with a letter below. Q1, Here's one below with a letter.

63 a. Q1, the.

64 Ho. Q1 omits.

Ball. Have I ever deny'd you any thing you ask'd of me?

Sil. Never that I remember.

Ball. Then, Silvia, I must beg that once in 75 your life you wou'd grant me a favour.

Sil. Why shou'd you question it, sir?

Ball. I don't, but I wou'd rather counsel than command. I don't propose this with the authority of a parent, but as the advice of your friend; 80 that you wou'd take the coach this moment, and go into the country.

Sil. Does this advice, sir, proceed from the contents of the letter you receiv'd just now?

Ball. No matter; I will be with you in three 85 or four days, and then give you my reasons.— But before you go, I expect you will make me one solemn promise.

Sil. Propose the thing, sir.

Ball. That you will never dispose of your self 90 to any man without my consent.

Sil. I promise.

Ball. Very well; and to be even with you, I promise I never will dispose of you without your own consent. And so, Silvia, the coach is ready; 95 farewell. (*Leads her to the door, and returns.*) Now she's gone, I'll examine the contents of this letter a little nearer.

Reads.

83 *sir.* Q1 omits.

94 *promise I.* Q1, promise that I.

SIR,

My intimacy with Mr. Worthy has drawn a secret from 100 him that he had from his friend Captain Plume: and my friendship and relation to your family oblige me to give you timely notice of it. The captain has dishonourable designs upon my cousin Silvia. Evils of this nature are more easily prevented than amended, and that you wou'd immediately 105 send my cousin into the country, is the advice of,

SIR, your humble servant,

MELINDA.

Why! the devil's in the young fellows of this age; they are ten times worse than they were in 110 my time. Had he made my daughter a whore, and forswore it like a gentleman, I cou'd have almost pardon'd it; but to tell tales beforehand is monstrous.— Hang it, I can fetch down a wood-cock or a snipe: and why not a hat and 115 feather? I have a case of good pistols, and have a good mind to try.

Enter Worthy.

Worthy! Your servant.

Wor. I am sorry, sir, to be the messenger of ill news. 120

Ball. I apprehend it, sir; you have heard that my son Owen is past recovery.

Wor. My letters say he's dead, sir.

Ball. He's happy, and I'm satisfy'd. The strokes of Heaven I can bear; but injuries from 125 men, Mr. Worthy, are not so easily supported.

115 a snipe. Q1 omits a.

123 letters. Q1, advices.

Wor. I hope, sir, you're under no apprehension of wrong from any body.

Ball. You know I ought to be.

Wor. You wrong my honour, sir, in believing ¹³⁰ I could know any thing to your prejudice, without resenting it as much as you should.

Ball. This letter, sir, which I tear in pieces to conceal the person that sent it, informs me that Plume has a design upon Silvia, and that you ¹³⁵ are privy to't.

Wor. Nay then, sir, I must do my self justice, and endeavour to find out the author. (*Takes up a bit.*) Sir, I know the hand, and if you refuse to discover the contents, Melinda shall tell me. ¹⁴⁰

Going.

Ball. Hold, sir, the contents I have told you already, only with this circumstance, that her intimacy with Mr. Worthy had drawn the secret from him.

Wor. Her intimacy with me! Dear sir, let ¹⁴⁵ me pick up the pieces of this letter; 'twill give me such a power over her pride to have her own an intimacy under her hand. 'Twas the luckiest accident! (*Gathering up the letter.*) The aspersion, sir, was nothing but malice, the effect of a ¹⁵⁰ little quarrel between her and Mrs. Silvia.

132 *shou'd.* Q3, *shew'd.* 139 *bit.* Q1, *piece of the letter.*

147 *power over.* Q1 and later eds., *hank upon.*

148 *'Twas.* Later eds., *This was.*

Ball. Are you sure of that, sir?

Wor. Her maid gave me the history of part of the battel, just now, as she overheard it. But I hope, sir, your daughter has suffer'd nothing¹⁵⁵ upon the account.

Ball. No, no, poor girl!—she's so afflicted with the news of her brother's death that, to avoid company, she beg'd leave to be gone into the country.

160

Wor. And is she gone?

Ball. I cou'd not refuse her, she was so pressing; the coach went from the door the minute before you came.

Wor. So pressing to be gone, sir!—I find her¹⁶⁵ fortune will give her the same airs with Melinda, and then Plume and I may laugh at one another.

Ball. Like enough; women are as subject to pride as we are, and why mayn't great women, as well as great men, forget their old acquaint-¹⁷⁰ance?—But come, where's this young fellow? I love him so well, it would break the heart of me to think him a rascal—(*Aside.*) I'm glad my daughter's gone fairly off, tho'.—Where does the captain quarter?

¹⁵⁴ Q1 inserts speech by Ballance.

Wor. Her maid gave me, etc.

Ball. 'Tis probable; I am satisfy'd.

Wor. But I hope, sir, etc.

¹⁶⁹ *we.* Later eds, men.

Wor. At Horton's; I am to meet him there two hours hence, and we should be glad of your company.

Ball. Your pardon, dear Worthy, I must allow a day or two to the death of my son. The de- 180
corum of mourning is what we owe the world, because they pay it to us afterwards. I'm yours over a bottle, or how you will.

Wor. Sir, I'm your humble servant.

Exeunt severally.

SCENE [III], *the Street.*

Enter Kite with a mob in each hand, drunk.

Kite sings.

*Our prentice Tom may now refuse
To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes;
For now he's free to sing and play,
Over the hills and far away — Over, &c.*

The mob sing the chorus.

*We shall lead more happy lives,
By getting rid of brats and wives,
That scold and brawl both night and day;
Over the hills and far away — Over, &c.*

5

182 *Pay it to us afterwards.* Later eds., *Pay it to us. Afterwards, I'm yours.* (See note.)

A mob in each hand, drunk. Q1, *with one of the mob, etc.* Later eds., *with Costar Pear-main in one hand and Thomas Apple-tree in the other.* Throughout the scene the names are used in all editions after the 4th. collected edition to designate the speakers: *Cost.* for *1st. Mob*, *Tho.* for *2d. Mob*. In the quartos and all of the later editions there is some confusion of the parts of the recruits.

Kite. Hey boys! Thus we soldiers, live!
 drink, sing, dance, play. We live, as one shou'd 10
 say — we live — 'tis impossible to tell how we
 live. — We are all princes — why — why, you
 are a king — you are an emperor, and I'm a
 prince — now — an't we —

1st. Mob. No, Serjeant, I'll be no emperor. 15

Kite. No!

1st. Mob. No, I'll be a justice of peace.

Kite. A justice of peace, man!

1st. Mob. Ay, wauns will I; for since this
 pressing-act, they are greater than any emperor 20
 under the sun.

Kite. Done: you are a justice of peace, and
 you are a king, and I am a duke, and a rum duke,
 an't I?

2d. Mob. Ay, but I'll be no king. 25

Kite. What then?

2d. Mob. I'll be a queen.

Kite. A queen!

2d. Mob. Ay, queen of England, that's greater
 than any king of 'um all. 30

Kite. Bravely said, faith. Huzza for the Queen.
 (*Huzza!*) But heark'ee, you Mr. Justice, and
 you Mr. Queen, did you never see the queen's
 picture?

Mob. No, no, no. 35

15 *no emperor.* Q3, O1, O3, omit no, an obvious misprint.

25 *Ay.* Q1, no. 33 *never.* Q1, ever.

35 *No, no, no.* Q1, no, no.

Kite. I wonder at that; I have two of 'em set in gold, and as like her majesty, God bless the mark. See here, they are set in gold.

Takes two broad-pieces out of his pocket; gives one to each mob.

[*2d. Mob.*] The wonderful works of nature!
Looking at it.

[*1st. Mob.*] What's this written about? Here's 40
a posy, I believe. *Ca-ro-lus* — What's that, serjeant?

Kite. O! *Carolus!* — Why, *Carolus* is Latin for Queen Ann; that's all.

2d. Mob. 'Tis a fine thing to be a scollard. 45
— Serjeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the compass of a crown.

Kite. A crown! never talk of buying; 'tis the same thing among friends, you know; I'll present 'em to you both: you shall give me as good a 50
thing. Put 'em up, and remember your old friend when I am over the hills and far away.

They sing, and put up the money.

Enter Plume singing.

Plume. *Over the hills, and o'er the main,*
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain:
The Queen commands, and we'll obey, 55
Over the hills, and far away.

39 [*2d Mob.*] Brackets indicate change from QQ to correct confusion. (See note.)

47 *crown.* Q1, *crawn.*

49 *Fl.* Q1, I.

50 'em to you. Q3, O1 them to ye.

Come on my men of mirth, away with it! I'll make one among ye. Who are these hearty lads?

Kite. Off with your hats! Ounds, off with your hats! This is the Captain, the Captain. 60

1st. Mob. We have seen captains afore now, mun.

2d. Mob. Ay, and lieutenant captains too; s'flesh! I'll keep on my nab.

1st. Mob. And I'se scarcely doff mine for any 65 captain in England. My vether's a freeholder.

Plume. Who are these jolly lads, Serjeant?

Kite. A couple of honest brave fellows that are willing to serve the queen. I have entertain'd 'em just now, as volunteers, under your 70 honour's command.

Plume. And good entertainment they shall have. Volunteers are the men I want; those are the men fit to make souldiers, captains, generals.

1st. Mob. Wounds, Tummas, what's this! are 75 you listed?

2d. Mob. Flesh! not I. Are you, Costar?

1st. Mob. Wounds, not I.

Kite. What! not listed! ha, ha, ha! a very good jest, faith. 80

1st. Mob. Come, Tummas, we'll go home.

59 *Ounds.* Q1, ouns.

78 *Wounds.* Q1, wouns.

81 *home.* Q1, whome.

64 *I'll.* Q1, I'se.

80 *faith.* O1, O3, I'faith.

2d. Mob. Ay, ay, come.

Kite. Home! for shame, gentlemen; behave your selves better before your captain. Dear Tummas, honest Costar.

85

2d. Mob. No, no, we'll be gone.

Kite. Nay then, I command you to stay! I place you both centinels in this place, for two hours, to watch the motion of St. Mary's clock, you; and you the motion of St. Chad's. And he that dares stir from his post, till he be reliev'd, shall have my sword in his guts the next minute.

Plume. What's the matter, Serjeant? I'm afraid you are too rough with these gentlemen.

Kite. I'm too mild, sir! They disobey command, sir, and one of 'em shou'd be shot for an example to the other.

1st. Mob. Shot, Tummas!

Plume. Come, gentlemen, what's the matter?

1st. Mob. We don't know; the noble serjeant is pleas'd to be in a passion, sir, — but —

Kite. They disobey command; they deny their being listed.

2d. Mob. Nay, Serjeant, we don't downright deny it, neither; that we dare not do, for fear of being shot. But we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your worship's pardon, that we may go home.

86 *gone.* Q1 has stage direction, [*Going.*]

Plume. That's easily known; have either of you receiv'd any of the queen's money? 110

1st. Mob. Not a brass farthing, sir.

Kite. Sir, they have each of 'em receiv'd three and twenty shillings and six pence, and 'tis now in their pockets.

1st. Mob. Wounds, if I have a penny in my 115 pocket but a bent six-pence, I'll be content to be listed, and shot into the bargain.

2d. Mob. And I; look ye here, sir.

1st. Mob. Ay, here's my stock too: nothing but the queen's picture, that the serjeant gave me 120 just now.

Kite. See there, a broad-piece, three and twenty shillings and sixpence; the t'other has the fellow on't.

Plume. The case is plain, gentlemen, the goods 125 are found upon you. Those pieces of gold are worth three and twenty and sixpence each.

1st. Mob. So it seems that *Carolus* is three and twenty shillings and sixpence in Latin.

2d. Mob. 'Tis the same thing in the Greek, 130 for we are listed.

1st. Mob. Flesh! but we an't Tummas: I desire to be carry'd before the mayor, Captain.

Captain and Serjeant whisper the while.

119 *Ay, here's my stock too.* Later eds. omit.

123 *the t'other.* O1, O3, omit *the*.

129 *Latin.* QQ2, 3, misprint "Latine."

130 *the Greek.* Q3, OO1, 3, omit *the*.

Plume. 'Twill never do, Kite — your damn'd trick will ruin me at last — I won't lose the fel-¹³⁵ lows tho', if I can help it. — Well, gentlemen, there must be some trick in this; my serjeant offers to take his oath that you are fairly listed.

[*2d.*] *Mob.* Why, Captain, we know that you souldiers have more liberty of conscience than¹⁴⁰ other folks; but for me, or neighbour Costar here, to take such an oath, 'twou'd be downright perjury.

Plume. Look'e, rascal, you villain! if I find that you have impos'd upon these two honest¹⁴⁵ fellows, I'll trample you to death, you dog. — Come, how was't?

2d. Mob. Nay then, we will speak; your serjeant, as you say, is a rogue, begging your wor-¹⁵⁰ ship's pardon — and —

1st. Mob. Nay, Tummas, let me speak; you know I can read. — And so, sir, he gave us those two pieces of money for pictures of the Queen, by way of a present.

Plume. How! by way of a present! The son¹⁵⁵ of a whore! I'll teach him to abuse honest fellows, like you! Scoundrel, rogue, villain!

Beats off the serjeant, and follows.

¹³⁵ *trick.* Q1, Q3, O1, O3, tricks.

¹³⁸ *Offers.* Q1, Offers here. ¹³⁹ *2d. Mob.* Q9, *1st Mob.*

¹⁴⁴ *Rascal.* Q1, you rascal.

¹⁴⁹ Later eds. read, "is a rogue, an't like your worship, begging," etc.

Mob. O brave, noble Captain! Huzza! a brave captain, faith.

1st. Mob. Now, Tummas, *Carolus* is Latin for 160 a beating. This is the bravest captain I ever saw. — Wounds! I have a months mind to go with him.

Enter Plume.

Plume. A dog, to abuse two such honest fellows as you! — Look'e gentlemen, I love a 165 pretty fellow; I come among you as an officer to list souldiers, not as a kidnapper, to steal slaves.

1st. Mob. Mind that, Tummas.

Plume. I desire no man to go with me but as I went my self. I went a volunteer, as you, or 170 you, may do; for a little time carry'd a musquet, and now I command a company.

2d. Mob. Mind that, Costar. A sweet gentleman.

Plume. 'Tis true, gentlemen, I might take an 175 advantage of you; the queen's money was in your pockets, my serjeant was ready to take his oath you were listed. But I scorn to do a base thing; you are both of you at your liberty.

1st. Mob. Thank you, noble Captain. — I cod, 180 I can't find in my heart to leave him, he talks so finely.

158 *Mob.* Q1, *Both Mob.*

162 *Wounds.* Q1, *Wauns.*

164 *Honest.* Q1, *pretty.*

166 *Among you.* Q1, *among you here.*

171 *do.* Q1, *go.*

178 *oath you.* Q1, *oath that you.*

2d. Mob. Ay, Costar, wou'd he always hold in this mind.

Plume. Come, my lads, one thing more I'll¹⁸⁵ tell you: you're both young tight fellows, and the army is the place to make you men for ever. Every man has his lot, and you have yours. What think you now of a purse of French gold out of a monsieur's pocket, after you have dash'd out¹⁹⁰ his brains with the but of your fire-lock, eh?

1st. Mob. Wauns! I'll have it. Captain — give me a shilling; I'll follow you to the end of the world.

2d. Mob. Nay, dear Costar, do'na; be advis'd. ¹⁹⁵

Plume. Here, my hero, here are two guineas for thee, as earnest of what I'll do farther for thee.

2d. Mob. Do'na take it, do'na, dear Costar.

Crys and pulls back his arm.

1st. Mob. I wull — I wull — Waunds, my mind gives me that I shall be a captain my self. ²⁰⁰ — I take your money, sir, and now I am a gentleman.

Plume. Give me thy hand. And now you and I will travel the world o'er, and command it wherever we tread. — (*Aside.*) Bring your friend ²⁰⁵ with you if you can.

186 *tell.* Q2 omits.

189 *purse.* Q1, purse full.

191 *but.* O3, and later eds., but-end.

192 *it. Captain* — Q2, it, Captain.

195, 198 *do'na.* Q1, duna. 204 *it.* Q1 omits.

1st. Mob. Well, Tummas, must we part ?

2d. Mob. No, Costar, I cannot leave thee. —
Come, Captain, I'll e'en go along too; and if
you have two honester, simpler lads in your com- 210
pany than we two been, I'll say no more.

Plume. Here, my lad. (*Gives him money.*) Now
your name ?

[*2d. Mob.*] Thummas Appletree.

Plume. And yours ?

215

[*1st. Mob.*] Costar Pairman !

Plume. Born where ?

1st. Mob. Both in Herefordshire.

Plume. Very well. Courage, my lads — Now
we'll sing, *Over the hills and far away.* 220

Courage, boys, 'tis one to ten

But we return all gentlemen, &c. Exeunt.

208 *thee.* Q1 has stage direction [*Crying*].

211 *two.* Q1, *twa.* *been.* Later eds., have been.

214 *2d. Mob.* Qq, *1st Mob.*, and in l. 216, *2d. Mob.*'

217 *Born where?* Later eds., Well said Costar ! Born where ?

222 *gentlemen.* Act ends thus in Quartos and O1, O3. Later eds.,
possibly following stage usage, give the following ending.

While conquering colours we display

Over the hills and far away.

Kite, take care of 'em.

Enter Kite.

Kite. An't you a couple of pretty fellows now ! Here you have
complain'd to the captain, I am to be turn'd out, and one of you
will be serjeant. But in the meantime, march you sons of whores.

Beats 'em off.

The End of the second ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE [I], *The Market-Place.*

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Worthy. I cannot forbear admiring the equality of our two fortunes. We lov'd two ladies, they met us half way, and just as we were upon the point of leaping into their arms, fortune drops into their laps, pride possesses their hearts, a maggot fills their heads, madness takes 'em by the tails; they snort, kick up their heels, and away they run. 5

Plume. And leave us here to mourn upon the shore — a couple of poor melancholy monsters. 10
— What shall we do?

Wor. I have a trick for mine; the letter, you know, and the fortune-teller.

Plume. And I have a trick for mine.

Wor. What is't? 15

Plume. I'll never think of her again.

Wor. No!

Plume. No. I think my self above administering to the pride of any woman, were she worth twelve thousand a year; and I han't the vanity 20
to believe I shall ever gain a lady worth twelve

hundred. The generous, good-natur'd Sylvia, in her smock, I admire; but the haughty, scornful Sylvia, with her fortune, I despise. — What, sneak out of town, and not so much as a word, a line, ²⁵ a complement! — 'Sdeath! how far off does she live? I'll go and break her windows.

24 *despise.* In Q1 Plume's speech is broken at this point —

A SONG.

1

Come, fair one, be kind,
You never shall find
A fellow so fit for a lover:
The world shall view
My passion for you
But never your passion discover.

2

I still will complain
Of your frowns and disdain,
Tho I revel thro' all your charms:
The world shall declare,
That I die with despair,
When I only die in your arms.

3

I still will adore
And love more and more
But, by Jove, if you chance to prove cruel:
I'll get me a miss
That freely will kiss,
Tho' I afterwards drink water-gruel.

What! sneak out of town, etc.

27 *and.* Omitted in Q1.

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! ay, and the window bars too, to come at her. — Come, come, friend, no more of your rough military airs. 30

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, sir! look yonder, she's a coming this way: 'tis the prettiest, cleanest little tit!

Plume. Now, Worthy, to shew you how much I am in love. — Here she comes: and what is that great country fellow with her? 35

Kite. I can't tell, sir.

Enter Rose and her brother Bullock, and chickens on her arms in a basket, &c.

Rose. Buy chickens, young and tender, young and tender chickens.

Plume. Here, you chickens!

Rose. Who calls? 40

Plume. Come hither, pretty maid.

Rose. Will you please to buy, sir?

Wor. Yes, child, we'll both buy.

Plume. Nay, Worthy, that's not fair; market for your self. — Come, child, I'll buy all you 45 have.

Rose. Then all I have is at your service.

Court'sys.

31 *Captain.* Later eds., Captain, Captain.

34 *and.* Later eds., but Kite.

and chickens, etc. Q1, *With a basket on her arm, crying chickens.*

45 *Come, child.* Q1, Come, my child.

47 *service.* Q1, sarvice.

Wor. Then I must shift for my self, I find.

Exit.

Plume. Let me see; young and tender, you say?

Chucks her under the chin.

Rose. As ever you tasted in your life, sir. 50

Plume. Come, I must examine your basket to the bottom, my dear.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, put in your hand; feel, sir; I warrant my ware as good as any in the market. 55

Plume. And I'll buy it all, child, were it ten times more.

Rose. Sir, I can furnish you.

Plume. Come then, we won't quarrel about the price; they're fine birds. — Pray what's your name, pretty creature? 60

Rose. Rose, sir. My father is a farmer within three short mile o' the town; we keep this market; I sell chickens, eggs, and butter, and my brother Bullock there sells corn. 65

Bullock. Come, sister, haste; we shall be lait hoame. *Whistles about the stage.*

Plume. Kite! (*Tips him the wink; he returns it.*) Pretty Mrs. Rose — you have — let me see — how many? 70

Rose. A dozen, sir, and they are richly worth a crown.

66-67 *lait hoame.* Q1, liate a whome. 72 *crown.* Q1, crawn.

Bull. Come, Ruose, Ruose! I sold fifty strake of barley to day in half this time; but you will higgie and higgie for a penny more than the commodity is worth. 75

Rose. What's that to you, oaf! I can make as much out of a groat as you can out of fourpence, I'm sure. — The gentleman bids fair, and when I meet with a chapman, I know how to make the best of him. — And so, sir, I say, for a crown piece the bargain's yours. 80

Plume. Here's a guinea, my dear.

Rose. I can't change your money, sir.

Plume. Indeed, indeed, but you can; my lodging is hard by, chicken, and we'll make change there. 85

Goes off; she follows him.

Kite. So, sir, as I was telling you, I have seen one of these hussars eat up a ravelin for his breakfast, and afterwards pick'd his teeth with a palisado. 90

Bull. Ay, you soldiers see very strange things; but pray, sir, what is a ravelin?

Kite. Why, 'tis like a modern minc'd pye, but the crust is confounded hard, and the plumbs are somewhat hard of digestion. 95

73 *strake.* Q1, stracke.

81 *of.* Q1, on.

82 *crowne.* Q1, crawn.

85-86 *my lodging.* Q1 reads: my lodging is hard-by, you shall bring home the chickens, and we'll — etc.

90 *pick'd.* Q1, pick.

Bull. Then your palisado, pray what may he be? — Come, Ruose, pray ha' done.

Kite. Your palisado is a pretty sort of bodkin, about the thickness of my leg. 100

Bull. (*Aside.*) That's a fibb, I believe. — Eh! where's Ruose? Ruose! Ruose! 'Sflesh, where's Ruose gone?

Kite. She's gone with the captain.

Bull. The captain! Wauns, there's no press-105
ing of women, sure.

Kite. But there is, sir.

Bull. If the captain should press Ruose, I shou'd be ruin'd. — Which way went she? O! the devil take your rablins and palisadoes. *Exit.* 110

Kite. You shall be better acquainted with them, honest Bullock, or I shall miss of my aim.

Enter Worthby.

Wor. Why thou art the most useful fellow in nature to your captain; admirable in your way, I find. 115

Kite. Yes, sir, I understand my business, I will say it. — You must know, sir, I was born a gipsey, and bred among that crew till I was ten years old; there I learn'd canting and lying. I was bought from my mother, Cleopatra, by a 120

110 *palisadoes.* Q1, palisaders.

117 *say it.* Later eds. insert: *Wor.* How came you so qualify'd.

119 *years.* Q1, year.

certain nobleman for three pistoles, who, liking my beauty, made me his page; there I learn'd impudence and pimping. I was turn'd off for wearing my lord's linen, and drinking my lady's ratafia, and then turn'd bayliff's follower; there ¹²⁵ I learn'd bullying and swearing. I at last got into the army, and there I learn'd whoring and drinking. — So that if your worship pleases to cast up the whole sum, *viz.*, canting, lying, impudence, pimping, bullying, swearing, whoring, ¹³⁰ drinking, and a halbard, you will find the sum total will amount to a recruiting serjeant.

Wor. And pray what induc'd you to turn soldier?

Kite. Hunger and ambition: the fears of starv-¹³⁵ ing and hopes of a truncheon led me along to a gentleman with a fair tongue and fair perriwig, who loaded me with promises; but egad, it was the lightest load that ever I felt in my life. — He promis'd to advance me, and, indeed, he did ¹⁴⁰ so — to a garret in the Savoy. I ask'd him why he put me in prison; he call'd me lying dog, and said I was in garrison: and indeed 'tis a garrison that may hold out till Dooms-day before I shou'd desire to take it again. But here ¹⁴⁵ comes Justice Ballance.

¹²⁵ *ratafia*. Q1, brandy. *then*. Omitted in Q3, O1, O3.

¹³² *will*. Omitted in Q3, O1, O3. ¹³⁹ *ever I*. Q1, I ever.

Enter Ballance and Bullock.

Ballance. Here you, Serjeant, where's your captain? Here's a poor foolish fellow comes clamouring to me with a complaint that your captain has press'd his sister; do you know any thing of this matter, Worthy? 150

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! I know his sister is gone with Plume to his lodgings, to sell him some chickens.

Ball. Is that all? the fellow's a fool. 155

Bull. I know that, an please you; but if your worship pleases to grant me a warrant to bring her before you, for fear of the worst.

Ball. Thou'rt mad, fellow; thy sister's safe enough. 160

Kite. (*Aside.*) I hope so too.

Wor. Hast thou no more sense, fellow, than to believe that the captain can list women?

Bull. I know not whether they list them, or what they do with them: but I am sure they carry as many women as men with them out of the country. 165

Ball. But how came you not to go along with your sister?

Bull. Lord, sir, I thought no more of her go- 170

156 *an.* Q1, an't. Later eds., an't like your worship.

159 *Thou'rt mad, fellow.* Q1, Thou art a mad fellow. Q2, Thor't.

161 *Aside.* Follows Ballance's speech in Q3 and O1.

ing than I do of the day I shall die ; but this gentleman here, not suspecting any hurt neither, I believe — You thought no harm, friend, did you ?

Kite. Lackaday, sir, not I — (*Aside.*) only that, I believe, I shall marry her to morrow. 175

Ball. I begin to smell powder. Well, friend, but what did that gentleman with you ?

Bull. Why, sir, he entertain'd me with a fine story of a great fight between the Hungarians, I think it was, and the Irish. And so, sir, while we 180 were in the heat of the battel — the captain carry'd off the baggage.

Ball. Serjeant, go along with this fellow to your captain, give him my humble service, and desire him to discharge the wench, tho' he has 185 listed her.

Bull. Ay, and if he been't free for that, he shall have another man in her place.

Kite. Come, honest friend. — (*Aside.*) You shall go to my quarters instead of the captain's. 190

Exeunt Kite and Bullock.

Ball. We must get this mad captain his complement of men, and send him a packing, else he'll over-run the country.

Wor. You see, sir, how little he values your daughter's disdain. 195

180 *And so, sir,* etc. Some of the later eds. give this part of Bullock's speech to Kite.

184-85 *and desire.* Q1, and I desire.

Ball. I like him the better; I was just such another fellow at his age. I never set my heart upon any woman so much as to make my self uneasie at the disappointment. But what was very surprizing both to my self and friends, I chang'd 200 o' th' sudden from the most fickle lover to the most constant husband in the world. But how goes your affair with Melinda?

Wor. Very slowly. Cupid had formerly wings, but I think in this age he goes upon crutches; or 205 I fancy Venus had been dallying with her cripple Vulcan when my amour commenc'd, which has made it go on so lamely. My mistress has got a captain too, but such a captain! As I live, yonder he comes. 210

Ball. Who? that bluff fellow in the sash! I don't know him.

Wor. But I engage he knows you, and every body, at first sight; his impudence were a prodigy, were not his ignorance proportionable. He has 215 the most universal acquaintance of any man living, for he won't be alone, and no body will keep him company twice. Then, he's a Caesar among the women; *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, that's all. If he has but talk'd with the maid, he swears he has lain 220 with the mistress. But the most surprizing part of

196 *just.* Q1, much.198 *my self.* Q1, me.201 *to the.* Q1, to be the.206 *had.* Q1, has.

his character is his memory, which is the most prodigious and the most trifling in the world.

Ball. I have met with such men, and I take this good-for-nothing memory to proceed from a certain contexture of the brain, which is purely adapted to impertinencies, and there they lodge secure, the owner having no thoughts of his own to disturb them. I have known a man as perfect as a chronologer, as to the day and year of most important transactions, but be altogether ignorant in the causes or consequences of any one thing of moment. I have known another acquire so much by travel as to tell you the names of most places in Europe, with their distances of miles, leagues, or hours, as punctually as a post-boy; but for any thing else as ignorant as the horse that carries the mail.

Wor. This is your man, sir, add but the traveller's priviledge of lying, and even that he abuses. This is the picture; behold the life.

Enter Brazen.

Brazen. Mr. Worthy, I am your servant, and so forth. — Hark'e, my dear.

Wor. Whispering, sir, before company is not manners, and when no body's by, 'tis foolish.

Braz. Company! *Mor't de ma vie!* I beg the gentleman's pardon. — Who is he?

232 in the causes or consequences. Q1, of the causes, springs, or consequences.

Wor. Ask him.

Braz. So I will. My dear, I am your servant, and so forth, — your name, my dear? 250

Ball. Very laconick, sir.

Braz. Laconick! A very good name, truly; I have known several of the Laconicks abroad. Poor Jack Laconick! He was kill'd at the battel of Landen. I remember that he had a blew ribbon 255 in his hat that very day, and after he fell we found a piece of neat's tongue in his pocket.

Ball. Pray, sir, did the French attack us, or we them, at Landen?

Braz. The French attack us! Oons, sir, are 260 you a Jacobite?

Ball. Why that question?

Braz. Because none but a Jacobite cou'd think that the French durst attack us. — No, sir, we attacked them on the — I have reason to remem- 265 ber the time, for I had two and twenty horses kill'd under me that day.

Wor. Then, sir, you must have rid mighty hard.

Ball. Or perhaps, sir, like my countryman, you 270 rid upon half a dozen horses at once.

Braz. What do you mean, gentlemen? I tell you they were kill'd, all torn to pieces by cannon shot, except six I stak'd to death upon the enemies *Chevaux de Frise.* 275

Ball. Noble Captain, may I crave your name?

Braz. Brazen, at your service.

Ball. Oh, Brazen, a very good name; I have known several of the Brazens abroad.

Wor. Do you know Captain Plume, sir? 280

Braz. Is he any thing related to Frank Plume in Northamptonshire? — Honest Frank! many, many a dry bottle have we crack'd hand to fist. You must have known his brother Charles, that was concern'd in the India company; he marry'd the daughter of old Tongue-Pad, the master in Chancery, a very pretty woman, only squinted a little. She dy'd in child-bed of her first child, but the child surviv'd; 'twas a daughter, but whether 'twas call'd Margaret or Margery, upon my soul, I can't remember. (*Looking on his watch.*) But gentlemen, I must meet a lady, a twenty thousand pounder, presently, upon the walk by the water. — Worthy, your servant; Laconick, yours. *Exit.* 295

Ball. If you can have so mean an opinion of Melinda as to be jealous of this fellow, I think she ought to give you cause to be so.

Wor. I don't think she encourages him so much for gaining her self a lover, as to set me up a rival; were there any credit to be given to his words, I should believe Melinda had made him this assignation; I must go see. Sir, you'll pardon me. 300

Ball. Ay, ay, sir, you're a man of business. — 305
But what have we got here?

Enter Rose singing.

Rose. And I shall be a lady, a captain's lady,
and ride single upon a white horse with a star,
upon a velvet side-saddle; and I shall go to Lon-
don, and see the tombs, and the Lyons, and the 310
queen. Sir, an' please your worship, I have often
seen your worship ride through our grounds a
hunting, begging your worship's pardon. — Pray
what may this lace be worth a yard?

Shewing some lace.

Ball. Right Mechelin, by this light! Where 315
did you get this lace, child?

Rose. No matter for that, sir; I came honestly
by it.

Ball. [*Aside.*] I question it much.

Rose. And see here, sir; a fine turky-shell 320
snuff-box, and fine mangere. — See here. (*Takes
snuff affectedly.*) The captain learn'd me how to
take it with an air.

Ball. Oho! the captain! Now the murther's
out. And so the captain tought you to take it 325
with an air.

Rose. Yes, and give it with an air, too — Will
your worship please to taste my snuff?

Offers the box affectedly.

311 an'. Q1, an't. 319 *Aside.* Inserted in later eds.

321 mangere. Q1, mangerec.

Ball. You are a very apt scholar, pretty maid. And pray, what did you give the captain for these 330 fine things?

Rose. He's to have my brother for a soldier; and two or three sweet-hearts that I have in the country, they shall all go with the captain. O, he's the finest man, and the humblest withal: 335 wou'd you believe it, sir, he carry'd me up with him to his own chamber with as much familiarity as if I had been the best lady in the land.

Ball. Oh! he's a mighty familiar gentleman, as can be. 340

Enter Plume singing.

Plume. But it is not so;
With those that go
Thro' frost and snow —
Most apropos,
My maid with the milking-pail. 345
Takes hold of Rose.

How, the justice! Then I'm arraign'd, condemned, and executed.

337 *familiarity.* Later eds., fam-mam-mill-yararity. (See note.)
340 *as can be.* Q1 has here:

Rose. But I must beg your worship's pardon, I must go seek out my brother Bullock. [*Runs off singing.*]

Ball. If all officers took the same method of recruiting with this gentleman, they might come in time to be fathers as well as captains of their companies.

Enter Plume singing.

(Archer points out that in the earlier version Plume meets Rose outside and brings her back.)

Ball. O, my noble Captain!

Rose. And my noble Captain too, sir.

Plume. 'Sdeath, child! are you mad?— Mr. 350
Ballance, I am so full of business about my recruits that I ha'n't a moment's time to— I have just now three or four people to—

Ball. Nay, Captain, I must speak to you—

Rose. And so must I, too, Captain. 355

Plume. Any other time, sir— I cannot for my life, sir—

Ball. Pray, sir—

Plume. Twenty thousand things— I wou'd— but— now, sir, pray— devil take me— I can- 360
not— I must— *Breaks away.*

Ball. Nay, I'll follow you. *Exit.*

Rose. And I too. *Exit.*

SCENE [II], *The Walk by the Severn side.*

Enter Melinda and her maid Lucy.

Melinda. And pray was it a ring, or buckle, or pendants, or knots? or in what shape was the almighty gold transform'd that has brib'd you so much in his favour?

Lucy. Indeed, madam, the last bribe I had was from the captain, and that was only a small piece of Flanders edging for pinner.

5 last bribe. Later eds.: last bribe I had from the captain was only. (See note.)

Mel. Ay, Flanders lace is as constant a present from officers to their women as something else is from their women to them. They every year bring over a cargo of lace, to cheat the queen of her duty, and her subjects of their honesty. 10

Luc. They only barter one sort of prohibited goods for another, madam.

Mel. Has any of 'em been bartering with you, Mrs. Pert, that you talk so like a trader? 15

Luc. Madam, you talk as peevishly to me as if it were my fault; the crime is none of mine, tho' I pretend to excuse it. Tho' he shou'd not see you this week, can I help it? But as I was saying, madam — his friend, Captain Plume, has so taken him up this two days — 20

Mel. Psha! wou'd his friend the captain were ty'd upon his back. I warrant he has never been sober since that confounded captain came to town. The devil take all officers, I say — they do the nation more harm by debauching us at home than they do good by defending us abroad. No sooner a captain comes to town, but all the young fellows flock about him, and we can't keep a man to our selves. 30

Luc. One wou'd imagine, madam, by your concern for Worthy's absence that you shou'd use him better when he's with you.

Mel. Who told you, pray, that I was concern'd for his absence? I'm only vex'd that I've had nothing said to me these two days. One may like the love and despise the lover, I hope; as one may love the treason and hate the traitor. Oh! here comes another captain, and a rogue that has the confidence to make love to me; but indeed I don't wonder at that, when he has the assurance to fansie himself a fine gentleman.

Luc. (Aside.) If he shou'd speak o' th' assignation, I shou'd be ruin'd.

Enter Brazen.

Brazen. (Aside.) Truth to the touch, faith! — Madam, I am your humble servant, and all that, madam — A fine river this same Severn. — Do you love fishing, madam?

Mel. 'Tis a pretty melancholy amusement for lovers.

Braz. I'll go buy hooks and lines presently; for you must know, madam, that I have serv'd in Flanders against the French, in Hungary

46 *Truth to. Q1: Braz.* True to the touch, faith. [*Aside.*] I'll draw up all my complements into one grand platoon, and fire upon her at once.

*Thou peerless Princess of Salopian plains,
Envy'd by nymphs and worship'd by the swains,
Behold how humbly do's the Severn glide,
To greet thee Princess of the Severn side.*

Madam, I'm — etc.

against the Turks, and in Tangier against the 55
Moors, and I was never so much in love before ;
and split me, madam, in all the campaigns I ever
made, I have not seen so fine a woman as your
ladyship.

Mel. And from all the men I ever saw, I 60
never had so fine a complement ; but you soldiers
are the best bred men, that we must allow.

Braz. Some of us, madam. — But there are
brutes among us too, very sad brutes. For my
own part, I have always had the good luck to 65
prove agreeable — I have had very considerable
offers, madam, — I might have marry'd a Ger-
man princess, worth fifty thousand crowns a
year, but her stove disgusted me. — The daugh-
ter of a Turkish Bashaw fell in love with me 70
too, when I was prisoner among the infidels ;
she offer'd to rob her father of his treasure, and
make her escape with me : but I don't know how,
my time was not come ; hanging and marriage,
you know, go by destiny. Fate has reserv'd me 75
for a Shropshire lady with twenty thousand pound.
— Do you know any such person, madam ?

Mel. Extravagant coxcomb ! — To be sure, a
great many ladies of that fortune wou'd be proud
of the name of Mrs. Brazen. 80

69 *stove*. Thus in QQ and later eds. (including Hunt, Ewald, and Archer) without comment. Possibly a misprint for love. See note.

Braz. Nay, for that matter, madam, there are women of very good quality of the name of Brazen.

Enter Worthy.

Mel. O! are you there, gentlemen? — Come, Captain, we'll walk this way: give me your hand. 85

Braz. My hand, heart's blood, and guts are at your service. — Mr. Worthy, your servant, my dear.

Exit, leading Melinda.

Wor. Death and fire! this is not to be born.

Enter Plume.

Plume. No more it is, faith. 90

Wor. What?

Plume. The March beer at the Raven. I have been doubly serving the Queen — raising men, and raising the excise. — Recruiting and elections are rare friends to the excise. 95

Wor. You a'n't drunk?

Plume. No, no, whimsical only; I cou'd be mighty foolish, and fancy my self mighty witty. Reason still keeps its throne, but it nods a little, that's all. 100

Wor. Then you're just fit for a frolick?

Plume. As fit as close pinders for a punk in the pit.

Wor. There's your play then; recover me that vessel from that Tangerine. 105

84 gentlemen. QQI and 3, OI, O3, gentleman.

95 rare. QI, good.

Plume. She's well rig'd; but how is she mann'd?

Wor. By Captain Brazen, that I told you of to day. She is call'd the Melinda, a first rate, I can assure you; she sheer'd off with him just now, 110 on purpose to affront me; but according to your advice I wou'd take no notice, because I wou'd seem to be above a concern for her behaviour. But have a care of a quarrel.

Plume. No, no, I never quarrel with any thing 115 in my cups but an oyster wench, or a cook maid; and if they ben't civil, I knock 'em down. But heark'e, my friend, I'll make love, and I must make love. I tell you what; I'll make love like a platoon. 120

Wor. Platoon, how's that?

Plume. I'll kneel, stoop, and stand, faith; most ladies are gain'd by platooning.

Wor. Here they come; I must leave you.
Exit.

Plume. Soh! now must I look as sober and 125 as demure as a whore at a christning.

Enter Brazen and Melinda.

Braz. Who's that, madam?

Mel. A brother-officer of yours, I suppose, sir.

Braz. Ay! — (*To Plume.*) My dear.

109 *She.* Q1, the frigate.

116 *but an.* Q1, but with an.

119 *tell you.* Q1, tell'e.

121 *Platoon.* Q1, A platoon.

126 *as demure.* Q1 omits *as.*

128 *sir.* Q1 omits.

Plume. My dear. *Run and embrace.* 130

Braz. My dear boy, how is't? Your name, my dear? If I be not mistaken, I have seen your face.

Plume. I never see yours in my life, my dear. — But there's a face well known as the sun's, 135 that shines on all and is by all ador'd.

Braz. Have you any pretensions, sir.

Plume. Pretensions!

Braz. That is, sir, have you ever serv'd abroad? 140

Plume. I have serv'd at home, sir, for ages serv'd this cruel fair. — And that will serve the turn, sir.

Mel. (Aside.) So, between the fool and the rake, I shall bring a fine spot of work upon my 145 hands. — I see Worthy yonder — I cou'd be content to be friends with him, wou'd he come this way.

Braz. Will you fight for the lady, sir.

Plume. No, sir, but I'll have her notwithstanding. 150

*Thou peerless princess of Salopian plains,
Envy'd by nymphs and worship'd by the swains.*

Braz. Oons, sir, not fight for her!

Plume. Prithee be quiet — I shall be out — 155

*Behold how humbly do's the Severn glide,
To greet thee princess of the Severn side.*

Braz. Don't mind him, madam.—If he were not so well drest, I shou'd take him for a poet.—But I'll shew the difference presently.—¹⁶⁰
Come, madam,—we'll place you between us; and now the longest sword carries her. *Draws.*

Enter Worthy.

Mel. (shrieking). Oh, Mr. Worthy, save me from these mad men. *Ex[it] with Wor[thy].*

Plume. Ha, ha, ha! why don't you follow, ¹⁶⁵
sir! and fight the bold ravisher.

Braz. No, sir, you are my man.

Plume. I don't like the wages, and I won't be your man.

Braz. Then you're not worth my sword. ¹⁷⁰

Plume. No! Pray what did it cost?

Braz. It cost me twenty pistoles in France, and my enemies thousands of lives in Flanders.

Plume. Then they had a dear bargain.

Enter Silvia in man's apparel.

Silvia. Save ye, save ye, gentlemen. ¹⁷⁵

Braz. My dear! I'm yours.

Plume. Do you know the gentleman?

Braz. No, but I will presently.—Your name, my dear?

Sil. Wilful; Jack Wilful, at your service. ¹⁸⁰

Braz. What, the Kentish Wilfuls, or those of Staffordshire?

Sil. Both, sir, both; I'm related to all the

171-172 *It cost.* Q1; It cost my enemies thousands of lives, sir.

Wilfuls in Europe, and I'm head of the family
at present. 185

Plume. Do you live in this country, sir?

Sil. Yes, sir, I live where I stand; I have
neither home, house, nor habitation, beyond this
spot of ground.

Braz. What are you, sir? 190

Sil. A rake.

Plume. In the army, I presume.

Sil. No, but intend to list immediately.—
Look'e, gentlemen, he that bids me fairest has
me! 195

Braz. Sir, I'll prefer you; I'll make you a cor-
poral this minute.

Plume. Corporal! I'll make you my compan-
ion; you shall eat with me.

Braz. You shall drink with me. 200

Plume. You shall lie with me, you young rogue.
Kisses.

Braz. You shall receive your pay and do no
duty.

Sil. Then you must make me a field officer. 205

Plume. Pho, pho! I'll do more than all this;
I'll make you a corporal, and give you a brevet for
serjeant.

186 *this.* Q1, the.

187 *stand.* Q1, shou'd.

193 *but intend.* Q1, Q3, O1, O3, but I intend.

194 *has.* Q1, shall have.

Braz. Can you read and write, sir?

Sil. Yes.

Braz. Then your business is done.—I'll make ²¹⁰
you chaplain to the regiment.

Sil. Your promises are so equal that I'm at a
loss to chuse; there is one Plume that I hear
much commended in town; pray which of you
is Captain Plume? 215

Plume. I am Captain Plume.

Braz. No, no, I'm Captain Plume.

Sil. Hey day!

Plume. Captain Plume! I'm your servant, my
dear. 220

Braz. Captain Brazen! I am yours.—[*Aside.*]
The fellow dare not fight.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Sir, if you please—

Goes to whisper Plume.

Plume. No, no, there's your captain. Captain
Plume, your serjeant has got so drunk he mis-²²⁵
takes me for you.

Braz. He's an incorrigible sot.—Here, my
Hector of Holbourn, forty shillings for you.

Plume. I forbid the banes.—Look'e, friend,
you shall list with Captain Brazen. 230

Sil. I will see Captain Brazen hang'd first; I

²²¹ *Aside.* Inserted in later eds. ²²² *dare.* Q3, O1, O3, dares.
²²⁵ *serjeant.* Q1, serjeant here.

will list with Captain Plume. I am a free-born English man, and will be a slave my own way — Look'e, sir, will you stand by me?

To Brazen.

Braz. I warrant you, my lad. 235

Sil. Then I will tell you, Captain Brazen, (*to Plume*) that you are an ignorant, pretending, impudent coxcomb.

Braz. Ay, ay, a sad dog.

Sil. A very sad dog; give me the money, noble 240
Captain Plume.

Plume. Then you won't list with Captain Brazen?

Sil. I won't.

Braz. Never mind him, child, I'll end the dis- 245
pute presently. — Hearn'e, my dear.

Takes Plume to one side of the stage, and entertains him in dumb show.

Kite. Sir, he in the plain coat is Captain Plume; I am his serjeant, and will take my oath on't.

Sil. What! you are Serjeant Kite?

Kite. At your service. 250

Sil. Then I wou'd not take your oath for a farthing.

Kite. A very understanding youth of his age! Pray, sir, let me look [you] full in the face.

242 *Then.* Q1, Hold, hold, then.

254 *look.* Q1, look you full in the; Q3, O1, look full in your.

Sil. Well, sir, what have you to say to my face? 255

Kite. The very image of my brother; two bullets of the same caliver were never so like. Sure it must be Charles, Charles —

Sil. What d'ye mean by Charles?

Kite. The voice too, only a little variation in 260

Effa-ut flatt. — My dear brother, for I must call you so, if you shou'd have the fortune to enter into the most noble society of the sword, I bespeak you for a comrade.

Sil. No, sir, I'll be the captain's comrade, if 265 any body's.

Kite. Ambition there again! 'Tis a noble passion for a soldier; by that I gain'd this glorious halbert. Ambition! I see a commission in his face already. Pray, noble Captain, give me leave to salute you. 270

Offers to kiss her.

Sil. What, men kiss one another!

Kite. We officers do: 'tis our way. We live together like man and wife, always either kissing or fighting. — But I see a storm a coming. 275

Sil. Now, Serjeant, I shall see who is your captain by your knocking down the other.

Kite. My captain scorns assistance, sir.

Braz. How dare you contend for any thing, and not dare to draw your sword? But you are 280

256 *image.* Q1, image and superscription.

261 *Effa-ut flatt.* Q1, c Fa ut flat. 265 *the.* Q1, your.

a young fellow, and have not been much abroad. I excuse that : but prithee resign the man, prithee do ; you are a very honest fellow.

Plume. You lye ; and you are a son of a whore.

Draws and makes up to Brazen.

Braz. Hold, hold, did not you refuse to fight ²⁸⁵ for the lady ? *Retiring.*

Plume. I always do. — But for a man I'll fight knee deep, so you lye again.

Plume and Brazen fight a traverse or two about the stage ; Silvia draws, who is held by Kite, who sounds to arms with his mouth ; takes Silvia in his arms, and carries her off the stage.

Braz. Hold, where's the man ?

Plume. Gone.

290

Braz. Then what do we fight for ? (*Puts up.*)
Now let's embrace, my dear.

Plume. With all my heart, my dear. (*Putting up.*)—I suppose Kite has listed him by this time.

Embrace. 295

Braz. You are a brave fellow ; I always fight with a man before I make him my friend ; and if once I find he will fight, I never quarrel with him afterwards. — And now I'll tell you a secret, my dear friend ; that lady we frighted out of the ³⁰⁰ walk just now, I found in bed this morning —

who is held. Q1, and is held.

so beautiful, so inviteing — I presently lock'd the door. — But I am a man of honour — but I believe I shall marry her nevertheless. — Her twenty thousand pound, you know, will be a³⁰⁵ pretty conveniency — I had an assignation with her here, but your coming spoil'd my sport. Curse you, my dear, but don't do so agen —

Plume. No, no, my dear, men are my business at present.

Exeunt. 310.

306 *conveniency.* Q1, convenience.

308 *you.* Q1, ye.

ACT IV.

SCENE [I], *The Walk continues.*

Enter Rose and Bullock meeting.

Rose. Where have you been, you great booby? you are always out of the way in the time of preferment.

Bullock. Preferment! who shou'd prefer me?

Rose. I wou'd prefer you! Who shou'd prefer a man but a woman? Come, throw away that great club, hold up your head, cock your hat, and look big. 5

Bull. Ah Ruose, Ruose, I fear some body will look big sooner than folk think of. This genteel breeding never comes into the country without a train of followers. — Here has been Cartwheel, your sweetheart; what will become of him? 10

Rose. Look'e, I'm a great woman, and will provide for my relations. — I told the captain how finely he play'd upon the taber and pipe, so he has set him down for drum-major. 15

Bull. Nay, sister, why did not you keep that place for me? You know I always lov'd to be

2 *out of the way.* Q1, out o' th' way.

16 *play'd.* Q1, cou'd play.

17 *for.* Q1, for a.

a drumming, if it were but on a table, or on a 20
quart pot.

Enter Silvia.

Silvia. Had I but a commission in my pocket
I fancy my breeches wou'd become me as well as
any ranting fellow of 'em all; for I take a bold
step, a rakish toss, a smart cock, and an impu- 25
dent air to be the principle ingredients in the com-
position of a captain. — What's here? Rose!
my nurses daughter! I'll go and practice. —
Come, child, kiss me at once. (*Kisses Rose.*)
And her brother too! — Well, honest Dungfork, 30
do you know the difference between a horse cart
and a cart horse, eh?

Bull. I presume that your worship is a cap-
tain, by your cloaths and your courage.

Sil. Suppose I were, wou'd you be contented 35
to list, friend?

Rose. No, no; tho' your worship be a hand-
some man, there be others as fine as you; my
brother is engag'd to Captain Plume.

Sil. Plume! Do you know Captain Plume? 40

Rose. Yes, I do, and he knows me. — He took
the ribbands out of his shirt sleeves and put 'em
into my shoes — see there. — I can assure you
that I can do any thing with the captain.

31 *horse cart.* Q3, horse and cart. O1, O3, and later eds., horse
and a cart.

42 *ribbands.* Q1, very ribbands.

43 *you.* Q1 omits.

Bull. That is, in a modest way, sir. — Have a care what you say, Ruose; don't shame your parentage. 45

Rose. Nay, for that matter, I am not so simple as to say that I can do any thing with the captain but what I may do with any body else. 50

Sil. So! — And pray what do you expect from this captain, child?

Rose. I expect, sir — I expect — but he order'd me to tell no body. — But suppose that he should promise to marry me? 55

Sil. You shou'd have a care, my dear; men will promise any thing beforehand.

Rose. I know that, but he promis'd to marry me afterwards.

Bull. Wuns, Rose, what have you said? 60

Sil. Afterwards! After what?

Rose. After I had sold my chickens. — I hope there's no harm in that.

Enter Plume.

Plume. What, Mr. Wilful, so close with my market woman! 65

Sil. (*Aside.*) I'll try if he loves her. — Close, sir, ay, and closer yet, sir. — Come, my pretty maid, you and I will withdraw a little.

56 *You.* Q2, misprints Yo.

60 *Wuns.* Q1, wauns.

63 *harm in that.* Q1, adds, "Tho' there be an ugly song of chickens and sparragus."

Plume. No, no, friend, I han't done with her yet. 70

Sil. Nor I have begun with her, so I have as good a right as you have.

Plume. Thou art a bloody impudent fellow.

Sil. Sir, I wou'd qualifie my self for the service.

Plume. Hast thou really a mind to the service? 75

Sil. Yes, sir. So let her go.

Rose. Pray, gentlemen, don't be so violent.

Plume. Come, leave it to the girl's own choice.
— Will you belong to me or to that gentleman?

Rose. Let me consider; you're both very handsom. 80

Plume. Now the natural unconstancy of her sex begins to work.

Rose. Pray, sir, what will you give me?

71 *I have.* Q1, O1, O3, have I.

73 *Thou art, &c.* In Q1 the following dialogue takes the place of lines 73-102:

Plume. Thou art a bloody impudent fellow — let her go, I say.

Sil. Do you let her go.

Plume. Entendez vous Francois, mon petit garson?

Sil. Ouy.

Plume. Si voulez vous donc vous enrroller dans ma compagnie, la damoiselle sera a vous.

Sil. Avez vous couche aver [avec] elle?

Plume. Non.

Sil. Assurement?

Plume. Ma foi.

Sil. C'est assez — Je serai votre soldat.

Plume. La prenez donc. — I'll change a woman for a man at any time.

Bull. Don't be angry, sir, that my sister 85
shou'd be mercenary, for she's but young.

Sil. Give thee, child! — I'll set thee above
scandal; you shall have a coach with six before
and six behind; an equipage to make vice fash-
ionable and put vertue out of countenance. 90

Plume. Pho, that's easily done! I'll do more
for thee, child; I'll buy you a furbuloe scarf, and
give you a ticket to see a play.

Bull. A play! Wauns, Ruose, take the ticket,
and let's see the show. 95

Sil. Look'e Captain, if you won't resign, I'll
go list with Captain Brazen this minute.

Plume. Will you list with me if I give up my
title?

Sil. I will. 100

Plume. Take her: I'll change a woman for a
man at any time.

Rose. I have heard before, indeed, that you
captains us'd to sell your men.

Bull. Pray, Captain, don't send Ruose to the 105
West Indies.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha, West Indies! No, no, my
honest lad, give me thy hand; nor you nor she
shall move a step farther than I do.— This gentle-

103-4 *I have heard.* *Rose.* But I hope, captain, you wont part
with me. [*Crys.*] I have heard before, indeed, that you captains
use to sell your men.

105 *Bull.* Q1, *Bull.* [*Crying.*]

man is one of us, and will be kind to you, Mrs. 110
Rose.

Rose. But will you be so kind to me, sir, as the captain wou'd?

Sil. I can't be altogether so kind to you; my circumstances are not so good as the captains; 115
but I'll take care of you, upon my word.

Plume. Ay, ay, we'll all take care of her; she shall live like a princess, and her brother here shall be — what wou'd you be?

Bull. O, sir! if you had not promis'd the 120
place of drum-major —

Plume. Ay, that is promis'd. — But what think you of barrack-master? You are a person of understanding, and barrack-master you shall be. — But what's become of this same Cart- 125
wheel you told me of, my dear?

Rose. We'll go fetch him. — Come, brother barrack-master. — We shall find you at home, noble Captain? *Ex[eunt] Rose and Bull[ock].*

Plume. Yes, yes; and now, sir, here are your 130
forty shillings.

Sil. Captain Plume, I despise your listing money; if I do serve, 'tis purely for love — of that wench, I mean. — For you must know that, among my other sallies, I have spent the best 135
part of my fortune in search of a maid, and cou'd

never find one hitherto; so you may be assur'd I'd [not] sell my freedom under a less purchase than I did my estate. — So before I list, I must be certify'd that this girl is a virgin. 140

Plume. Mr. Wilfull, I can't tell you how you can be certify'd in that point till you try; but, upon my honour, she may be a vestal for ought that I know to the contrary. — I gain'd her heart, indeed, by some trifling presents and 145 promises, and knowing that the best security for a woman's soul is her body, I wou'd have made my self master of that too, had not the jealousy of my impertinent landlady interpos'd.

Sil. So you only want an opportunity for ac- 150
complishing your designs upon her?

Plume. Not at all; I have already gain'd my ends, which were only the drawing in one or two of her followers. The women, you know, are the loadstones every where; gain the wives, 155 and you are caress'd by the husbands; please the mistress, and you are valu'd by the gallants. Secure an interest with the finest women at court, and you procure the favour of the greatest men: so kiss the prettiest country wenches, 160 and you are sure of listing the lustiest fellows.

138 *I'd not sell.* Q1, I won't sell; later eds., I'd not sell.

141 *tell you.* Q1 omits *you*.

157 *mistress.* Q1, mistresses. *the.* Q1, their.

Some people may call this artifice, but I term it stratagem, since it is so main a part of the service. — Besides, the fatigue of recruiting is so intolerable, that unless we cou'd make our selves ¹⁶⁵ some pleasure amidst the pain, no mortal man wou'd be able to bear it.

Sil. Well, sir, I am satisfy'd as to the point in debate. But now let me beg you to lay aside your recruiting airs, put on the man of honour, ¹⁷⁰ and tell me plainly what usage I must expect when I am under your command?

Plume. You must know, in the first place, then, that I hate to have gentlemen in my company; for they are always troublesome and ex-¹⁷⁵ pensive, sometimes dangerous; and 'tis a constant maxim amongst us that those who know the least obey the best. Notwithstanding all this, I find something so agreeable about you, that engages me to court your company; and I can't tell ¹⁸⁰ how it is, but I shou'd be uneasy to see you under the command of any body else. — Your usage will chiefly depend upon your behaviour; only this you must expect, that if you commit a small fault, I will excuse it, if a great one, I'll discharge ¹⁸⁵ you; for something tells me I shall not be able to punish you.

Sil. And something tells me that if you do dis-

164 *fatigue*. Q1, fatigues.

177 *amongst*. Q1, among.

charge me 'twill be the greatest punishment you can inflict; for were we this moment to go upon ¹⁹⁰ the greatest dangers in your profession, they wou'd be less terrible to me than to stay behind you.— And now your hand; this lists me — and now you are my captain.

Plume. Your friend. (*Kisses her.*) — 'Sdeath! ¹⁹⁵ There's something in this fellow that charms me.

Sil. One favour I must beg.— This affair will make some noise, and I have some friends that wou'd censure my conduct, if I threw my self ²⁰⁰ into the circumstance of a private centinel of my own head. I must therefore take care to be imprest by the act of Parliament; you shall leave that to me.

Plume. What you please as to that. — Will ²⁰⁵ you lodge at my quarters in the mean time? You shall have part of my bed.

Sil. O fye! Lye with a common soldier! Wou'd not you rather lye with a common woman? 210

Plume. No, faith, I'm not that rake that the world imagines; I have got an air of freedom, which people mistake for lewdness in me, as they mistake formality in others for religion. — The world is all a cheat; only I take mine, which is ²¹⁵

undesign'd, to be more excusable than theirs, which is hypocritical. I hurt no body but my self, and they abuse all mankind. — Will you lye with me?

Sil. No, no, Captain, you forget Rose; she's ²²⁰ to be my bedfellow, you know.

Plume. I had forgot; pray be kind to her.

Exeunt severally.

Enter Melinda and Lucy.

Melinda. 'Tis the greatest misfortune in nature for a woman to want a confident. We are so weak that we can do nothing without assistance, and ²²⁵ then a secret racks us worse than the collick. — I am at this minute so sick of a secret, that I'm ready to faint away — help me, Lucy.

Lucy. Bless me, madam! What's the matter?

Mel. Vapours only; I begin to recover. — If ²³⁰ Sylvia were in town I cou'd heartily forgive her faults for the ease of discovering my own.

Luc. You're thoughtful, madam; am not I worthy to know the cause?

Mel. You are a servant, and a secret wou'd ²³⁵ make you saucy.

Luc. Not unless you shou'd find fault without a cause, madam.

Mel. Cause or not cause, I must not lose the pleasure of chiding when I please; women must ²⁴⁰

²³⁵ wou'd. O1, O3, may.

discharge their vapours somewhere, and before we get husbands our servants must expect to bear with 'em.

Luc. Then, madam, you had better raise me to a degree above a servant. You know my family, and that 500 *l.* would set me upon the foot of a gentlewoman, and make me worthy the confidence of any lady in the land; besides, madam, 'twill extreamly encourage me in the great design I now have in hand. 250

Mel. I don't find that your design can be of any great advantage to you. 'Twill please me, indeed, in the humour I have of being reveng'd on the fool for his vanity of making love to me; so I don't much care if I do promise you five hundred pound upon my day of marriage. 255

Luc. That is the way, madam, to make me diligent in the vocation of a confidant, which I think is generally to bring people together.

Mel. O Lucy! I can hold my secret no longer: 260
You must know that, hearing of the famous fortune-teller in town, I went disguis'd to satisfy a curiosity which has cost me dear. That fellow is certainly the devil, or one of his bosom favourites; he has told me the most surprising things 265
of my past life —

246 500 *l.* Q1, five hundred pound.

250 *I now have.* Q1, that I now have.

256 *my day of.* Q1, the day of my.

Luc. Things past, madam, can hardly be reckon'd surprizing, because we know them already. Did he tell you any thing surprizing that was to come?

270

Mel. One thing very surprizing; he said I shou'd die a maid!

Luc. Die a maid! come into the world for nothing!— Dear madam, if you shou'd believe him it might come to pass; for the bare thought on't might kill one in four and twenty hours. — And did you ask him any questions about me?

Mel. You! why, I pass'd for you.

Luc. So 'tis I that am to die a maid. — But the devil was a lyar from the beginning; he can't make me die a maid. — [*Aside.*] I have put it out of his power already.

Mel. I do but jest; I wou'd have pass'd for you, and call'd my self Lucy; but he presently told me my name, my quality, my fortune, and gave me the whole history of my life. — He told me of a lover I had in this country, and describ'd Worthy exactly, but in nothing so well as in his present indifference. — I fled to him for refuge here to day; he never so much as encourag'd me in my fright, but coldly told me that he was sorry for the accident, because it might give the town cause to censure my conduct, excus'd his not

waiting on me home, made me a careless bow, and walk'd off. 'Sdeath! I cou'd have stab'd him,²⁹⁵ or my self; 'twas the same thing. — Yonder he comes — I will so use him!

Luc. Don't exasperate him; consider what the fortune-teller told you. Men are scarce, and, as times go, it is not impossible for a woman to die³⁰⁰ a maid.

Enter Worthy.

Mel. No matter.

Worthy. I find she's warm'd; I must strike while the iron is hot. — You have a great deal of courage, madam, to venture into the walks,³⁰⁵ where you were so lately frightened.

Mel. And you have a quantity of impudence to appear before me, that you have so lately affronted.

Wor. I had no design to affront you, nor ap-³¹⁰pear before you either, madam. I left you here because I had business in another place, and came hither thinking to meet another person.

Mel. Since you find your self disappointed, I hope you'll withdraw to another part of the walk. ³¹⁵

Wor. The walk is broad enough for us both. (*They walk by one another, he with his hat cockt,*

²⁹⁷ use. Q1, slave.

³⁰⁶ lately. Q1, late.

³¹⁶ *The walk is broad enough for us both.* Q1, The walk is as free for me as for you, madam, and broad enough for us both.

she fretting and tearing her fan.) Will you please to take snuff, madam?

He offers her his box; she strikes it out of his hand. While he is gathering it up, Brazen takes her round the waste. She cuffs him.

Entré Brazen.

Braz. What, here before me, my dear!

Mel. What means this insolence? 320

Luc. (*To Brazen.*) Are you mad? Don't you see Mr. Worthy?

Braz. No, no, I'm struck blind — Worthy! Odso! well turn'd. — my mistress has wit at her fingers ends. — Madam, I ask your pardon, 'tis 325 our way abroad. — Mr. Worthy, you are the happy man.

Wor. I don't envy your happiness very much, if the lady can afford no other sort of favours but what she has bestowed upon you. 330

Mel. I am sorry the favour miscarry'd, for it was design'd for you, Mr. Worthy; and, be assur'd, 'tis the last and only favour you must expect at my hands. — Captain, I ask your pardon — *Exit with Lucy.* 335

Braz. I grant it. — You see, Mr. Worthy, 'twas only a random shot; it might have taken

Brazen takes. Q1, enter Brazen who takes Melinda about the middle, etc.

321 *To Brazen. Q1, [Runs to Braz.]*

off your head as well as mine. Courage, my dear, 'tis the fortune of war; but the enemy has thought fit to withdraw, I think. 340

Wor. Withdraw! Oons, sir! what d'ye mean by withdraw?

Braz. I'll shew you.

Exit.

Wor. She's lost, irrecoverably lost, and Plume's advice has ruin'd me. 'Sdeath! why shou'd I, that 345 knew her haughty spirit, be rul'd by a man that's a stranger to her pride?

Enter Plume.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha! a battel royal. Don't frown so, man; she's your own, I tell you. I saw the fury of her love in the extremity of her passion. 350 The wildness of her anger is a certain sign that she loves you to madness. That rogue Kite began the battel with abundance of conduct, and will bring you off victorious, my life on't. He plays his part admirably; she's to be with him 355 again presently.

Wor. But what cou'd be the meaning of Brazen's familiarity with her?

Plume. You are no logician, if you pretend to draw consequences from the actions of fools. 360 There's no arguing by the rule of reason upon a science without principles, and such is their conduct. Whim, unaccountable whim, hurries 'em

349 *tell you.* Q1, tell 'e.

on like a man drunk with brandy before ten
 a clock in the morning. — But we lose our sport ³⁶⁵
 — Kite has open'd above an hour ago; let's
 away. *Exeunt.*

SCENE [II], *A Chamber; a Table with Books and
 Globes.*

Kite disguis'd in a strange habit, sitting at a table.

Kite (rising). By the position of the heavens,
 gain'd from my observation upon these celestial
 globes, I find that Luna was a tyde-waiter, Sol
 a surveyor, Mercury a thief, Venus a whore,
 Saturn an alderman, Jupiter a rake, and Mars a ⁵
 serjeant of granadeers; and this is the system of
 Kite the conjurer.

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Plume. Well, what success?

Kite. I have sent away a shoemaker and a
 taylor already; one's to be a captain of marines, ¹⁰
 and the other a major of dragoons — I am to man-
 age them at night. — Have you seen the lady,
 Mr. Worthy?

Worthy. Ay, but it won't do. — Have you
 shew'd her her name, that I tore off from the ¹⁵
 bottom of the letter?

Kite. No, sir, I reserve that for the last stroke.

sitting. Q1, and sitting.

Plume. What letter?

Wor. One that I wou'd not let you see, for fear that you shou'd break windows in good earnest. 20

Knocking at the door.

Kite. Officers to your posts. (*Exeunt Plume and Worthy.*) Mind the door.

Servant opens the door.

Enter a Smith.

Smith. Well, master, are you the cunning man? 25

Kite. I am the learned Copernicus.

Smith. Well, master, I'm but a poor man, and I can't afford above a shilling for my fortune.

Kite. Perhaps that is more than 'tis worth.

Smith. Look ye, doctor, let me have something that's good for my shilling, or I'll have my money again. 30

Kite. If there be faith in the stars, you shall have your shilling forty-fold. — Your hand, countryman; you're by trade a smith. 35

Smith. How the devil shou'd you know that?

Kite. Because the devil and you are brother tradesmen — You were born under Forceps.

20 that. Q1 omits. *windows.* Q1, Melinda's windows.

Later eds. add: "Here, Captain, put it into your pocket book, and have it ready upon occasion." The purpose of this speech evidently was to prepare for the farcical devil scene of Q1. See footnote, p. 138.

23 Mind. Q1, Ticho, mind; O1, Tycho mind.

27 master. Q1, master Coppernose.

Smith. Forceps! what's that?

Kite. One of the signs: There's Leo, Sagittarius, Forceps, Furns, Dixmude, Namur, Brussels, Charleroy, and so forth — twelve of 'em. — Let me see — did you ever make any bombs or cannon-bullets? 40 5

Smith. Not I. 45

Kite. You either have or will. — The stars have decreed that you shall be — I must have more money, sir. — Your fortune's great.

Smith. Faith, doctor, I have no more.

Kite. O, sir, I'll trust you, and take it out of your arrears. 50

Smith. Arrears! what arrears?

Kite. The five hundred pound that's owing to you from the government.

Smith. Owing me! 55

Kite. Owing you, sir — Let me see your t'other hand, — I beg your pardon, it will be owing to you. And the rogue of an agent will demand fifty *per cent.* for a fortnights advance.

Smith. I'm in the clouds, doctor, all this while. 60

Kite. Sir, I am above 'em, among the stars. — in two years, three months, and two hours, you will be made captain of the forges to the grand train of artillery, and will have ten shilling a day and two servants. — 'Tis the decree of the stars, 65

61 *Sir, I am*, etc. Q1, So am I, sir, among the stars.

64 *Shilling.* O1, O3, shillings.

and of the fixt stars, that are as immoveable as your anvil. — Strike, sir, while the iron is hot. — Fly, sir, begone.

Smith. What! what wou'd you have me do, doctor? I wish the stars wou'd put me in a way 70 for this fine place.

Kite. The stars do. — Let me see — ay, about an hour hence walk carelesly into the market-place, and you'll see a tall, slender gentleman, cheapning a pennyworth of apples, with a cane 75 hanging upon his button. — This gentleman will ask you what's a clock. — He's your man, and the maker of your fortune. — Follow him, follow him. — And now go home and take leave of your wife and children; an hour hence exactly is your 80 time.

Smith. A tall slender gentleman, you say, with a cane! Pray, what sort of head has the cane?

Kite. An amber head with a black ribband. 85

Smith. And pray of what employment is the gentleman?

Kite. Let me see; he's either a collector of the excise, or a plenipotentiary, or a captain of granadeers — I can't tell exactly which — but 90 he'll call you honest — your name is —

75 *pennyworth.* Q1, pen'worth. 83 *sort of.* Q1, sort of a.

86 *And.* Q1, but.

89 *excise, or.* Q1 omits or.

Smith. Thomas.

Kite. He'll call you honest Tom.

Smith. But how the devil shou'd he know my name?

95

Kite. O there are several sorts of Toms — Tom o' Lincoln, Tom-tit, Tom Tell-troth, Tom a Bedlam, and Tom Fool. — Be gone. — An hour hence precisely. *Knocking at the door.*

Smith. You say he'll ask me what's a clock? 100

Kite. Most certainly — and you'll answer you don't know. — And be sure you look at St. Mary's dial; for the sun won't shine, and if it shou'd, you won't be able to tell the figures.

Smith. I will, I will. *Exit.* 105

Plume (behind). Well done, conjurer! Go on and prosper.

Kite. As you were.

Enter a Butcher.

Kite. (Aside.) What, my old friend Pluck the butcher! — I offer'd the surly bull-dog five 110 guineas this morning, and he refus'd it.

Butcher. So, Mr. Conjurer, here's half a crown. — And now you must understand —

Kite. Hold, friend, I know your business beforehand. —

115

93 *He'll.* Q1, Right, he'll.

99 *Knocking.* In Q1 this direction precedes "Begone."

112 *Mr.* Q1, master

But. You're devilish cunning then, for I don't well know it my self.

Kite. I know more than you, friend. — You have a foolish saying, that such a one knows no more than the man in the moon. I tell you, the ¹²⁰ man in the moon knows more than all the men under the sun. Don't the moon see all the world?

But. All the world see the moon, I must confess. 125

Kite. Then she must see all the world, that's certain. — Give me your hand — you're by trade either a butcher or a surgeon.

But. True, I am a butcher.

Kite. And a surgeon you will be; the employ-¹³⁰ ments differ only in the name. — He that can cut up an ox may dissect a man; and the same dexterity that cracks a marrow-bone will cut off a leg or an arm.

But. What d'ye mean, doctor, what d'ye ¹³⁵ mean?

Kite. Patience, patience, Mr. Surgeon General; the stars are great bodies, and move slowly.

But. But what d'ye mean by surgeon general, doctor? 140

Kite. Nay, sir, if your worship won't have patience, I must beg the favour of your worship's absence.

But. My worship! my worship! but why my worship?

Kite. Nay then, I have done. 145
Sits.

But. Pray, doctor—

Kite. Fire and fury, sir! (*Rises in a passion.*)
Do you think the stars will be hurry'd? Do the stars owe you any money, sir, that you dare to 150
dun their lordships at this rate? — Sir, I am porter to the stars, and I am order'd to let no
dun come near their doors.

But. Dear doctor, I never had any dealing with the stars; they don't owe me a penny. — 155
But since you are their porter, please to accept of this half-crown to drink their healths, and don't
be angry.

Kite. Let me see your hand then once more. — Here has been gold — five guineas, my friend, 160
in this very hand this morning.

But. Nay, then he is the devil. — Pray, doctor, were you born of a woman, or did you come into the world of your own head?

Kite. That's a secret. — This gold was offer'd 165
you by a proper handsome man, call'd Hawk, or
Buzzard, or —

But. ~~Kite, you mean.~~

Kite. Ay, ay, Kite.

146 *Sits.* Omitted in O3.

154 *dealing.* Q1, dealings.

156 *their.* Q1, the.

But. As arrant a rogue as ever carry'd a hal-¹⁷⁰
bard. The impudent rascal wou'd have decoy'd
me for a soldier.

Kite. A soldier! a man of your substance for
a soldier! Your mother has an hundred pound
in hard money lying at this minute in the hands¹⁷⁵
of a mercer, not forty yards from this place.

But. Oons! and so she has, but very few
know so much.

Kite. I know it, and that rogue, what's his
name, Kite, knew it, and offer'd you five guineas¹⁸⁰
to list, because he knew your poor mother wou'd
give the hundred for your discharge.

But. There's a dog now. — 'Sflesh, doctor,
I'll give you t'other half-crown, and tell me that
this same Kite will be hang'd. 185

Kite. He's in as much danger as any man in
the county of Salop.

But. There's your fee. — But you have for-
got the surgeon general all this while.

Kite. You put the stars in a passion. (*Looks on*¹⁹⁰
his books.) But now they are pacify'd agen. —
Let me see, did you never cut off a man's leg?

But. No.

Kite. Recollect, pray.

But. I say, no. 195

Kite. That's strange, wonderful strange; but

nothing is strange to me, such wonderful changes have I seen. — The second, or third, ay, the third campaign that you make in Flanders, the leg of a great officer will be shatter'd by a great ²⁰⁰ shot; you will be there accidentally, and with your clever chop off the limb at a blow! In short, the operation will be perform'd with so much dexterity, that with general applause you will be made surgeon general of the whole army. ²⁰⁵

But. Nay, for the matter of cutting off a limb, I'll do't, I'll do't, with any surgeon in Europe; but I have no thoughts of making a campaign.

Kite. You have no thoughts! What's matter for your thoughts? The stars have decreed it, ²¹⁰ and you must go.

But. The stars decree it! Oons, sir, the justices can't press me.

Kite. Nay, friend, 'tis none of my business; I have done. Only mind this, you'll know more ²¹⁵ an hour and half hence, that's all. Farewel.

Going.

But. Hold, hold, doctor. Surgeon general! What is the place worth, pray?

202 *Clever.* O3, and later eds., cleaver.

204 *general.* Q1, the general.

209 *What's.* Q1, what.

213 *Can't.* Q2 can.

216 *and half.* Q1 and a half. *Going.* Omitted in Q3, O1, O3.

218 *What,* etc. Q1, Pray what is the place worth, pray. Probably a slip in the manuscript unnoticed by the printer.

Kite. Five hundred pounds a year, besides guineas for claps. 220

But. Five hundred pounds a year! — An hour and a half hence, you say?

Kite. Prithee, friend, be quiet; don't be troublesome. Here's such a work to make a booby butcher accept of five hundred pound a year! 225
But if you must hear it — I tell in short, you'll be standing in your stall an hour and half hence, and a gentleman will come by with a snuff-box in his hand, and the tip of his handkerchief hanging out of his right pocket; he'll ask you 230
the price of a line of veal, and at the same time stroak your great dog upon the head, and call him Chopper.

But. Mercy upon us! Chopper is the dog's name. 235

Kite. Look'e there! — What I say is true — things that are to come must come to pass. — Get you home, sell off your stock, don't mind the whining and the sniveling of your mother and your sister — women always hinder prefer- 240
ment. — Make what money you can, and follow that gentleman — his name begins with a P, — mind that. — There will be the barber's daugh-

219, 221 pounds. Q1, pound.

226 I tell. Q1, I tell you. Q3, O1, O3, I'll tell you.

231 line. Q1, Loyn. Q3, O1, O3 Loin.

234 upon. Q3, O1, O3, on.

ter too, that you promis'd marriage to — she will be pulling and halling you to pieces. 245

But. What! know Sally too? He's the devil, and he needs must go that the devil drives. (*Going.*) The tip of his handkerchief out of his left pocket?

Kite. No, no, his right pocket; if it be the 250 left, 'tis none of the man.

But. Well, well, I'll mind him. *Exit.*

Plume (*behind, with his pocket-book*). The right pocket, you say?

Kite. I hear the rustling of silks. (*Knocking.*) 255
Fly, sir, 'tis Madam Melinda.

Enter Melinda and Lucy.

Kite. Tycho, chairs for the ladies.

Melinda. Don't trouble your self, we shan't stay, doctor.

Kite. Your ladyship is to stay much longer 260 than you imagine.

Mel. For what?

Kite. For a husband. — (*To Lucy.*) For your part, madam, you won't stay for a husband.

Luc. Pray, doctor, do you converse with the 265 stars or the devil?

Kite. With both; when I have the destinies of men in search, I consult the stars; when the affairs of women come under my hands, I advise with my t'other friend. 270

Mel. And have you rais'd the devil upon my account?

Kite. Yes, madam, and he's now under the table.

Lucy. Oh, heavens protect us! Dear madam, let's be gone. 275

Kite. If you be afraid of him, why do you come to consult him?

Mel. Don't fear, fool. Do you think, sir, that because I am a woman, I'm to be fool'd out of my reason, or frighted out of my senses? Come, shew me this devil. 280

Kite. He's a little busie at present; but when he has done he shall wait on you.

Mel. What is he doing? 285

Kite. Writing your name in his pocket-book.

Mel. Ha, ha! my name! Pray what have you or he to do with my name?

Kite. Look'e, fair lady — the devil is a very modest person; he seeks no body unless they seek him first; he's chain'd up like a mastiff, and can't stir unless he be let loose. — You come to me to have your fortune told. — Do you think, madam, that I can answer you of my own head? No, madam, the affairs of women are so irregular, that nothing less than the devil can give any account of them. Now to convince 295

you of your incredulity, I'll shew you a trial of my skill. — Here, you *Cacodemo del Plumo* — exert your power; draw me this lady's name, the³⁰⁰ word Melinda, in proper letters and characters of her own hand writing. — Do it at three motions — one — two — three — 'tis done. — Now, Madam, will you please to send your maid to fetcht it?

305

Luc. I fetch it! the devil fetcht me if I do.

Mel. My name in my own hand writing! that wou'd be convincing indeed.

Kite. Seeing's believing. (*Goes to the table; lifts up the carpet.*) Here, *Tre, Tre*, poor *Tre*,³¹⁰ give me the bone, sirrah. There's your name upon that square piece of paper, behold! —

299 *del Plumo. QI, del Fuego.*

301 *in proper. QI, in the proper. characters. QI, character.*

305-06 *fetcht. QQI and 3, OI, fetch.*

310 *Here, Tre, etc. In QI occurs the following:*

Kite. . . . Give me the bone, sirrah — Oh! oh! the devil, the devil in good earnest, my hand, my hand, the devil, my hand! [*He puts his hand under the table, Plume steals to the other side of the table, and catches him by the hand. Mel. and Lucy shriek, and run to a corner of the stage. — Kite discovers Plume, and gets away his hand.*] A plague o' your pincers, he has fixt his nails in my very flesh. Oh! Madam, you put the demon into such a passion with your scruples that it has almost cost me my hand.

Mel. It has cost us our lives almost — but have you got the name?

Kite. Got it! Ay, Madam, I have got it here — I'm sure the blood comes — but there's your name upon that square piece of paper — behold —

Mel. 'Tis wonderful! my very letters to a tittle.

Luc. 'Tis like your hand, madam, but not so ³¹⁵ like your hand neither; and now I look nearer, 'tis not like your hand at all.

Kite. Here's a chamber-maid, now, will out-lye the devil!

Luc. Look'e, madam, they shan't impose ³²⁰ upon us; people can't remember their hands no more than they can their faces. — Come, madam, let us be certain; write your name upon this paper; then we'll compare the two names.

Takes out a paper and folds it.

Kite. Any thing for your satisfaction, madam ³²⁵ — here's pen and ink.

Melinda writes; Lucy holds the paper.

Luc. Let me see it, madam: 'tis the same — the very same. — (*Aside.*) But I'll secure one copy for my own affairs.

Mel. This is demonstration. 330

Kite. 'Tis so, madam. — The word demonstration comes from *Dæmon*, the father of lyes.

Mel. Well, doctor, I am convinc'd. And now, pray, what account can you give me of my future fortune? 335

Kite. Before the sun has made one course round this earthly globe, your fortune will be fix'd for happiness or misery.

Mel. What! So near the crisis of my fate!

Kite. Let me see. — About the hour of ten ³⁴⁰ to morrow morning, you will be saluted by a gentleman who will come to take his leave of you, being design'd for travel; his intention of going abroad is sudden, and the occasion a woman. — Your fortune and his are like the bullet and the ³⁴⁵ barrel; one runs plump into the other. — In short, if the gentleman travels, he will die abroad; and if he does you will die before he comes home.

Mel. What sort of man is he?

Kite. Madam, he's a fine gentleman and a ³⁵⁰ lover; that is, a man of very good sense and a very great fool.

Mel. How is that possible, doctor?

Kite. Because, madam — because it is so. — A woman's reason is the best for a man's being a ³⁵⁵ fool.

Mel. Ten a clock, you say?

Kite. Ten — about the hour of tea-drinking throughout the kingdom.

Mel. Here doctor. (*Gives money.*) Lucy, have ³⁶⁰ you any questions to ask?

Luc. Oh, madam! a thousand.

Kite. I must beg your patience till another time; for I expect more company this minute; besides, I must discharge the gentleman under ³⁶⁵ the table.

Luc. O pray, sir, discharge us first!

Kite. Tycho, wait on the ladies down stairs.

Ex[eunt] Mel[inda] and Luc[y].

Enter Worthy and Plume.

Kite. Mr. Worthy, you were pleas'd to wish me joy to day; I hope to be able to return the 370 complement to morrow.

Wor. I'll make it the best complement to you that ever I made in my life, if you do. But I must be a traveller, you say?

Kite. No farther than the chops of the chan- 375 nel, I presume, sir.

Plume. That we have concerted already. (*Knocking hard.*) Hey day! you don't profess mid-wifry, doctor?

Kite. Away to your ambuscade. 380

Exeunt Plume and Worthy.

Enter Brazen.

Brazen. Your servant, servant, my dear.

Kite. Stand off; I have my familiar already.

[*Exeunt*] Q1 has the following:

Enter Plume and Worthy laughing.

Kite. Ay, you may well laugh, gentlemen, not all the cannon of the French army cou'd have frighted me so much as that gripe you gave me under the table.

Plume. I think, Mr. Doctor, I out-conjur'd you that bout.

Kite. I was surpriz'd, for I shou'd not have taken a captain for a conjurer.

Plume. No more than I shou'd a serjeant for a wit.

Kite. Mr. Worthy, etc.

373 *ever I made in my life.* Q1, you ever made in your life.

Braz. Are you bewitch'd, my dear?

Kite. Yes, my dear: but mine is a peaceable spirit, and hates gunpowder. Thus I fortifie my ³⁸⁵ self. (*Draws a circle round him.*) And now, Captain, have a care how you force my lines.

Braz. Lines! What dost talk of lines! You have something like a fishing rod there, indeed; but I come to be acquainted with you, man. — ³⁹⁰ What's your name, my dear?

Kite. Conundrum.

Braz. Conundrum! Rat me, I knew a famous doctor in London of your name. — Where were you born? 395

Kite. I was born in Algebra.

Braz. Algebra! 'tis no country in Christendom, I'm sure, unless it be some place in the highlands in Scotland.

Kite. Right. — I told you I was bewitch'd. 400

Braz. So am I, my dear; I am going to be marry'd — I have had two letters from a lady of fortune that loves me to madness, fits, collick, spleen, and vapours — shall I marry her in four and twenty hours, ay, or no? 405

Kite. I must have the year and day of the month when these letters were dated.

Braz. Why, you old bitch, did you ever hear

³⁹⁸ some place. Q1, some pitiful place. ³⁹⁹ in. Q1, of.

⁴⁰⁵ ay, or no. Later eds. add: *Kite.* Certainly. *Braz.* I shall!

Kite. Certainly: ay or no. But I must have, etc.

of love letters dated with the year and day of the month? Do you think billet deux are like⁴¹⁰ bank bills?

Kite. They are not so good — but if they bear no date, I must examine the contents.

Braz. Contents! That you shall, old boy; here they be both. 415

Kite. Only the last you receiv'd, if you please. (*Takes the letter.*) Now, sir, if you please to let me consult my books for a minute, I'll send this letter inclos'd to you with the determination of the stars upon it to your lodgings. 420

Braz. With all my heart — I must give him — (*Puts his hand in his pocket.*) Algebra! I fancy, doctor, 'tis hard to calculate the place of your nativity. — Here. — (*Gives him money.*) And if I succeed, I'll build a watch-tower upon the top⁴²⁵ of the highest mountain in Wales for the study of astrology, and the benefit of Conundrums.

Exit.

Enter Plume and Wortby.

Wor. O doctor! that letter's worth a million. Let me see it; and now I have it, I am afraid to open it. 430

Plume. Pho! let me see it. (*Opening the letter.*) If she be a jilt — Damn her, she is one. — There's her name at the bottom on't.

Wor. How! Then I'll travel in good earnest. — By all my hopes, 'tis Lucy's hand. 435

Plume. Lucy's!

Wor. Certainly — 'tis no more like Melinda's character than black is to white.

Plume. Then 'tis certainly Lucy's contrivance to draw in Brazen for a husband. — But are you 440 sure 'tis not Melinda's hand?

Wor. You shall see; where's the bit of paper I gave you just now that the devil writ Melinda upon.

Kite. Here, sir. 445

Plume. 'Tis plain they're not the same. And is this the malicious name that was subscribed to the letter which made Mr. Ballance send his daughter into the country?

Wor. The very same; the other fragments I 450 shew'd you just now.

Plume. But 'twas barbarous to conceal this so long, and to continue me so many hours in the pernicious heresie of believing that angelick creature cou'd change. Poor Silvia! 455

Wor. Rich Silvia, you mean, and poor Captain, ha, ha, ha! — Come, come, friend, Melinda is true, and shall be mine; Silvia is constant, and may be yours.

451 *just now*. Q1 and later eds. add: "I once intended it for another use, but I think I have turned it now to a better advantage." The other use is indicated in Act II, Sc. II. ll. 145-146. Omitted in Q2, Q3, O1, O3.

Plume. No, she's above my hopes. — But for⁴⁶⁰
her sake I'll recant my opinion of her sex.

<i>By some the sex is blam'd without design,</i>	}	465
<i>Light harmless censure, such as yours and mine,</i>		
<i>Sallys of wit, and vapours of our wine.</i>		
<i>Others the justice of the sex condemn,</i>	}	470
<i>And, wanting merit to create esteem,</i>		
<i>Wou'd hide their own defects by cens'ring them.</i>		
<i>But they, secure in their all-conqu'ring charms,</i>		
<i>Laugh at the vain efforts of false alarms;</i>		
<i>He magnifies their conquests who complains,</i>		
<i>For none wou'd struggle were they not in chains.</i>		
		<i>Exeunt.</i>

ACT V.

SCENE [1], *Justice Ballance's House.*

Enter Ballance and Scale.

Scale. I say 'tis not to be born, Mr. Ballance.

Ballance. Look'e, Mr. Scale, for my own part I shall be very tender in what regards the officers of the army; they expose their lives to so many dangers for us abroad that we may give them some grain of allowance at home. 5

Scale. Allowance! This poor girl's father is my tenant; and, if I mistake not, her mother nurst a child for you. — Shall they debauch our daughters to our faces? 10

Ball. Consider, Mr. Scale, that were it not for the bravery of these officers we should have French dragoons among us that wou'd leave us neither liberty, property, wives, nor daughters. — Come, Mr. Scale, the gentlemen are vigorous and warm, and may they continue so; the same heat that stirs them up to love spurs them on to battel. You never knew a great general in your life that did not love a whore. This I only speak 15

An entire scene, as found in Q1, is here omitted in Q2 and Q3, O1, O3, etc. See notes.

6 grain. Q1 and Q3, O1, O3, grains. 14 daughters. Q1, daughter.

in reference to Captain Plume — for the other 20
spark I know nothing of.

Scale. Nor can I hear of any body that do's.
— Oh, here they come.

*Enter Silvia, Bullock, Rose, prisoners; Constable and
Mob.*

Constable. May it please your worships, we
took them in the very act, *re infecta*, sir. — The 25
gentleman, indeed, behav'd himself like a gentle-
man; for he drew his sword and swore, and after-
wards laid it down and said nothing.

Ball. Give the gentleman his sword again. —
Wait you without. *Ex [eunt] Constable and Watch.* 30
I'm sorry, sir (*to Silvia*), to know a gentleman
upon such terms that the occasion of our meet-
ing shou'd prevent the satisfaction of an acquaint-
ance.

Sil. Sir, you need make no apology for your 35
warrant, no more than I shall do for my be-
haviour. — My innocence is upon an equal foot
with your authority.

Scale. Innocence! have not you seduc'd that
young maid? 40

Sil. No, Mr. Goosecap, she seduc'd me.

Bullock. So she did, I'll swear — for she pro-
pos'd marriage first.

Ball. (*To Rose.*) What, then you are marry'd,
child? 45

Rose. Yes, sir, to my sorrow.

Ball. Who was witness?

Bull. That was I — I danc'd, threw the stocking, and spoke jokes by their bed-side, I'm sure.

Ball. Who was the minister? 50

Bull. Minister! we are soldiers, and want no minister. — They were marry'd by the articles of war.

Ball. Hold thy prating, fool! — Your appearance, sir, promises some understanding; pray 55 what does this fellow mean?

Sil. He means marriage, I think — but that, you know, is so odd a thing that hardly any two people under the sun agree in the ceremony; some make it a sacrament, others a convenience, 60 and others make it a jest; but among soldiers 'tis most sacred. — Our sword, you know, is our honour; that we lay down. — The hero jumps over it first, and the amazon after — leap rogue, follow whore. — The drum beats a ruff, and so 65 to bed; that's all; the ceremony is concise.

Bull. And the prettiest ceremony, so full of pastime and prodigality —

Ball. What! are you a soldier?

Bull. Ay, that I am. — Will your worship lend 70 me your cane, and I'll shew you how I can exercise.

Ball. Take it. (*Strikes him over the head.*) Pray, sir, what commission may you bear? *To Silvia.*

Sil. I'm call'd captain, sir, by all the coffee-men, drawers, whores, and groom-porters in London; for I wear a red coat, a sword, a hat *bien troussée*, a martial twist in my cravat, a fierce knot in my perriwig, a cane upon my button, piquet in my head, and dice in my pocket. 75 80

Scale. Your name, pray sir?

Sil. Capt. Pinch: I cock my hat with a pinch, I take snuff with a pinch, pay my whores with a pinch. In short, I can do any thing at a pinch but fight and fill my belly. 85

Ball. And pray, sir, what brought you into Shropshire?

Sil. A pinch, sir: I knew you country gentlemen want wit, and you know that we town gentlemen want money; and so— 90

Ball. I understand you, sir. — Here, constable—

Enter Constable.

Take this gentleman into custody till farther orders.

Rose. Pray, your worship, don't be uncivil to him, for he did me no hurt; he's the most harmless man in the world, for all he talks so. 95

77-78 *a sword, a hat bien troussée.* Q1, a sword *bien trousee*.
88 *knew you.* Q1, knew that you.

Scale. Come, come, child, I'll take care of you.

Sil. What, gentlemen, rob me of my freedom and my wife at once! 'Tis the first time they 100 ever went together.

Ball. Hark'ye, constable. *Whispers him.*

Const. It shall be done, sir — Come along, sir.

Exeunt Const [able], Bullock, and Silvia.

Ball. Come, Mr. Scale, we'll manage the spark presently. *Exeunt.* 105

SCENE [II], *Melinda's Apartment.*

Enter Melinda and Worthy.

Melinda. (*Aside.*) So far the prediction is right; 'tis ten exactly. — And pray, sir, how long have you been in this travelling humour?

Worthy. 'Tis natural, madam, for us to avoid what disturbs our quiet. 5

Mel. Rather the love of change, which is more natural, may be the occasion of it.

Wor. To be sure, madam, there must be charms in variety, else neither you nor I shou'd be so fond of it. 10

Mel. You mistake, Mr. Worthy, I am not so fond of variety as to travel for 't; nor do I think it prudence in you to run your self into a certain expence and danger, in hopes of precarious pleasures, which at best never answer expectation; as 15

'tis evident from the example of most travellers, that long more to return to their own country than they did to go abroad.

Wor. What pleasures I may receive abroad are indeed uncertain; but this I am sure of, I shall meet with less cruelty among the most barbarous of nations than I have found at home. 20

Mel. Come, sir, you and I have been jangling a great while; I fancy if we made up our accounts, we shou'd the sooner come to an agreement. 25

Wor. Sure, madam, you wont dispute your being in my debt.—My fears, sighs, vows, promises, assiduities, anxieties, jealousies, have run on for a whole year without any payment. 30

Mel. A year! Oh Mr. Worthy! what you owe to me is not to be paid under a seven years servitude. How did you use me the year before? when, taking the advantage of my innocence and necessity, you wou'd have made me your mistress, that is, your slave.—Remember the wicked insinuations, artful baits, deceitful arguments, cunning pretences; then your impudent behaviour, loose expressions, familiar letters, rude visits; remember those, those, Mr. Worthy. 35 40

Wor. (*Aside.*) I do remember, and am sorry I made no better use of 'em — But you may remember, madam, that —

Mel. Sir, I'll remember nothing — 'tis your interest that I shou'd forget. You have been barbarous to me, I have been cruel to you; put that and that together, and let one ballance the other. — Now, if you will begin upon a new score, lay aside your adventuring airs, and behave yourself handsomely till Lent be over; here's my hand, I'll use you as a gentleman shou'd be. 45 50

Wor. And if I don't use you as a gentlewoman shou'd be, may this be my poison.

Kissing her hand.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Madam, the coach is at the door.

Mel. I am going to Mr. Ballance's country-house to see my cousin Silvia; I have done her an injury, and can't be easy till I have ask'd her pardon. 55

Wor. I dare not hope for the honour of waiting on you. 60

Mel. My coach is full; but if you will be so gallant as to mount your own horses and follow us, we shall be glad to be overtaken; and if you bring Captain Plume with you, we shan't have the worse reception. 65

Wor. I'll endeavour it. *Exit leading Melinda.*

SCENE [III], *The Market-Place.**Enter Plume and Kite.*

Plume. A baker, a taylor, a smith, and a butcher — I believe the first colony planted in Virginia had not more trades in their company than I have in mine.

Kite. The butcher, sir, will have his hands full; for we have two sheep-stealers among us. — I hear of a fellow, too, committed just now for stealing of horses. 5

Plume. We'll dispose of him among the dragoons. — Have we ne'er a poulterer among us? 10

Kite. Yes, sir, the king of the gipsies is a very good one; he has an excellent hand at a goose or a turkey. — Here's Captain Brazen, sir; I must go look after the men. *Exit.*

Enter Brazen, reading a Letter.

Brazen. Um, um, um, the canonical hour — Um, um, very well. — My dear Plume! Give me a buss. 15

Plume. Half a score, if you will, my dear. What hast got in thy hand, child?

Braz. 'Tis a project for laying out a thousand pound. 20

2 butcher. Later eds. add: "Carpenters and journeymen shoemakers, in all thirty nine —"

Plume. Were it not requisite to project first how to get it in?

Braz. You can't imagine, my dear, that I want twenty thousand pound; I have spent 25 twenty times as much in the service. — Now, my dear, pray advise me. My head runs much upon architecture; shall I build a privateer or a playhouse?

Plume. An odd question — a privateer or a 30 playhouse! 'Twill require some consideration. — Faith, I'm for a privateer.

Braz. I'm not of your opinion, my dear — for, in the first place, a privateer may be ill built.

Plume. And so may a play-house. 35

Braz. But a privateer may be ill mann'd.

Plume. And so may a play-house.

Braz. But a privateer may run upon the shallows.

Plume. Not so often as a play-house. 40

Braz. But you know a privateer may spring a leak.

Plume. And I know that a playhouse may spring a great many.

Braz. But suppose the privateer come home 45 with a rich booty; we shou'd never agree about our shares.

Plume. 'Tis just so in a play-house. — So, by my advice, you shall fix upon a privateer.

Braz. Agreed — But if this twenty thousand 50
shou'd not be in specie —

Plume. What twenty thousand ?

Braz. Heark'e —

Whispers.

Plume. Marry'd !

Braz. Presently. We're to meet about half 55
a mile out of town at the water-side — and so
forth — (*Reads.*) *For fear I shou'd be known by any of
Worthy's friends, you must give me leave to wear my
mask till after the ceremony, which will make me for
ever yours: —* 60

Look'e there, my dear dog.

Shews the bottom of the letter to Plume.

Plume. Melinda ! and by this light, her own
hand ! — Once more, if you please, my dear. —
Her hand exactly ! — Just now, you say ?

Braz. This minute I must be gone. 65

Plume. Have a little patience, and I'll go with
you.

Braz. No, no, I see a gentleman coming this
way, that may be inquisitive. 'Tis Worthy ; do
you know him ? 70

Plume. By sight only.

Braz. Have a care ; the very eyes discover
secrets. *Exit.*

Enter Worthy.

Worthy. To boot and saddle, Captain ; you
must mount. 75

Plume. Whip and spur, Worthy, or you won't mount.

Wor. But I shall: Melinda and I are agreed. She's gone to visit Silvia; we are to mount and follow; and cou'd we carry a parson with us, 80 who knows what might be done for us both?

Plume. Don't trouble your head; Melinda has secur'd a parson already.

Wor. Already! Do you know more than I?

Plume. Yes, I saw it under her hand. — 85 Brazen and she are to meet half a mile hence at the water-side, there to take boat, I suppose, to be ferry'd over to Elysian fields, if there be any such thing in matrimony.

Wor. I parted with Melinda just now; she 90 assur'd me she hated Brazen, and that she resolv'd to discard Lucy for daring to write letters to him in her name.

Plume. Nay, nay, there's nothing of Lucy in this. — I tell ye, I saw Melinda's hand, as surely 95 as this is mine.

Wor. But I tell you she's gone this minute to Justice Ballance's country-house.

Plume. But I tell you, she's gone this minute to the water-side. 100

Enter Servant.

Servant. (To *Worthy.*) Madam Melinda has

88 *Elysian.* Q1 and Q3, O1, O3, the Elysian.

sent word that you need not trouble your self to follow her, because her journey to Justice Ballance's is put off, and she's gone to take the air another way. 105

Wor. How! her journey put off!

Plume. That is, her journey was a put-off to you.

Wor. 'Tis plain, plain. — But how, where, when is she to meet Brazen? 110

Plume. Just now, I tell you, half a mile hence at the water-side.

Wor. Up or down the water?

Plume. That I don't know.

Wor. I'm glad my horses are ready. — Jack, 115 get 'em out.

Plume. Shall I go with you?

Wor. Not an inch — I shall return presently.

Exit.

Plume. You'll find me at the Hall; the justices are sitting by this time, and I must attend 120 them. *Exit.*

SCENE [IV], *A Court of Justice: Ballance, Scale, and Scruple upon the Bench: Constable, Kite, Mob.*

Kite and Constable advance forward.

Kite. Pray who are those honourable gentlemen upon the bench?

forward. Q1, forward to the front of the stage.

Constable. He in the middle is Justice Ballance, he on the right is Justice Scale, and he on the left is Justice Scruple, and I am Mr. Constable; 5
four very honest gentlemen.

Kite. O dear sir! I am your most obedient servant. (*Saluting the Constable.*) I fancy, sir, that your employment and mine are much the same; for my business is to keep people in order, and if they disobey, to knock 'em down; and then we are both staff officers. 10

Const. Nay, I'm a serjeant my self — of the militia. Come, brother, you shall see me exercise. — Suppose this a musket, now: now I am shoulder'd. 15
Puts his staff on's right shoulder.

Kite. Ay, you are shoulder'd pretty well for a constable's staff; but for a musket, you must put it on the other shoulder, my dear.

Const. Adso! that's true. — Come, now give the word of command. 20

Kite. Silence.

Const. Ay, ay, so we will — we will be silent.

Kite. Silence, you dog, silence!

Strikes him over the head with his halberd.

Const. That's the way to silence a man with a witness! — What d'ye mean, friend? 25

Kite. Only to exercise you, sir.

Const. Your exercise differs so from ours,

19 the other. Q1, t'other.

that we shall ne'er agree about it; if my own captain had given me such a rap, I had taken 30 the law of him.

Enter Plume.

Ballance. Captain, you're welcome.

Plume. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Scruple. Come, honest Captain, sit by me. (*Plume ascends, and sits upon the bench.*) Now 35 produce your prisoners. — Here, that fellow there — set him up. — Mr. Constable, what have you to say against this man?

Const. I have nothing to say against him, an please you. 40

Ball. No! what made you bring him hither?

Const. I don't know, an please your worship.

Scale. Did not the contents of your warrant direct you what sort of men to take up?

Const. I can't tell, an please ye; I can't read. 45

Scru. A very pretty constable truly! — I find we have no business here.

Kite. May it please the worshipful bench, I desire to be heard in this case, as being counsel for the queen. 50

Ball. Come, Serjeant, you shall be heard, since no body else will speak; we won't come here for nothing.

Kite. This man is but one man; the country

33 *thank you.* Q1, thank'e.

40-45 *an.* Q1, an't.

may spare him, and the army wants him ; besides, 55
 he's cut out by nature for a granadeer ; he's five
 foot ten inches high ; he shall box, wrestle, or
 dance the Cheshire round with any man in the
 county ; he gets drunk every sabbath-day, and
 he beats his wife. 60

Wife. You lye, sirrah, you lye ! — An please
 your worship, he's the best natur'dst, pains-tak-
 ing'st man in the parish, witness my five poor
 children.

Scruple. A wife ! and five children ! You con- 65
 stable, you rogue, how durst you impress a man
 that has a wife and five children ?

Scale. Discharge him, discharge him.

Ball. Hold, gentlemen. — Hearn'e, friend,
 how do you maintain your wife and five children ? 70

Plume. They live upon wild fowl and venison,
 sir ; the husband keeps a gun, and kills all the
 hares and partridge within five mile round.

Ball. A gun ! nay, if he be so good at gun-
 ning, he shall have enough on't. — He may be 75
 of use against the French, for he shoots flying,
 to be sure.

Scru. But his wife and children, Mr. Bal-
 lance !

59 county. Q3, O1, O3, country.

62 natur'dst. Q1, natur'd.

67 five. Q1 omits.

61 an. Q1, an't.

62-63 taking'st. Q1, taking.

73 mile. Q1, miles.

Wife. Ay, ay, that's the reason you wou'd 80
send him away; you know I have a child every
year, and you are afraid they shou'd come upon
the parish at last.

Plume. Look'e there, gentlemen, the honest
woman has spoke it at once; the parish had 85
better maintain five children this year than six
or seven the next: that fellow, upon his high
feeding, may get you two or three beggars at a
birth.

Wife. Look'e, Mr. Captain, the parish shall 90
get nothing by sending him away; for I won't
lose my teaming time if there be a man left in
the parish.

Ball. Send that woman to the house of cor-
rection — and the man — 95

Kite. I'll take care o' him, if you please.

Takes him down.

Scale. Here, you constable, the next. — Set
up that black fac'd fellow; he has a gunpowder
look; what can you say against this man, con-
stable? 100

Const. Nothing but that he's a very honest
man.

Plume. Pray, gentlemen, let me have one
honest man in my company, for the novelty's
sake. 105

Ball. What are you, friend?

Mob. A collier; I work in the cole-pits.

Scru. Look'e, gentlemen, this fellow has a trade, and the act of parliament here expresses that we are to impress no man that has any ¹¹⁰ visible means of a livelihood.

Kite. May it please your worships, this man has no visible means of livelihood, for he works under ground.

Plume. Well said, Kite; besides, the army ¹¹⁵ wants miners.

Ball. Right, and had we an order of government for't, we cou'd raise you in this and the neighbouring county of Stafford five hundred colliers that wou'd run you underground like ¹²⁰ moles, and do more service in a siege than all the miners in the army.

Scru. Well, friend, what have you to say for your self?

Mob. I'm marry'd.

125

Kite. Lack-a-day, so am I.

Mob. Here's my wife, poor woman.

Ball. Are you marry'd, good woman?

Wom. I'm marry'd, in conscience.

Kite. May it please your worship, she's with ¹³⁰ child, in conscience.

Scale. Who marry'd you, mistress?

Wom. My husband — we agreed that I shou'd

call him husband, to avoid passing for a whore ;
and that he shou'd call me wife to shun going ¹³⁵
for a souldier.

Scru. A very pretty couple ! Pray, Captain,
will you take 'em both ?

Plume. What say you, Mr. Kite, will you
take care of the woman ? 140

Kite. Yes, sir, she shall go with us to the sea-
side, and there, if she has a mind to drown her
self, we'll take care that no body shall hinder
her.

Ball. Here, constable, bring in my man. ¹⁴⁵
(*Exit Constable.*) Now, Captain, I'll fit you with
a man such as you ne'er listed in your life.

Enter Constable and Silvia.

O, my friend Pinch ! I am very glad to see you.

Silvia. Well, sir, and what then ?

Scale. What then ! Is that your respect to the ¹⁵⁰
bench ?

Sil. Sir, I don't care a farthing for you nor
your bench neither.

Scru. Look'e, gentlemen, that's enough ; he's
a very impudent fellow, and fit for a soldier. 155

Scale. A notorious rogue, I say, and very fit
for a soldier.

Const. A whore-master, I say, and therefore
fit to go.

Ball. What think you, Captain ? 160

Plume. I think he's a very pretty fellow, and therefore fit to serve.

Sil. Me for a soldier! send your own lazy, lubberly sons at home; fellows that hazzard their necks every day in the pursuit of a fox, yet dare 165 not peep abroad to look an enemy in the face.

Const. May it please your worships, I have a woman at the door to swear a rape against this rogue.

Sil. Is it your wife or daughter, booby? I 170 ravish'd 'em both yesterday.

Ball. Pray, Captain, read the articles of war; we'll see him listed immediately.

Plume (reads). Articles of War against Mutiny and Desertion — 175

Sil. Hold, sir. — Once more, gentlemen, have a care what you do, for you shall severely smart for any violence you offer to me; and you, Mr. Ballance, I speak to you particularly; you shall heartily repent it. 180

Plume. Look'e, young spark, say but one word more, and I'll build a horse for you as high as the ceiling, and make you ride the most tiresome journey that ever you made in your life.

Sil. You have made a fine speech, good Cap- 185

165 *the.* Q1 omits.

174 *Plume (reads).* *Articles, etc.* In QQ1, 2, 3, O1, O3, (*Plume reads Articles of War, etc.*) Obviously an error.

181 *spark.* Q2 misprints, sark.

tain Huffcap; but you had better be quiet; I shall find a way to cool your courage.

Plume. Pray, gentlemen, don't mind him; he's distracted.

Sil. 'Tis false. — I'm descended of as good ¹⁹⁰ a family as any in your county; my father is as good a man as any upon your bench, and I am heir to twelve hundred pound a year.

Ball. He's certainly mad. — Pray, Captain, read the Articles of War. 195

Sil. Hold once more. — Pray, Mr. Ballance, to you I speak; suppose I were your child, wou'd you use me at this rate?

Ball. No, faith, were you mine, I wou'd send you to Bedlam first, and into the army afterwards. ²⁰⁰

Sil. But consider my father, sir; he's as good, as generous, as brave, as just a man as ever serv'd his country; I'm his only child; perhaps the loss of me may break his heart.

Ball. He's a very great fool if it does. — Cap-²⁰⁵ tain, if you don't list him this minute, I'll leave the court.

Plume. Kite, do you distribute the levy-money to the men while I read.

Kite. Ay, sir. — Silence, gentlemen. 210

Plume reads the Articles of War.

Ball. Very well; now, Captain, let me beg the

favour of you not to discharge this fellow upon any account whatsoever. Bring in the rest.

Const. There are no more, an't please your worship. 215

Ball. No more! there were five two hours ago.

Sil. 'Tis true, sir, but this rogue of a constable let the rest escape for a bribe of eleven shillings a man, because, he said, the act allow'd him but ten, so the odd shilling was clear gains. 220

All Justices. How!

Sil. Gentlemen, he offer'd to let me go away for two guineas, but I had not so much about me; this is truth, and I'm ready to swear it.

Kite. And I'll swear it; give me the book; 'tis 225
for the good of the service.

Mob. May it please your worship, I gave him half a crown to say that I was an honest man; but now, since that your worships have made me a rogue, I hope I shall have my money again. 230

Ball. 'Tis my opinion that this constable be put into the captain's hands, and if his friends dont bring four good men for his ransome by to-morrow night — Captain, you shall carry him to Flanders. 235

Scale. Scruple. Agreed, agreed!

219 *said.* Q1, said that.

220 *shilling.* O1, shillings.

222 *go.* Q1, get.

229 *but now, since that.* Q1, and now that.

Plume. Mr. Kite, take the constable into custody.

Kite. Ay, ay. — Sir, (*to the Constable*) will you please to have your office taken from you? Or ²⁴⁰ will you handsomely lay down your staff, as your betters have done before you?

Constable drops his staff.

Ball. Come, gentlemen, there needs no great ceremony in adjourning this court. — Captain, you shall dine with me. 245

Kite. Come, Mr. Militia Serjeant, I shall silence you now, I believe, without your taking the law of me. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE [V]. *The Fields.*

Enter Brazen, leading in Lucy mask'd.

Brazen. The boat is just below here.

Enter Worthy with a case of pistols under his arm.

Worthy. Here, sir, take your choice.

Going between 'em, and offering them.

Braz. What! pistols! Are they charg'd, my dear?

Wor. With a brace of bullets each. 5

Braz. But I'm a foot officer, my dear, and never use pistols; the sword is my way — and I won't be put out of my road to please any man.

Wor. Nor I neither; so have at you.

Cocks one pistol.

239 *Ay, ay. — Sir. Q1, ay, ay; sir — [To the Const.]*

Braz. Look'e, my dear, I don't care for pistols. — Pray, oblige me, and let us have a bout at sharps; dam it, there's no parrying these bullets. 10

Wor. Sir, if you han't your belly full of these, the swords shall come in for second course.

Braz. Why then, fire and fury! I have eaten 15
smoak from the mouth of a cannon, sir; don't think I fear powder, for I live upon't. Let me see: (*Takes one.*) And now, sir, how many paces distant shall we fire?

Wor. Fire you when you please; I'll reserve 20
my shot till I am sure of you.

Braz. Come, where's your cloak?

Wor. Cloak! what d'ye mean?

Braz. To fight upon; I always fight upon a cloak; 'tis our way abroad. 25

Lucy. Come, gentlemen, I'll end the strife.

Unmasks.

Wor. Lucy! take her.

Braz. The devil take me if I do. — Huzza!
(*Fires his pistol.*) D'ye hear, d'ye hear, you plaguy harrydan, how those bullets whistle? suppose they had been lodg'd in my gizzard now! 30

Luc. Pray, sir, pardon me.

Braz. I can't tell, child, 'till I know whether my money be safe. (*Searching his pockets.*) Yes, yes, I do pardon you, but if I had you in the 35

Rose tavern, Covent-Garden, with three or four hearty rakes, and three or four smart napkins, I wou'd tell you another story, my dear. *Exit.*

Wor. And was Melinda privy to this?

Luc. No, sir, she wrote her name upon a piece of paper at the fortune-tellers last night, which I put in my pocket, and so writ above it to the captain. 40

Wor. And how came Melinda's journey put off? 45

Luc. At the towns end she met Mr. Ballance's steward, who told her that Mrs. Silvia was gone from her father's, and no body cou'd tell whither.

Wor. Silvia gone from her father's! This will be news to Plume. Go home, and tell your lady how near I was being shot for her. *Exeunt.* 50

[SCENE VI. *A Room in Justice Ballance's House.*]

Enter Ballance with a napkin in his hand, as risen from dinner, and Steward.

Steward. We did not miss her till the evening, sir; and then, searching for her in the chamber that was my young master's, we found her cloaths there; but the suit that your son left in the press, when he went to London, was gone.

Note. Scene VI. None of the early editions indicates this change of scene, but it is obviously intended. 5

Ball. The white trim'd with silver?

Stew. The same.

Ball. You han't told that circumstance to any body.

Stew. To none but your worship. 10

Ball. And be sure you don't; go into the dining-room, and tell Captain Plume that I beg to speak with him.

Stew. I shall. —

Exit.

Ball. Was ever man so impos'd upon? I had 15
her promise, indeed, that she shou'd never dispose of her self without my consent. I have consented with a witness, given her away as my act and deed. — And this, I warrant, the captain thinks will pass; no, I shall never pardon him 20
the villany, first of robbing me of my daughter, and then the mean opinion he must have of me to think that I cou'd be so wretchedly impos'd upon; her extravagant passion might encourage her in the attempt, but the contrivance must be 25
his. — I'll know the truth presently —

Enter Plume.

Pray, Captain, what have you done with your young gentleman soldier?

Plume. He's at my quarters, I suppose, with the rest of my men. 30

Ball. Does he keep company with the common soldiers?

Plume. No, he's generally with me.

Ball. He lies with you, I presume?

Plume. No, faith, I offer'd him part of my 35
bed, — but the young rogue fell in love with
Rose, and has lain with her, I think, since he
came to town.

Ball. So that, between you both, Rose has
been finely manag'd. 40

Plume. Upon my honour, sir, she had no harm
from me.

Ball. All's safe, I find. — Now, Captain, you
must know that the young fellow's impudence
in court was well grounded; he said I shou'd 45
heartily repent his being listed, and so I do from
my soul.

Plume. Ay! For what reason?

Ball. Because he is no less than what he said
he was, born of as good a family as any in this 50
county, and is heir to twelve hundred pound a
year.

Plume. I'm very glad to hear it — for I wanted
but a man of that quality to make my company
a perfect representative of the whole commons 55
of England.

Ball. Won't you discharge him?

Plume. Not under an hundred pound sterling.

45 *said I.* Q1, said that I. 51 *and is.* Q3, O1, O3, and he is.
58 *an.* Q1, a.

Ball. You shall have it, for his father is my intimate friend. 60

Plume. Then you shall have him for nothing.

Ball. Nay, sir, you shall have your price.

Plume. Not a penny, sir; I value an obligation to you much above an hundred pound.

Ball. Perhaps, sir, you shan't repent your generosity. — Will you please to write his discharge in my pocket-book? (*Gives his book.*) In the mean time, we'll send for the gentleman. Who waits there? 65

Enter Servant.

Go to the captain's lodging, and enquire for Mr. Willful; tell him his captain wants him here immediately. 70

Ser. Sir, the gentleman's below at the door, enquiring for the captain.

Plume. Bid him come up. — Here's the discharge, sir. 75

Ball. Sir, I thank you. — (*Aside.*) 'Tis plain he had no hand in't.

Enter Silvia.

Silvia. I think, Captain, you might have us'd me better than to leave me yonder among your swearing, drunken crew; and you, Mr. Justice, might have been so civil as to have invited me to dinner, for I have eaten with as good a man as your worship. 80

Plume. Sir, you must charge our want of respect upon our ignorance of your quality. — But now you are at liberty — I have discharg'd you. 85

Silv. Discharg'd me!

Ball. Yes, sir, and you must once more go home to your father. 90

Silv. My father! then I am discover'd. — Oh, sir (*kneeling*), I expect no pardon.

Ball. Pardon! No, no, child, your crime shall be your punishment. Here, Captain, I deliver her over to the conjugal power for her chastisement: since she will be a wife, be you a husband, a very husband. — When she tells you of her love, upbraid her with her folly; be modishly ungrateful, because she has been unfashionably kind, and use her worse than you wou'd any body else, because you can't use her so well as she deserves. 95 100

Plume. And are you Silvia in good earnest?

Silv. Earnest! I have gone too far to make it a jest, sir. 105

Plume. And do you give her to me in good earnest?

Ball. If you please to take her, sir.

Plume. Why then, I have sav'd my legs and arms, and lost my liberty; secure from wounds, I am prepar'd for the gout; farewell subsistence, 110

108 *If you please, etc.* In Q3 and O1 this speech is given to Silvia.

and welcome taxes. — Sir, my liberty and hopes of being a general are much dearer to me than your twelve hundred pound a year. — But to your love, madam, I resign my freedom, and to ¹¹⁵ your beauty my ambition — greater in obeying at your feet than commanding at the head of an army.

Enter Worthy.

Worthy. I am sorry to hear, Mr. Ballance, that your daughter is lost. 120

Ball. So am not I, sir, since an honest gentleman has found her.

Enter Melinda.

Melinda. Pray, Mr. Ballance, what's become of my cousin Silvia?

Ball. Your cousin Silvia is talking yonder ¹²⁵ with your cousin Plume.

Mel. and Wor. How!

Silv. Do you think it strange, cousin, that a woman should change? But I hope you'll excuse a change that has proceeded from con-¹³⁰ stancy; I alter'd my outside, because I was the same within; and only laid by the woman to make sure of my man. That's my history.

Mel. Your history is a little romantick, cousin; but since success has crown'd your adventures, ¹³⁵ you will have the world o' your side, and I shall be willing to go with the tide, provided you'll

pardon an injury I offer'd you in the letter to your father.

Plume. That injury, madam, was done to me, ¹⁴⁰ and the reparation I expect shall be made to my friend; make Mr. Worthy happy and I shall be satisfy'd.

Mel. A good example, sir, will go a great way — when my cousin is pleas'd to surrender, 'tis ¹⁴⁵ probable I shan't hold out much longer.

Enter Brazen.

Brazen. Gentlemen, I am yours. — Madam, I am not yours.

Mel. I'm glad on't, sir.

Braz. So am I. — You have got a pretty house ¹⁵⁰ here, Mr. Laconick.

Ball. 'Tis time to right all mistakes. — My name, sir, is Ballance.

Braz. Ballance! Sir, I am your most obedient — I know your whole generation — had not you ¹⁵⁵ an unkle that was governour of the Leeward Islands some years ago?

Ball. Did you know him?

Braz. Intimately, sir. — He play'd at billiards to a miracle. — You had a brother too that was ¹⁶⁰ captain of a fireship — poor Dick — he had the most engaging way with him — of making punch — and then his cabbिन was so neat — but

his boy Jack was the most comical bastard. —
Ha, ha, ha, ha, a pickl'd dog; I shall never forget 16
him.

Plume. Well, Captain, are you fix'd in your
project yet? Are you still for the privateer?

Braz. No, no, I had enough of a privateer
just now; I had like to have been pick'd up by 17
a cruiser under false colours, and a French pick-
aroon for ought I know.

Plume. But have you got your recruits, my
dear?

Braz. Not a stick, my dear. 17

Plume. Probably I shall furnish you.

Enter Rose and Bullock.

Rose. Captain, Captain, I have got loose once
more, and have persuaded my sweetheart Cart-
wheel to go with us; but you must promise not
to part with me again. 18

Silv. I find Mrs. Rose has not been pleas'd
with her bedfellow.

Rose. Bedfellow! I don't know whether I had
a bedfellow or not.

Silv. Don't be in a passion, child; I was as 18
little pleas'd with your company as you cou'd be
with mine.

Bull. Pray, sir, dunna be offended at my sis-
ter: she's something under-bred, but if you please,
I'll lye with you in her stead. 19

Plume. I have promis'd, madam, to provide for this girl; now, will you be pleas'd to let her wait upon you? or shall I take care of her?

Silv. She shall be my charge, sir; you may find it business enough to take care of me. 195

Bull. Ay, and of me, Captain; for wauns! if ever you lift your hands against me, I'll desert. —

Plume. Captain Brazen shall take care o' that. — My dear, instead of the twenty thousand pound you talk'd of, you shall have the twenty 200 brave recruits that I have rais'd at the rate they cost me. — My commission I lay down, to be taken up by some braver fellow, that has more merit, and less good fortune — whilst I endeavour, by the example of this worthy gentle- 205 man, to serve my queen and country at home.

*With some regret I quit the active field,
Where glory full reward for life does yield;
But the recruiting trade, with all its train
Of endless plague, fatigue, and endless pain, 210
I gladly quit, with my fair spouse to stay,
And raise recruits the matrimonial way.*

Exeunt.

FINIS

197 hands. Q1, and Q3, O1, O3, hand.

210 *endless plague.* Q1, *lasting plague.*

In Q2, Q3, the *verso* of p. 71 contains a list, in two columns, of BOOKS printed for Bernard Lintott at the Cross-Keys and Crown next Nando's Coffee House, Temple Bar.

EPILOGUE

All ladies and gentlemen that are willing to see the comedy call'd the *Recruiting Officer*, let them repair to morrow night, by six a clock, to the sign of the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, and they shall be kindly entertain'd.

5

*We scorn the vulgar ways to bid you come,
Whole Europe now obeys the call of drum.*

*The soldier, not the poet, here appears,
And beats up for a corps of volunteers:
He finds that musick chiefly does delight ye,
And therefore chuses musick to invite ye.*

10

Beat the Granadeer March—Row, row, tow.
—Gentlemen, this piece of musick, call'd *An Overture to a Battel*, was compos'd by a famous Italian master, and was perform'd with wonderful success at the great Opera's of Vigo, Schellenbergh, and Bleinheim; it came off with the applause of all Europe, excepting France; the French found it a little too rough for their delicatesse.

15

20

*Some that have acted on those glorious stages,
Are here to witness to succeeding ages,
That no musick like the Granadeer's engages.* }

Epilogue. This follows the Prologue in Q2, Q3.

Ladies, we must own that this musick of ours
 is not altogether so soft as *Bonancini's*; yet we 25
 dare affirm that it has laid more people asleep
 than all the *Camilla's* in the world; and you'll
 condescend to own that it keeps one awake bet-
 ter than any *opera* that ever was acted.

The Granadeer March seems to be a com- 30
 posture excellently adapted to the genius of the
English; for no musick was ever follow'd so far
 by us, nor with so much alacrity; and with all
 deference to the present subscription, we must
 say that the Granadeer March has been sub- 35
 scrib'd for by the whole Grand Alliance: and
 we presume to inform the ladies that it always
 has the pre-eminence abroad, and is constantly
 heard by the tallest, handsomest men in the
 whole army. In short, to gratifie the present 40
 taste, our author is now adapting some words to
 the Granadeer March, which he intends to have
 perform'd to morrow, if the lady who is to sing
 it should not happen to be sick.

This he concludes to be the surest way 45
To draw you hither; for you'll all obey
Soft musick's call, tho' you shou'd damn his play.

Notes to The Recruiting Officer

For single words see Glossary

Title-page. Captique dolis, donisque coacti. This might be translated, "Captured with tricks and brought together with gifts," which precisely fits the play. Farquhar, however, paraphrases the original passage in the *Æneid* (Book II, l. 196), which runs, *captique dolis lacrimisque coactis*. "Captured with tricks and forced tears." Quarto I has *Captique Æolis, donisque coacti*, which is almost meaningless.

Dedication. 39. Friends round the Wrekin. The Wrekin, an isolated peak, is the nearest of the Caradoc Hills to the city of Shrewsbury, where Farquhar had been recruiting shortly before the writing of the play. (See *Biography*, p. xi.) Shrewsbury is the county seat of Salop (39, 10) or Shropshire. References to this county, its neighbor Hereford, and the bordering country of Wales, are frequent in the play.

40, 30. **puris naturalibus.** In the natural state.

40, 44. **a huge flight of frightful birds.** See note to 40, 49-50.

40, 49-50. **as great a Wonder . . . Sun.** *Wonders in the Sun, or the Kingdom of the Birds*, a burlesque opera by Tom D'Urfey, the music by Giovanni Battista Draghi. It anticipated M. Rostand's device of dressing the actors as birds.

Act I. Scene I. 45. Drum beats the Granadeer-March. "Not the *British Grenadiers*, but a composition printed as early as 1686 in Playford's *Dancing Master*, and reproduced in 1690, 1703 and other editions." (Archer.)

46, 32. **The crown, or the bed of honour.** Cf. "cap of honour" (line 16). The crown was the original badge upon the tall grenadier-cap. Kite plays obscurely upon the association of

honor and death (see line 43 below), hence "bed of honour." Cf. *Love and a Bottle*, Act II, Scene II: "His breast-plate there he calls the butt of honour, at which all the fools in the kingdom shoot, and not one can hit the mark."

46, 36. **great bed of Ware.** A famous bed, eleven feet square, in the Saracen's Head inn, later removed to Rye Houses. Referred to in *Twelfth Night*, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, Byron's *Don Juan*, etc.

49, 89. **from the banks of the Danube.** Plume is supposed to be just returned from Germany, where he took part in the Battle of Blenheim. See 53, 182 and 68, 63.

49, 97. **strong man of Kent.** William Joy, called "Samson, the strong man of Kent," was for a time lessee of the Dorset Gardens Theatre. Cf. Prologue to *The Constant Couple*.

Act I. Scene II. 62, 48. And there's a pleasure, etc.

"There is a pleasure, sure,
In being mad, which none but madmen know!"
Dryden, *The Spanish Friar*, Act II, Scene I.

Act II. Scene I. 66, 3. the last war. That waged between France and the Grand Alliance, 1689-1697. By the terms of the Peace of Ryswick, Louis XIV acknowledged William III king of England.

66, 4. **no blood, no wounds, etc.** Alluding to the familiar oaths. See *Glossary*.

66, 7. **prison barrs.** A game played by boys.

66, 10. **another marshal of France.** Marshal Tallard, leader of the French forces, was taken prisoner at the Battle of Blenheim, or Hochstadt. See line 17 below.

68, 63. **a gentleman from Germany.** See 49, 89, and note.

70, 94-95. **little boy at the Castle.** See 50, 120, ff.

Act II. Scene II. 73, 53. I am Prince Prettyman. In one of his letters (*Love and Business*, p. 57) Farquhar writes: . . . "when, like Prince Prettyman, I have one boot on and t'other off, Love and Honour have a strong battel," etc. The allusion is to Buckingham's famous travesty, *The Rehearsal*, 1671.

Farquhar's memory has played him false: it is Prince Volscius who, in Act III, Scene v, is the hero of the conflict between love and honor.

73, 62-63. **Put four horses into the coach.** Put . . . to (harness, or yoke) is the usual form. *Put . . . into* is used by Thackeray, *The Virginians*, Biographical Ed., p. 265.

78, 181. **pay it to us afterwards.** Mr. Archer considers this "an obvious misprint" and adopts the emendation of the later eighteenth century editions: "pay it to us. Afterwards I'm yours," etc. I see no reason for correcting the quartos. We owe the "decorum of mourning" to the world because the world will pay it to us after our death. This decorum forbade Mr. Ballance's seeking convivial enjoyment in a public place; it did not, in English practice, enjoin quiet hospitality to his friends.

Act II. Scene III. 78. A mob in each hand, drunk. As pointed out in the footnote, there is some confusion, probably due to Farquhar's own carelessness, in the original assignment of speeches. I have endeavored to remove this by conforming to the author's obvious intention. Costar (1st Mob) is clearly the leading spirit of the pair. He reads the "posy" on the "queen's picture" (line 41): for in the speech lines 51-54, we have: "1st Mob. Nay, Tummas, let me speak; you know I can read. . . ." It is he who demands to be carried before the mayor and who first volunteers. By attending to the passages in which the rustics call each other by name, the difficulty is easily removed.

79, 19-20. **since this pressing-act.** The excessive power of magistrates under the Mutiny and Impressment Acts is satirized in the entire court scene in Act V. Farquhar refers to the same topic in *The Beaux' Stratagem*.

82, 89-90. **St. Mary's . . . St. Chad's.** Ancient churches of Shrewsbury, the former dating back to the tenth century. Only the bishop's chancel remains of the old church of St. Chad. The present church of that name was built upon another site in 1792.

83, 112-13. **three and twenty shillings and six pence.** The twenty shilling piece, or broad-piece, of the reigns of James I and Charles I ("Jacobus" and "Carolus"). They subsequently rose to the value here assigned to them.

Act III. Scene I. 89, 22-23. in her smock. The natural, unaffected country girl. An obsolete phrase.

89, 27. break her windows. A time-honored custom with rakes. Cf. *Twin-Rivals*, Act 1, Scene 1.

92, 78. as much out of a groat, etc. Probably a rustic proverb, a groat being exactly equivalent to fourpence.

98, 231. important transactions. Possibly a slip. The sense seems to call for "unimportant."

98, 239-240. traveller's privilege of lying. Cf. *The Beaux' Stratagem*, 257, 95.

99, 254-55, 259. battel of Landen. The battle was fought near the village of Neerwinden, about thirty miles southeast of Brussels, July 29, 1693. The allies were defeated by the French under the Duke of Luxembourg.

99, 275. Chevaux de Frise. Written also *cheval de frise* (horse of Friesland). An instrument for repelling cavalry charges, composed of a joist bristling with iron-pointed spears.

101, 315. Right Mechelin. Genuine Mechlin lace. The Belgian city was at this time famous for its lace products.

101, 321. Fine mangere. The spelling of Quarto 1 (*mangere*) is probably as Farquhar intended it. It is Rose's attempt to remember Orangeree, a popular brand of snuff, flavored with perfume of orange blossoms. Cf. *Love and a Bottle*, Act II, Sc. II. Also mentioned in Etherege's *The Man of Mode*.

102, 337. as much familiarity. In stage-practice Rose stumbled over the word *familiarity*. Accordingly the stuttering form of the word (see footnote) found its way into early texts and is reproduced by Hunt and Ewald. Mr. Archer attributes its introduction to the edition of 1770. I find it, however, in the fifth edition of the *Works*, 1728.

Act III. Scene II. 103, 5-6. last bribe I had was from the captain. The emendation (see footnote) in the early eighteenth-century editions is clearly wrong. Lucy has been pleading for Mr. Worthy, and it is to his bribes that Melinda refers. See 19, ff., below.

104, 8. Ay, Flanders lace, etc. Cf. *Love and a Bottle*, Act. I, Sc. 1.:

"And soldier offers spoils of Flanders lace."

105, 46. Truth to the touch. The reading of Quarto 1 (see footnote) seems preferable. *Love and a Bottle*, Act IV, has "True to the touch, I find." In old usage "touch" had the meaning of obligation or engagement in the phrase, "to keep touch." See *Century Dictionary*.

106, 69. her stove disgusted me. As it stands, the passage is meaningless. None of the modern editors (see footnote) attempts to explain it. In his stage version of the play, Augustin Daly introduced the following bold and intelligible, if rather indelicate, emendation: "I might . . . year, but the garlic and onions! Whew!" He may have derived this from some old prompt-book, which in turn may preserve the stage-practice of Farquhar's time. The association of "stove" (through kitchen and table) with diet is plausible enough, but I can find nothing in eighteenth-century usage which warrants the belief that stove would have been readily, if, indeed, at all, understood in this way. The late Dr. Furnivall suggested to me that it might be a recurrence to the original meaning of stove, a heated (or over-heated) room; but I have found no supporting evidence. I am disposed to believe, therefore, that stove is merely a misprint for love, which curiously escaped the vigilance of proof-readers and editors.

109, 145. fine spot of work. An obsolete idiom. "A proper spot of work" is defined in Wright's *Dialect Dictionary* as "A sad or unfortunate occurrence or business."

109, 152. Thou peerless princess, etc. In Quarto 1 these verses are first put in the mouth of Brazen (see footnote, p. 105). The change is obviously for the better; witness Brazen's next speech.

114, 261. Effa-ut flatt. "The fuller name (F *fa ut*) of the note F, which was sung to the syllable *fa* or *ut* according as it occurred in one or other of the Hexachords (imperfect scales) to which it could belong." *N. E. D.*

Act. IV. Scene I. 117. The Walk continues. The scene changes to another part of the Walk by the Severn.

117, 5-6. Who shou'd prefer, etc. Cf. 141, 240.

121, 88-89. six before and six behind. Six horses and six footmen. Cf. *Love and Business*, p. 20: also *Song of a Trifle, The Beaux' Stratagem*, 264, 276.

123, 138. I'd sell. Undoubtedly a printer's error in Quarto 2. See footnote.

132, 364-65. drunk . . . before ten a clock. Drunk before breakfast, or morning tea. Cf. 146, 358.

Act IV. Scene II. 132, 3-4. tyde-waiter . . . surveyor. Customs officers. The association here is uncomplimentary to the tribe. Cf. *Constant Couple*, Act 1, Sc. 1.

134, 40-42. Leo, Sagittarius, etc. Kite starts bravely to name the signs, Forceps, appropriate for a smith's nativity, probably being suggested by Cancer. Here his memory fails him and the old campaigner naturally substitutes geographical terms, naming towns in Belgium and Flanders with which he is familiar.

136, 102-3. St. Mary's dial. See note on 82, 89.

144, 299. Cacodemo del Plumo. The change from Quarto 1 does not seem happy. (See footnote.) The geographical name for the devil was natural for Kite (Cf. 134, 40), while the use of Plume's name is incautious and out of character.

144, 311. Give me the bone, etc. The farcical passage in Quarto 1 (see footnote) was omitted in later editions and probably from all but the earliest performances. It is so absurdly improbable that it undoubtedly fell flat.

147, 375. chops of the channel. "The entrance into the English Channel from the Atlantic." *N. E. D.* Probably a popular catch-phrase of the time denoting a pretended journey.

Act V. Scene I. The following scene, reproduced from Quarto 1, is omitted in Quarto 2, 3, and subsequent editions. It is obviously superfluous and possibly too suggestive even for Farquhar's time.

The Recruiting Officer

ACT V

Scene I, an Antichamber, with a Perrywig, Hat and Sword upon the Table.

Enter Silvia in her Night Cap.

Sil. I have rested but indifferently, and I believe my Bedfellow was as little pleas'd; poor Rose! here she comes—

Enter Rose.

Good morrow, my dear, how d'ye this Morning?

Rose. Just as I was last night, neither better nor worse for you.

Sil. What 's the matter? did you not like your bedfellow?

Rose. I don't know whether I had a Bedfellow or not.

Sil. Did not I lye with you?

Rose. No — I wonder you could have the Conscience to ruine a poor Girl for nothing.

Sil. I have sav'd thee from Ruin, Child; don't be melancholy, I can give you as many fine things as the Captain can.

Rose. But you can't I'm sure. [Knocking at the Door.

Sil. Odso! my Accoutrements

[Puts on her Perriwig, Hat and Sword.]

Who 's at the Door?

Without. Open the door, or we 'll break it down.

Sil. Patience a little — [Opens the Door.

Enter Constable and Mob.

Con. We have 'um, we have 'um, the Duck and the Mallard both in the Decoy.

Sil. What means this Riot? Stand off [Draws] the Man dies that comes within reach of my Point.

Con. That is not the Point, Master, put up your Sword or I shall knock you down, and so I command the Queen's Peace.

Sil. You are some Blockhead of a Constable.

Con. I am so, and have a Warrant to apprehend the Bodies of you and your Whore there.

Rose. Whore! never was poor Woman so abus'd.

Enter Bullock, unbuttoned.

Bull. What 's matter now? — O! Mr. Bridewell, what brings you abroad so early?

Con. This, Sir — [Lays hold of Bullock.] you 're the Queen's Prisoner.

Bull. Wauns, you lye, Sir I 'm the Queen's Soldier.

Con. No matter for that, you shall go before Justice Ballance.

Sil. Ballance! 't is what I wanted — Here Mr. Constable I resign my Sword.

Rose. Can't you carry us before the Captain, Mr. Bridewell.

Con. Captain! ha'n't you got your Belly full of Captains, yet? Come, come, make way there. [Exeunt.

153, 25. Re infecta. The use of correct Latin by a constable who is unable to read is one of the trifling inconsistencies to which Farquhar is addicted.

155, 79. cane . . . button. Cf. 135, 75.

Act V. Scene II. 159, 63. we shall be glad. The reason for using the plural is not clear. Lucy, presumably, is to be Melinda's companion: yet this arrangement clashes with Lucy's plan concerning Brazen.

Act V. Scene III. 159, 6. Two sheep-stealers. Under the Impressment Act convicted felons might be enlisted.

159, 15. canonical hour. "The hours (now from 8 A.M. to 3 P.M.) within which marriage can be legally performed in a parish church in England." *N. E. D.*

160, 25. twenty thousand. Probably a printer's slip anticipating the twenty in the next line. Brazen really slips in line 50.

Act V. Scene IV. 164, 25-26. with a witness. With great force, with a vengeance.

165, 34. sit by me. Scruple's invitation to Plume is in spirit a violation of the Impressment Acts, which forbade officers of the army sitting as justices. The entire scene, as Mr. Archer points out, satirizes the administration of these laws.

166, 58. Cheshire round. A rough country dance.

170, 182-83. a horse . . . as high as the ceiling. "A wooden frame on which soldiers were made to ride as a punishment; also called *timber mare*." *N. E. D.*

Act V. Scene V. 175, 36. Rose tavern, Covent-Garden. Notorious as a resort for depraved women. See *Love and Business*, p. 19.

175, 37. smart napkins. See preceding note.

175, 40. she wrote her name, etc. The plot will not stand close examination here. As Lucy had already written at least two letters to Brazen, forging Melinda's name, this device was superfluous. It may be justified as an example of cunning over-reaching itself, but the more natural explanation is that it was necessary to bring about the dual climax.

Act V. Scene VI. 176, 18. with a witness. See note to 165, 26.

177, 37-38. since he came to town. A little carelessness as to time here! Only one night has elapsed.

Epilogue. 184-85. The entire epilogue satirizes the growing popularity of Italian opera, which had for several years materially diminished the demand for new plays.

184, 4. Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. See title-page. Immediately after the Restoration Charles II granted patents to two companies of actors, D'Avenant's, or the Duke of York's Company, and Killigrew's, or the King's Company. The latter opened in Drury Lane in 1663, their playhouse subsequently becoming famous as the Theatre Royal.

184, 12, ff. Granadeer March. See note on stage directions, Act I, Scene I.

184, 16-17. Vigo, Schellenbergh, and Bleinheim. The scenes of three English triumphs. At Vigo Bay, in 1702, the English fleet under Admiral Rooke and the Duke of Ormonde captured the Spanish treasure-ships, securing rich booty. (Cf. *Beaux' Stratagem*, 304, 186.) At the foot of the Schellenburg, on July 2, 1704, Marlborough and the allies gained a victory over the Elector of Bavaria, the ally of the French. Battle of Blenheim, August 13, 1704. See note to 66, 10.

185, 34. present subscription. The opera at that time was supported by subscription. See Ashton, *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*. Ch. II.

185, 36. Grand Alliance. The alliance formed by Emperor Leopold I with Holland in 1689, subsequently joined by England, Spain, and Saxony, against Louis XIV. Its objects were to prevent the union of the crowns of France and Spain and to compel France to evacuate the Netherlands.

The Beaux Stratagem

THE TEXT

The *Beaux Stratagem* was published in quarto form (undated) in 1707. Copies of the first edition are found in the library of the University of Michigan, Boston Public Library, British Museum, Yale University Library, Harvard University Library, and Astor Library of New York. I have closely compared the first four and received the collation of the last, and find them identical except for an occasional dropped letter and a misplaced epilogue. It is therefore natural to suppose there was but one edition during the few weeks of life remaining to the author after its composition. Not long ago a second quarto came into the possession of the University of Michigan. The title-page is identical with Q1 with the addition of *The Second Edition* under "Written by Mr. Farquhar," etc. From the variants noted it is improbable that this quarto appeared before Farquhar's death. It is little more than a reprint with corrections of misprints and a few minor changes. Had Farquhar supervised the edition personally the Count Bellair scene in Act III would probably have been dropped, for we are informed (5th ed. *Works*) that it was omitted after the first night's performance.

As with the *Recruiting Officer*, I have noted the variants of O1 and O3 and important changes in *Works* IV and V. The general method as to the details of editing is the same for the two plays.

THE
Beaux Stratagem.
A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
QUEEN'S THEATRE
IN THE
HAY-MARKET.

BY
Her MAJESTY'S Sworn Comedians.

Written by Mr. Farquhar, Author of the Recruiting-Officer.

L O N D O N

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT, at the Cross-Keys next
Nando's Coffee-House in Fleetstreet.

ADVERTISEMENT

THE reader may find some faults in this play, which my illness prevented the amending of ; but there is great amends made in the representation, which cannot be match'd, no more than the friendly and indefatigable care of Mr. Wilks, to whom I chiefly owe the success of the play.

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

*When strife disturbs, or sloth corrupts an age,
Keen satyr is the business of the stage.*

*When the Plain Dealer writ, he lash'd those crimes
Which then infested most—the modish times :*

*But now, when faction sleeps, and sloth is fled, 5
And all our youth in active fields are bred;
When thro' GREAT BRITAIN'S fair extensive
round,*

*The trumps of fame the notes of UNION sound ;
When ANNA'S scepter points the laws their course,
And her example gives her precepts force : 10*

*There scarce is room for satyr ; all our lays
Must be, or songs of triumph, or of praise.*

*But as in grounds best cultivated, tares
And poppies rise among the golden ears ;
Our products so, fit for the field or school, 15
Must mix with nature's favourite plant—a fool :*

*A weed that has to twenty summer's ran,
Shoots up in stalk, and vegetates to man.
Simpling our author goes from field to field,
And culls such fools as may diversion yield ; 20*

15 products. O3, product.

*And, thanks to Nature, there's no want of those,
For, rain or shine, the thriving coxcomb grows.
Follies to night we shew ne'er lash'd before,
Yet such as nature shews you every hour;
Nor can the pictures give a just offence,
For fools are made for jests to men of sense.*

25

25 Pictures. QQ, picture's.

AN
EPILOGUE,¹

Design'd to be spoke in The Beaux Stratagem.

*If to our play your judgment can't be kind,
Let its expiring author pity find:
Survey his mournful case with melting eyes,
Nor let the bard be dam'd before he dies.
Forbear, you fair, on his last scene to frown,
But his true exit with a plaudit crown;
Then shall the dying poet cease to fear
The dreadful knell, while your applause he hears.
At Leuctra so the conqu'ring Theban dy'd,
Claim'd his friend's praises, but their tears deny'd:
Pleas'd in the pangs of death, he greatly thought
Conquest with loss of life but cheaply bought.
The difference this, the Greek was one wou'd fight,
As brave, tho' not so gay, as Serjeant Kite;
Ye sons of Will's, what's that to those who write?
To Thebes alone the Grecian ow'd his bays, }
You may the bard above the hero raise, }
Since yours is greater than Athenian praise. }*

¹ Epilogue. This follows the Prologue in QQ and Q1.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

AIMWELL, ARCHER,	{ Two gentlemen of broken fortunes, the first as master, and the second as servant,	{ Mr. Mills. Mr. Wilks.
COUNT BELLAIR,	A French officer, prisoner at Litchfield,	{ Mr. Bowman.
SULLEN,	A country blockhead, brutal to his wife,	{ Mr. Verbruggen.
FREEMAN,	A gentleman from London,	Mr. Keen.
FOIGARD,	A priest, chaplain to the French officers,	{ Mr. Bowen.
GIBBET,	A high-way man,	Mr. Cibber.
HOUNSLOW, BAGSHOT,	{ His companions.	
BONNIFACE,	Landlord of the Inn,	Mr. Bullock.
SCRUB,	Servant to Mr. Sullen,	Mr. Norris.

WOMEN.

LADY BOUNTIFUL,	{ An old, ¹ civil country gentlewoman, that cures all her neighbours of all distempers, and foolishly fond of her son, Sullen.	{ Mrs. Powel.
DORINDA,	Lady Bountiful's daughter,	Mrs. Bradshaw.
MRS. SULLEN,	Her Daughter-in-law,	Mrs. Oldfield.
GIPSEY,	Maid to the ladies,	Mrs. Mills.
CHERRY,	The landlord's daughter in the Inn,	Mrs. Bignal. ²

SCENE, LITCHFIELD.

¹ *An old.* OI, A old.

² *Bignal.* Later eds., Bicknel

The Beaux Stratagem

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *an inn.*

Enter Bonniface running.

Bonniface. Chamberlain! Maid! Cherry!
Daughter Cherry! All asleep? all dead?

Enter Cherry running.

Cherry. Here, here! Why d'ye baul so, father?
D'ye think we have no ears?

Bon. You deserve to have none, you young 5
minx! The company of the Warrington coach
has stood in the hall this hour, and no body to
shew them to their chambers.

Cher. And let 'em wait farther; there's nei- 10
ther red-coat in the coach, nor footman behind it.

Bon. But they threaten to go to another inn to
night.

Cher. That they dare not, for fear the coach-
man should overturn them to morrow. — Com-
ing! coming! — Here's the London coach arriv'd. 15

9 *and let 'em wait farther.* O1, O3, And let 'em wait, father.

Enter several people with trunks, band-boxes, and other luggage, and cross the stage.

Bon. Welcome, ladies!

Cher. Very welcome, gentlemen! — Chamberlain, shew the *Lyon* and the *Rose*.

Exit with the company.

Enter Aimwell in riding habit, Archer as footman, carrying a portmanteau.

Bon. This way, this way, gentlemen!

Aimwell. Set down the things; go to the stable, 20
and see my horses well rubb'd.

Archer. I shall, sir.

Exit.

Aim. You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, sir, I'm old Will. Bonniface — pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is. 25

Aim. O! Mr. Bonniface, your servant.

Bon. O, sir — What will your honour please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of Litchfield much fam'd for ale; I think I'll taste that. 30

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire; 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy; and will be just fourteen year old the fifth day of next March, old stile. 35

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of

my children. I'll shew you such ale! — Here, tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is. 40
— Sir, you shall taste my *Anno Domini*. — I have lived in Litchfield, man and boy, above eight and fifty years, and, I believe, have not consum'd eight and fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess 45
your sense by your bulk.

Bon. Not in my life, sir: I have fed purely upon ale; I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon ale.

Enter Tapster with a bottle and glass.

Now, sir, you shall see! — (*Filling it out.*) Your 50
worship's health. — Ha! delicious, delicious — fancy it burgundy, only fancy it, and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim. (*drinks*). 'Tis confounded strong!

Bon. Strong! It must be so, or how should 55
we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you liv'd so long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon. Eight and fifty years, upon my credit, sir — but it kill'd my wife, poor woman, as the 60
saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, sir; she would not let the ale take its natural course, sir; she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as 65

the saying is; and an honest gentleman that came this way from Ireland made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh — but the poor woman was never well after: but, howe're, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know. 70

Aim. Why, was it the usquebaugh that kill'd her?

Bon. My Lady Bountiful said so. She, good lady, did what could be done; she cured her of three tympanies, but the fourth carry'd her off. 75
But she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

Aim. Who's that Lady Bountiful you mention'd?

Bon. Ods my life, sir, we'll drink her health. 80
(*Drinks.*) My Lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pound a year; and, I believe, she lays out one half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours. She cures 85
rheumatisms, ruptures, and broken shins in men; green-sickness, obstructions, and fits of the mother in women; the kings-evil, chin-cough, and chilblains in children: in short, she has cured more people in and about Litchfield within ten 90
years than the doctors have kill'd in twenty; and that's a bold word.

Aim. Has the lady been any other way useful in her generation?

Bon. Yes, sir; she has a daughter by Sir Charles, the finest woman in all our country, and the greatest fortune. She has a son too, by her first husband, Squire Sullen, who marry'd a fine lady from London t'other day; if you please, sir, we'll drink his health. 95 100

Aim. What sort of a man is he?

Bon. Why, sir, the man's well enough; says little, thinks less, and does — nothing at all, faith. But he's a man of a great estate, and values no body. 105

Aim. A sportsman, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, sir, he's a man of pleasure; he plays at whisk and smoaks his pipe eight and forty hours together sometimes.

Aim. And marry'd, you say? 110

Bon. Ay, and to a curious woman, sir. But he's a — he wants it here, sir. (*Pointing to his forehead.*)

Aim. He has it there, you mean?

Bon. That's none of my business; he's my landlord, and so a man, you know, wou'd not — 115
But — I cod, he's no better than — Sir, my humble service to you. — (*Drinks.*) Tho' I value not a farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his rent at quarter day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give 120
her — but no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr. Bonniface. Pray, what other company have you in town?

Bon. A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French officers. 125

Aim. O, that's right, you have a good many of those gentlemen. Pray, how do you like their company?

Bon. So well, as the saying is, that I cou'd wish we had as many more of 'em; they're full 130 of money, and pay double for every thing they have. They know, sir, that we pay'd good round taxes for the taking of 'em, and so they are willing to reimburse us a little. One of 'em lodges in my house. 135

Enter Archer.

Arch. Landlord, there are some French gentlemen below that ask for you.

Bon. I'll wait on 'em. — (*To Archer.*) Does your master stay long in town, as the saying is? 140

Arch. I can't tell, as the saying is.

Bon. Come from London?

Arch. No.

Bon. Going to London, may hap?

Arch. No. 145

Bon. An odd fellow this. — I beg your worship's pardon, I'll wait on you in half a minute.

Exit.

Aim. The coast's clear, I see. — Now, my dear Archer, welcome to Litchfield.

Arch. I thank thee, my dear brother in ini- 150
quity.

Aim. Iniquity! prithee, leave canting; you need not change your stile with your dress.

Arch. Don't mistake me, Aimwell, for 'tis still my maxim that there is no scandal like rags 155
nor any crime so shameful as poverty.

Aim. The world confesses it every day in its practice, tho' men won't own it for their opinion. Who did that worthy lord, my brother, single out of the side-box to sup with him 160
t'other night?

Arch. Jack Handycraft, a handsom, well dress'd, mannerly, sharpening rogue, who keeps the best company in town.

Aim. Right. And pray, who marry'd my lady 165
Manslaughter t'other day, the great fortune?

Arch. Why, Nick Marrabone, a profess'd pick-pocket, and a good bowler; but he makes a handsom figure and rides in his coach, that he formerly used to ride behind. 170

Aim. But did you observe poor Jack Generous in the park last week?

Arch. Yes, with his autumnal perriwig shading his melancholly face, his coat older than any thing but its fashion, with one hand idle in 175

his pocket, and with the other picking his useless teeth; and tho' the Mall was crowded with company, yet was poor Jack as single and solitary as a lyon in a desert.

Aim. And as much avoided, for no crime upon 180 earth but the want of money.

Arch. And that's enough. Men must not be poor; idleness is the root of all evil; the world's wide enough; let 'em bustle. Fortune has taken the weak under her protection, but men of sense 185 are left to their industry.

Aim. Upon which topick we proceed, and, I think, luckily hitherto. Wou'd not any man swear, now, that I am a man of quality, and you my servant, when if our intrinsick value were 190 known —

Arch. Come, come, we are the men of intrinsick value who can strike our fortunes out of our selves, whose worth is independent of accidents in life, or revolutions in government: we have 195 heads to get money and hearts to spend it.

Aim. As to our hearts, I grant'ye they are as willing tits as any within twenty degrees: but I can have no great opinion of our heads from the service they have done us hitherto, unless it be 200 that they have brought us from London hither to Litchfield, made me a lord and you my servant.

Arch. That's more than you cou'd expect already. But what money have we left? 205

Aim. But two hundred pound.

Arch. And our horses, cloaths, rings, &c. — Why, we have very good fortunes now for moderate people; and, let me tell you besides, that this two hundred pound, with the experience that we 210 are now masters of, is a better estate than the ten thousand we have spent. — Our friends, indeed, began to suspect that our pockets were low, but we came off with flying colours, shew'd no signs of want either in word or deed. 215

Aim. Ay, and our going to Brussels was a good pretence enough for our sudden disappearing; and, I warrant you, our friends imagine that we are gone a volunteering.

Arch. Why, faith, if this prospect fails, it must 220 e'en come to that. I am for venturing one of the hundreds, if you will, upon this knight-errantry; but in case it should fail, we'll reserve the t'other to carry us to some counterscarp, where we may die, as we liv'd, in a blaze. 225

209 *let me, etc.* Q1, Q2. *let me tell you, besides Thousand, that this Two hundred Pound, with the experience that we are now masters of, is a better Estate than the Ten we have spent.* O1, O3 omit "besides Thousand." Ed. 5, *Works* emends as above, but omits "besides."

214 *shew'd.* Q2, *shewing.* 220 *prospect,* later eds. *project.*

223 *the t'other.* O1, O3, *the other.*

Aim. With all my heart; and we have liv'd justly, Archer: we can't say that we have spent our fortunes, but that we have enjoy'd 'em.

Arch. Right: so much pleasure for so much money. We have had our penyworths; and, ²³⁰ had I millions, I wou'd go to the same market again. — O London, London! — Well, we have had our share, and let us be thankful. Past pleasures, for ought I know, are best, such as we are sure of: those to come may disappoint us. ²³⁵

Aim. It has often griev'd the heart of me to see how some inhumane wretches murder their kind fortunes; those that, by sacrificing all to one appetite, shall starve all the rest. You shall have some that live only in their palates, and in ²⁴⁰ their sense of tasting shall drown the other four: others are only epicures in appearances, such who shall starve their nights to make a figure a days, and famish their own to feed the eyes of others: a contrary sort confine their pleasures to the dark, ²⁴⁵ and contract their spacious acres to the circuit of a muff-string.

Arch. Right! But they find the Indies in that spot where they consume 'em, and I think your kind keepers have much the best on't: for they ²⁵⁰ indulge the most senses by one expence; there's

²³⁴ *such as we.* Later eds., such we.

²³⁶ *often.* Q2, so often.

the seeing, hearing, and feeling, amply gratify'd. And some philosophers will tell you that from such a commerce there arises a sixth sense, that gives infinitely more pleasure than the other five²⁵⁵ put together.

Aim. And to pass to the other extremity, of all keepers I think those the worst that keep their money.

Arch. Those are the most miserable wights in²⁶⁰ being; they destroy the rights of nature and disappoint the blessings of Providence. Give me a man that keeps his five senses keen and bright as his sword, that has 'em always drawn out in their just order and strength, with his reason as com-²⁶⁵mander at the head of 'em; that detaches 'em by turns upon whatever party of pleasure agreeably offers, and commands 'em to retreat upon the least appearance of disadvantage or danger. For my part, I can stick to my bottle while my wine,²⁷⁰ my company, and my reason, holds good; I can be charm'd with Sappho's singing without falling in love with her face; I love hunting, but wou'd not, like Acteon, be eaten up by my own dogs; I love a fine house, but let another keep it: and²⁷⁵ just so I love a fine woman.

Aim. In that last particular you have the better of me.

Arch. Ay, you're such an amorous puppy that

I'm afraid you'll spoil our sport; you can't coun-²⁸⁰
terfeit the passion without feeling it.

Aim. Tho' the whining part be out of doors in town, 'tis still in force with the country ladies. — And let me tell you, Frank, the fool in that passion shall outdoe the knave at any²⁸⁵ time.

Arch. Well, I won't dispute it now; you command for the day, and so I submit. — At Nottingham, you know, I am to be master.

Aim. And at Lincoln, I again.

Arch. Then, at Norwich I mount, which, I think, shall be our last stage; for, if we fail there, we'll imbark for Holland, bid adieu to Venus, and welcome Mars.

Aim. A match! —

Enter Bonniface.

Mum!

Bon. What will your worship please to have for supper?

Aim. What have you got?

Bon. Sir, we have a delicate piçee of beef in³⁰⁰ the pot, and a pig at the fire.

Aim. Good supper-meat, I must confess. — I can't eat beef, landlord.

Arch. And I hate pig.

Aim. Hold your prating, sirrah! Do you know³⁰⁵ who you are?

Bon. Please to bespeak something else; I have every thing in the house.

Aim. Have you any veal?

Bon. Veal! Sir, we had a delicate loin of veal ³¹⁰ on Wednesday last.

Aim. Have you got any fish or wildfowl?

Bon. As for fish, truly, sir, we are an inland town, and indifferently provided with fish, that's the truth ont; and then for wildfowl — we have ³¹⁵ a delicate couple of rabbits.

Aim. Get me the rabbits fricasée'd.

Bon. Fricasée'd! Lard, sir, they'll eat much better smother'd with onions.

Arch. Pshaw! Damn your onions! 320

Aim. Again, sirrah! — Well, landlord, what you please. But hold, I have a small charge of money, and your house is so full of strangers that I believe it may be safer in your custody than mine; for when this fellow of mine gets drunk ³²⁵ he minds nothing. — Here, sirrah, reach me the strong box.

Arch. Yes, sir. — (*Aside.*) This will give us a reputation. *Brings the box.*

Aim. Here, landlord. The locks are sealed ³³⁰ down both for your security and mine; it holds somewhat above two hundred pound: if you

³²⁰ *Damn.* Ed. 5, Rot.

³²⁸⁻²⁹ *give us a reputation.* O₃, etc., give us reputation.

doubt it, I'll count it to you after supper. But be sure you lay it where I may have it at a minute's warning; for my affairs are a little dubious at present; perhaps I may be gone in half an hour, perhaps I may be your guest till the best part of that be spent: and pray order your ostler to keep my horses always saddled. But one thing above the rest I must beg, that you would let this fellow have none of your *Anno Domini*, as you call it; for he's the most insufferable sot. — Here, sirrah, light me to my chamber.

Exit, lighted by Archer.

Bon. Cherry! Daughter Cherry!

Enter Cherry.

Cher. D'ye call, father?

Bon. Ay, child, you must lay by this box for the gentleman: 'tis full of money.

Cher. Money! all that money! Why, sure, father, the gentleman comes to be chosen parliament-man. Who is he?

Bon. I don't know what to make of him; he talks of keeping his horses ready saddled, and of going perhaps at a minute's warning, or of staying perhaps till the best part of this be spent.

Cher. Ay, ten to one, father, he's a high-way-man.

Bon. A high-way-man! Upon my life, girl, you have hit it, and this box is some new pur-

chased booty. Now, cou'd we find him out, the money were ours.

360

Cher. He don't belong to our gang?

Bon. What horses have they?

Cher. The master rides upon a black.

Bon. A black! ten to one the man upon the black mare; and since he don't belong to our 365 fraternity, we may betray him with a safe conscience: I don't think it lawful to harbour any rogues but my own. — Look'ye, child, as the saying is, we must go cunningly to work; proofs we must have. The gentleman's servant loves drink; 370 I'll ply him that way: and ten to one loves a wench; you must work him t'other way.

Cher. Father, wou'd you have me give my secret for his?

Bon. Consider, child, there's two hundred 375 pound to boot. — (*Ringing without.*) Coming! coming! — Child, mind your business. [*Exit.*]

Cher. What a rogue is my father! My father! I deny it. My mother was a good, generous, free-hearted woman, and I can't tell how far her 380 good nature might have extended for the good of her children. This landlord of mine, for I think I can call him no more, would betray his guest, and debauch his daughter into the bargain — by a footman too!

385

Enter Archer.

Arch. What footman, pray, mistress, is so happy as to be the subject of your contemplation?

Cher. Whoever he is, friend, he'll be but little the better for't.

Arch. I hope so, for I'm sure you did not 390 think of me.

Cher. Suppose I had?

Arch. Why, then you're but even with me; for the minute I came in, I was a considering in what manner I should make love to you. 395

Cher. Love to me, friend!

Arch. Yes, child.

Cher. Child! manners! — If you kept a little more distance, friend, it would become you much better. 400

Arch. Distance! Good night, sauce-box.

Going.

Cher. A pretty fellow! I like his pride. — Sir, pray, sir, you see, sir, (*Archer returns*) I have the credit to be entrusted with your master's fortune here, which sets me a degree above his footman; 405 I hope, sir, you an't affronted?

Arch. Let me look you full in the face, and I'll tell you whether you can affront me or no. — S'death, child, you have a pair of delicate eyes, and you don't know what to do with 'em! 410

410 'em. Q2, them.

Cher. Why, sir, don't I see every body?

Arch. Ay, but if some women had 'em, they wou'd kill every body. Prithee, instruct me; I wou'd fain make love to you, but I don't know what to say. 415

Cher. Why, did you never make love to any body before?

Arch. Never to a person of your figure, I can assure you, madam: my addresses have been always confin'd to people within my own sphere; 420
I never aspir'd so high before. *A song.*

But you look so bright,
And are dress'd so tight, &c.

Cher. (aside). What can I think of this man?
Will you give me that song, sir? 425

Arch. Ay, my dear, take it while 'tis warm.

422-23 In QQ only these two lines of the song appear with &c. added. The rest was first supplied in *Works*, ed. 5.

But you look so bright,
And are dress'd so tight,
That a man would swear you're right,
As arm was e'er laid over.
Such an air
You freely wear
To ensnare,
As makes each guest a lover!

Since then, my dear, I'm your guest,
Prithee give me of the best
Of what is ready drest:
Since then, my dear, &c.

(*Kisses her.*) Death and fire! her lips are honey-combs.

Cher. And I wish there had been bees too, to have stung you for your impudence. 430

Arch. There's a swarm of Cupids, my little Venus, that has done the business much better.

Cher. (*aside*). This fellow is misbegotten as well as I. — What's your name, sir? 435

Arch. (*aside*). Name! I gad, I have forgot it. — Oh! Martin.

Cher. Where were you born?

Arch. In St. Martin's parish.

Cher. What was your father? 440

Arch. St. Martin's parish.

Cher. Then, friend, good night.

Arch. I hope not.

Cher. You may depend upon't.

Arch. Upon what? 445

Cher. That you're very impudent.

Arch. That you're very handsome.

Cher. That you're a footman.

Arch. That you're an angel.

Cher. I shall be rude. 450

Arch. So shall I.

Cher. Let go my hand.

Arch. Give me a kiss. *Kisses her.*

(*Call without.*) Cherry! Cherry!

Cher. I'mm — My father calls. You plaguy⁴⁵⁵
devil, how durst you stop my breath so? — Offer
to follow me one step, if you dare. [*Exit.*]

Arch. A fair challenge, by this light! This is
a pretty fair opening of an adventure; but we
are knight-errants, and so Fortune be our guide.⁴⁶⁰

Exit.

450 *I'mm.* O1, O3 *I'm.*

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT

ACT II.

SCENE [I], *A Gallery in Lady Bountiful's House.*

Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda, meeting.

Dorinda. Morrow, my dear sister; are you for church this morning?

Mrs. Sullen. Any where to pray; for Heaven alone can help me. But I think, Dorinda, there's no form of prayer in the liturgy against bad husbands. 5

Dor. But there's a form of law in Doctors-Commons; and I swear, sister Sullen, rather than see you thus continually discontented, I would advise you to apply to that. For besides 10 the part that I bear in your vexatious broils, as being sister to the husband, and friend to the wife, your example gives me such an impression of matrimony that I shall be apt to condemn my person to a long vacation all its life. But 15 supposing, madam, that you brought it to a case of separation, what can you urge against your husband? My brother is, first, the most constant man alive.

Mrs. Sull. The most constant husband, I 20 grant'ye.

13 *example gives.* O1, O3, *examples give.*

Dor. He never sleeps from you.

Mrs. Sull. No, he always sleeps with me.

Dor. He allows you a maintenance suitable
to your quality. 25

Mrs. Sull. A maintenance! Do you take me,
madam, for an hospital child, that I must sit
down and bless my benefactors for meat, drink,
and clothes? As I take it, madam, I brought
your brother ten thousand pounds, out of which 30
I might expect some pretty things, called pleas-
ures.

Dor. You share in all the pleasures that the
country affords.

Mrs. Sull. Country-pleasures! Racks and 35
torments! Dost think, child, that my limbs were
made for leaping of ditches, and clambring over
stiles? or that my parents, wisely foreseeing my
future happiness in country-pleasures, had early
instructed me in the rural accomplishments of 40
drinking fat ale, playing at whisk, and smoaking
tobacco with my husband? or of spreading of
plaisters, brewing of diet-drinks, and stilling
rosemary-water, with the good old gentlewoman
my mother-in-law? 45

Dor. I'm sorry, madam, that it is not more
in our power to divert you; I cou'd wish, in-
deed, that our entertainments were a little more

polite, or your taste a little less refin'd. But
 pray, madam, how came the poets and philoso- 50
 phers, that labour'd so much in hunting after
 pleasure, to place it at last in a country life?

Mrs. Sull. Because they wanted money, child,
 to find out the pleasures of the town. Did you
 ever see a poet or philosopher worth ten thou- 55
 sand pound? If you can shew me such a man,
 I'll lay you fifty pound you'll find him some-
 where within the weekly bills. Not that I dis-
 approve rural pleasures as the poets have painted
 them; in their landschape, every Phyllis has her 60
 Coridon, every murmuring stream and every
 flowry mead gives fresh alarms to love. Besides,
 you'll find that their couples were never marry'd.
 — But yonder I see my Coridon, and a sweet
 swain it is, Heaven knows! Come, Dorinda, don't 65
 be angry; he's my husband, and your brother:
 and, between both, is he not a sad brute?

Dor. I have nothing to say to your part of
 him; you're the best judge?

Mrs. Sull. O sister, sister! if ever you marry, 70
 beware of a sullen, silent sot, one that's always
 musing, but never thinks. There's some diver-
 sion in a talking blockhead; and since a woman
 must wear chains, I wou'd have the pleasure of
 hearing 'em rattle a little. Now you shall see; 75
 but take this by the way: — He came home this

morning at his usual hour of four, waken'd me out of a sweet dream of something else by tumbling over the tea-table, which he broke all to pieces; after his man and he had rowl'd about 80 the room, like sick passengers in a storm, he comes flounce into bed, dead as a salmon into a fishmonger's basket; his feet cold as ice, his breath hot as a furnace, and his hands and his face as greasy as his flanel night-cap. — Oh, 85 matrimony! He tosses up the clothes with a barbarous swing over his shoulders, disorders the whole œconomy of my bed, leaves me half naked, and my whole night's comfort is the tuneable serenade of that wakeful nightingale, his 90 nose! O, the pleasure of counting the melancholly clock by a snoring husband! — But now, sister, you shall see how handsomely, being a well-bred man, he will beg my pardon.

Enter Sullen.

Sull. My head akes consumedly. 95

Mrs. Sull. Will you be pleased, my dear, to drink tea with us this morning? It may do your head good.

Sull. No.

Dor. Coffee, brother? 100

Sull. Pshaw!

Mrs. Sull. Will you please to dress, and go to church with me? The air may help you.

Sull. Scrub!

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. Sir. 105

Sull. What day o' th week is this?

Scrub. Sunday, an't please your worship.

Sull. Sunday! bring me a dram; and d'ye hear, set out the venison-pasty and a tankard of strong beer upon the hall-table; I'll go to break-110
fast. *Going.*

Dor. Stay, stay, brother, you shan't get off so; you were very naught last night, and must make your wife reparation: come, come, brother, won't you ask pardon? 115

Sull. For what?

Dor. For being drunk last night.

Sull. I can afford it, can't I?

Mrs. Sull. But I can't, sir.

Sull. Then you may let it alone. 120

Mrs. Sull. But I must tell you, sir, that this is not to be born.

Sull. I'm glad on't.

Mrs. Sull. What is the reason, sir, that you use me thus inhumanely? 125

Sull. Scrub!

Scrub. Sir!

Sull. Get things ready to shave my head.

Exit.

Mrs. Sull. Have a care of coming near his

temples, Scrub, for fear you meet something there ¹³⁰
that may turn the edge of your razor. — [*Exit*
Scrub.] Inveterate stupidity! Did you ever know
so hard, so obstinate a spleen as his? O sister,
sister! I shall never ha' good of the beast till I
get him to town: London, dear London, is the ¹³⁵
place for managing and breaking a husband.

Dor. And has not a husband the same oppor-
tunities there for humbling a wife?

Mrs. Sull. No, no, child, 'tis a standing maxim
in conjugal discipline that when a man wou'd ¹⁴⁰
enslave his wife, he hurries her into the country;
and when a lady would be arbitrary with her
husband, she wheedles her booby up to town.
A man dare not play the tyrant in London, be-
cause there are so many examples to encourage ¹⁴⁵
the subject to rebel. O Dorinda, Dorinda! a fine
woman may do any thing in London: o' my
conscience, she may raise an army of forty thou-
sand men.

Dor. I fancy, sister, you have a mind to be ¹⁵⁰
trying your power that way here in Litchfield;
you have drawn the French count to your col-
ours already.

Mrs. Sull. The French are a people that can't
live without their gallantries. 155

Dor. And some English that I know, sister,
are not averse to such amusements.

Mrs. Sull. Well, sister, since the truth must out, it may do as well now as hereafter; I think one way to rouse my lethargick, sotish husband, 160 is to give him a rival: security begets negligence in all people, and men must be alarm'd to make 'em alert in their duty. Women are, like pictures, of no value in the hands of a fool, till he hears men of sense bid high for the purchase. 165

Dor. This might do, sister, if my brother's understanding were to be convinc'd into a passion for you; but I fancy there's a natural aversion of his side; and I fancy, sister, that you don't come much behind him, if you dealt fairly. 170

Mrs. Sull. I own it; we are united contradictions, fire and water. But I cou'd be contented, with a great many other wives, to humour the censorious mob, and give the world an appearance of living well with my husband, cou'd I 175 bring him but to dissemble a little kindness to keep me in countenance.

Dor. But how do you know, sister, but that, instead of rousing your husband by this artifice to a counterfeit kindness, he should awake in a 180 real fury?

Mrs. Sull. Let him: if I can't entice him to the one, I wou'd provoke him to the other.

Dor. But how must I behave myself between ye? 185

Mrs. Sull. You must assist me.

Dor. What, against my own brother!

Mrs. Sull. He's but half a brother, and I'm your entire friend. If I go a step beyond the bounds of honour, leave me; till then, I expect¹⁹⁰ you should go along with me in every thing; while I trust my honour in your hands, you may trust your brother's in mine. — The count is to dine here to day.

Dor. 'Tis a strange thing, sister, that I can't¹⁹⁵ like that man.

Mrs. Sull. You like nothing; your time is not come: love and death have their fatalities, and strike home one time or other: you'll pay for all one day, I warrant'ye. — But come, my lady's²⁰⁰ tea is ready, and 'tis almost church-time.

Exeunt.

SCENE [II], *The Inn.*

Enter Aimwell, dress'd, and Archer.

Aimwell. And was she the daughter of the house?

Archer. The landlord is so blind as to think so; but I dare swear she has better blood in her veins. 5

Aim. Why dost think so?

Arch. Because the baggage has a pert *je ne*

sçai quoi; she reads plays, keeps a monkey, and is troubled with vapours.

Aim. By which discoveries I guess that you 10
know more of her.

Arch. Not yet, faith; the lady gives her self
airs: forsooth, nothing under a gentleman!

Aim. Let me take her in hand.

Arch. Say one word more o' that, and I'll de- 15
clare my self, spoil your sport there, and every
where else; look'ye, Aimwell, every man in his
own sphere.

Aim. Right; and therefore you must pimp for
your master. 20

Arch. In the usual forms, good sir, after I
have serv'd my self. — But to our business. You
are so well dress'd, Tom, and make so handsome
a figure, that I fancy you may do execution in
a country church; the exterior part strikes first, 25
and you're in the right to make that impression
favourable.

Aim. There's something in that which may
turn to advantage. The appearance of a stranger
in a country church draws as many gazers as a 30
blazing star; no sooner he comes into the cathed-
ral, but a train of whispers runs buzzing round
the congregation in a moment:— Who is he?
Whence comes he? Do you know him?— Then
I, sir, tips me the verger with half a crown; he 35

pockets the simony, and inducts me into the best
 pue in the church; I pull out my snuff-box, turn
 my self round, bow to the bishop, or the dean, if
 he be the commanding officer; single out a beauty,
 rivet both my eyes to hers, set my nose a bleed- 40
 ing by the strength of imagination, and shew the
 whole church my concern by my endeavouring
 to hide it; after the sermon, the whole town gives
 me to her for a lover, and by perswading the lady
 that I am a dying for her, the tables are turn'd, 45
 and she in good earnest falls in love with me.

Arch. There's nothing in this, Tom, without
 a precedent; but instead of riveting your eyes to
 a beauty, try to fix 'em upon a fortune; that's our
 business at present. 50

Aim. Pshaw! no woman can be a beauty
 without a fortune. Let me alone, for I am a
 mark'sman.

Arch. Tom!

Aim. Ay. 55

Arch. When were you at church before, pray?

Aim. Um—I was there at the coronation.

Arch. And how can you expect a blessing by
 going to church now?

Aim. Blessing! nay, Frank, I ask but for a 60
 wife. *Exit.*

Arch. Truly, the man is not very unreason-
 able in his demands. *Exit at the opposite door.*

Enter Boniface and Cherry.

Bon. Well, daughter, as the saying is, have you brought Martin to confess? 65

Cher. Pray, father, don't put me upon getting any thing out of a man; I'm but young, you know, father, and I don't understand wheedling.

Bon. Young! why, you jade, as the saying is, can any woman wheedle that is not young? 70
Your mother was useless at five and twenty. Not wheedle! would you make your mother a whore, and me a cuckold, as the saying is? I tell you, his silence confesses it, and his master spends his money so freely, and is so much a 75 gentleman every manner of way, that he must be a highwayman.

Enter Gibbet, in a cloak.

Gib. Landlord, landlord, is the coast clear?

Bon. O, Mr. Gibbet, what's the news?

Gib. No matter, ask no questions, all fair and 80 honourable. — Here, my dear Cherry. — (*Gives her a bag.*) Two hundred sterling pounds, as good as any that ever hang'd or sav'd a rogue; lay 'em by with the rest; and here — three wedding or mourning rings — 'tis much the same, you 85 know. — Here, two silver-hilted swords; I took those from fellows that never shew any part of their swords but the hilts. Here is a diamond necklace which the lady hid in the privatest place

in the coach, but I found it out.—This gold 90
watch I took from a pawn-broker's wife; it was
left in her hands by a person of quality: there's
the arms upon the case.

Cher. But who had you the money from?

Gib. Ah! poor woman! I pitied her;—from 95
a poor lady just elop'd from her husband. She
had made up her cargo, and was bound for Ire-
land as hard as she cou'd drive; she told me of
her husband's barbarous usage, and so I left her
half a crown. But I had almost forgot, my dear 100
Cherry; I have a present for you.

Cher. What is't?

Gib. A pot of cereuse, my child, that I took
out of a lady's under pocket.

Cher. What, Mr. Gibbet, do you think that 105
I paint?

Gib. Why, you jade, your betters do; I'm
sure the lady that I took it from had a coronet
upon her handkerchief.—Here, take my cloak,
and go secure the premisses. 110

Cher. I will secure 'em.

Exit.

Bon. But hark'ye, where's Hounslow and Bag-
shot?

Gib. They'll be here to night.

Bon. D'ye know of any other gentlemen o' the 115
pad on this road?

Gib. No.

Bon. I fancy that I have two that lodge in the house just now.

Gib. The devil! How d'ye smook 'em? 120

Bon. Why, the one is gone to church.

Gib. That's suspicious, I must confess.

Bon. And the other is now in his master's chamber; he pretends to be servant to the other; we'll call him out and pump him a little. 125

Gib. With all my heart.

Bon. Mr. Martin! Mr. Martin!

Enter [Archer] combing a perrywig and singing.

Gib. The roads are consumed deep; I'm as dirty as old Brentford at Christmas. — A good pretty fellow that. Whose servant are you, 130 friend?

Arch. My master's.

Gib. Really!

Arch. Really.

Gib. That's much. — The fellow has been at 135 the bar, by his evasions. — But pray, sir, what is your master's name?

Arch. *Tall, all, dall!* — (*Sings and combs the perrywig.*) This is the most obstinate curl —

Gib. I ask you his name. 140

Arch. Name, sir — *tall, all, dal!* — I never ask'd him his name in my life. — *Tall, all, dall!*

Bon. What think you now?

Enter Archer. QQ, O1, O3, Enter Martin.

Gib. Plain, plain; he talks now as if he were before a judge. — But pray, friend, which way ¹⁴⁵ does your master travel?

Arch. A horseback.

Gib. Very well again, an old offender, right. — But, I mean, does he go upwards or downwards?

Arch. Downwards, I fear, sir. — *Tall, all!* ¹⁵⁰

Gib. I'm afraid my fate will be a contrary way.

Bon. Ha! ha! ha! Mr. Martin, you're very arch. This gentleman is only travelling towards Chester, and wou'd be glad of your company, ¹⁵⁵ that's all. — Come, Captain, you'll stay to night, I suppose? I'll shew you a chamber. — Come, Captain. [*Exit.*]

Gib. Farewel, friend! *Exit.*

Arch. Captain, your servant. — Captain! ^{a 160} pretty fellow! S'death, I wonder that the officers of the army don't conspire to beat all scoundrels in red but their own.

Enter Cherry.

Cher. (*aside*). Gone, and Martin here! I hope he did not listen; I wou'd have the merit of the ¹⁶⁵ discovery all my own, because I wou'd oblige him to love me. — Mr. Martin, who was that man with my father?

Arch. Some recruiting serjeant, or whip'd out trooper, I suppose. 170

Cher. [*aside*]. All's safe, I find.

Arch. Come, my dear, have you con'd over the catechise I taught you last night?

Cher. Come, question me.

Arch. What is love? 175

Cher. Love is I know not what, it comes I know not how, and goes I know not when.

Arch. Very well, an apt scholar. — (*Chucks her under the chin.*) Where does love enter?

Cher. Into the eyes. 180

Arch. And where go out?

Cher. I won't tell'ye.

Arch. What are objects of that passion?

Cher. Youth, beauty, and clean linen.

Arch. The reason? 185

Cher. The two first are fashionable in nature, and the third at court.

Arch. That's my dear. — What are the signs and tokens of that passion?

Cher. A stealing look, a stammering tongue, 190 words improbable, designs impossible, and actions impracticable.

Arch. That's my good child! Kiss me. — What must a lover do to obtain his mistress?

Cher. He must adore the person that disdains 195 him, he must bribe the chambermaid that be-

183 *objects.* O1, O3 and later eds., the objects.

196 *the.* In Q1, except Astor Library copy, the e is dropped.

trays him, and court the footman that laughs at him. He must — he must ——

Arch. Nay, child, I must whip you if you don't mind your lesson; he must treat his —— 200

Cher. O, ay! — He must treat his enemies with respect, his friends with indifference, and all the world with contempt; he must suffer much, and fear more; he must desire much, and hope little; in short, he must embrace his ruine, and throw 205 himself away.

Arch. Had ever man so hopeful a pupil as mine! — Come, my dear, why is love call'd a riddle?

Cher. Because, being blind, he leads those 210 that see, and, tho' a child, he governs a man.

Arch. Mighty well! — And why is Love pictur'd blind?

Cher. Because the painters, out of the weakness or privilege of their art, chose to hide those 215 eyes that they cou'd not draw.

Arch. That's my dear little scholar; kiss me again. — And why shou'd Love, that's a child, govern a man?

Cher. Because that a child is the end of love. 220

Arch. And so ends Love's catechism. — And now, my dear, we'll go in and make my master's bed.

Cher. Hold, hold, Mr. Martin! You have

taken a great deal of pains to instruct me, and 225
what d'ye think I have learn't by it?

Arch. What?

Cher. That your discourse and your habit are
contradictions, and it wou'd be nonsense in me
to believe you a footman any longer. 230

Arch. 'Oons, what a witch it is!

Cher. Depend upon this, sir: nothing in this
garb shall ever tempt me; for, tho' I was born
to servitude, I hate it. Own your condition,
swear you love me, and then — 235

Arch. And then we shall go make the bed?

Cher. Yes.

Arch. You must know, then, that I am born
a gentleman; my education was liberal: but I
went to London a younger brother, fell into the 240
hands of sharpers, who stript me of my money;
my friends disown'd me, and now my necessity
brings me to what you see.

Cher. Then take my hand — promise to marry
me before you sleep, and I'll make you master 245
of two thousand pound!

Arch. How?

Cher. Two thousand pound that I have this
minute in my own custody; so throw off your
livery this instant, and I'll go find a parson. 250

Arch. What said you? A parson!

Cher. What! do you scruple?

Arch. Scruple! no, no, but — Two thousand pound, you say?

Cher. And better.

255

Arch. S'death, what shall I do? — But hark'e, child, what need you make me master of your self and money, when you may have the same pleasure out of me, and still keep your fortune in your hands?

260

Cher. Then you won't marry me?

Arch. I wou'd marry you, but ——

Cher. O sweet sir, I'm your humble servant: your're fairly caught! Wou'd you perswade me that any gentleman who cou'd bear the scandal of wearing a livery wou'd refuse two thousand pound, let the condition be what it would? No, no, sir — But I hope you'll pardon the freedom I have taken, since it was only to inform my self of the respect that I ought to pay you.

270

Going.

Arch. Fairly bit, by Jupiter! — Hold! hold! — And have you actually two thousand pound?

Cher. Sir, I have my secrets as well as you: when you please to be more open I shall be more free; and be assur'd that I have discovered secrets that will match yours, be what they will. In

260 *your hands.* Q2, your hand. Later eds., your own hands.

272 *pound.* O1, O3, pounds.

the mean while, be satisfy'd that no discovery I make shall ever hurt you. But beware of my father! [Exit.]

Arch. So! we're like to have as many adven-²⁸⁰tures in our inn as Don Quixote had in his. Let me see — two thousand pound — if the wench wou'd promise to die when the money were spent, I gad, one wou'd marry her, but the fortune may go off in a year or two, and the wife²⁸⁵ may live — Lord knows how long! Then, an inkeeper's daughter! ay, that's the devil — there my pride brings me off.

For whatsoe'er the sages charge on pride,
The angels fall, and twenty faults beside,
On earth, I'm sure, 'mong us of mortal calling,
Pride saves man oft, and woman too, from falling.

290

Exit.

282 pound. O1, O3, pounds.

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT

ACT III.

SCENE [I], *Lady Bountiful's House.*

Enter Mrs. Sullen, Dorinda.

Mrs. Sullen. Ha! ha! ha! my dear sister, let me embrace thee! Now we are friends indeed; for I shall have a secret of yours as a pledge for mine. Now you'll be good for something; I shall have you conversable in the subjects of the sex. 5

Dorinda. But do you think that I am so weak as to fall in love with a fellow at first sight?

Mrs. Sull. Pshaw! now you spoil all; why shou'd not we be as free in our friendships as the men? I warrant you, the gentleman has got to his confident already, has avow'd his passion, toasted your health, call'd you ten thousand angels, has run over your lips, eyes, neck, shape, air, and every thing, in a description that warms their mirth to a second enjoyment. 15

Dor. Your hand, sister, I an't well.

Mrs. Sull. So — she's breeding already. — Come, child, up with it — hem a little — so —

Lady Bountiful's House. QQ and OO, *Scene continues*, an obvious error. The correction was first made in ed. 5, *Works*.

now tell me: don't you like the gentleman that we saw at church just now? 20

Dor. The man's well enough.

Mrs. Sull. Well enough! Is he not a demigod, a Narcissus, a star, the man i' the moon? 25

Dor. O sister, I'm extreamly ill!

Mrs. Sull. Shall I send to your mother, child, for a little of her cephalick plaister to put to the soals of your feet, or shall I send to the gentleman for something for you? Come, unlace your steas, unbosome your self. The man is perfectly a pretty fellow; I saw him when he first came into church. 30

Dor. I saw him too, sister, and with an air that shone, methought, like rays about his person. 35

Mrs. Sull. Well said: up with it!

Dor. No forward coquett behaviour, no airs to set him off, no study'd looks nor artful posture — but Nature did it all —

Mrs. Sull. Better and better! — One touch more — come! 40

Dor. But then his looks — did you observe his eyes?

Mrs. Sull. Yes, yes, I did. — His eyes, well, what of his eyes? 45

Dor. Sprightly, but not wandring; they seem'd to view, but never gaz'd on any thing

but me. — And then his looks so humble were, and yet so noble, that they aim'd to tell me that he cou'd with pride dye at my feet, tho' he 50 scorn'd slavery any where else.

Mrs. Sull. The physick works purely! — How d'ye find your self now, my dear?

Dor. Hem! Much better, my dear. — O, here comes our Mercury! 55

Enter Scrub.

Well, Scrub, what news of the gentleman?

Scrub. Madam, I have brought you a packet of news.

Dor. Open it quickly, come.

Scrub. In the first place I enquir'd who the 60 gentleman was; they told me he was a stranger. Secondly, I ask'd what the gentleman was; they answer'd and said that they never saw him before. Thirdly, I enquir'd what countryman he was; they reply'd 'twas more than they knew. 65 Fourthly, I demanded whence he came; their answer was they cou'd not tell. And, fifthly, I ask'd whither he went; and they reply'd they knew nothing of the matter. — And this is all I cou'd learn. 70

Mrs. Sull. But what do the people say? Can't they guess?

Scrub. Why, some think he's a spy, some guess he's a mountebank; some say one thing

some another: but for my own part, I believe 75
he's a Jesuit.

Dor. A Jesuit! Why a Jesuit?

Scrub. Because he keeps his horses always
ready saddled, and his footman talks French.

Mrs. Sull. His footman! 80

Scrub. Ay, he and the count's footman were
gabbering French like two intreaguing ducks in
a mill-pond; and I believe they talk'd of me, for
they laugh'd consumedly.

Dor. What sort of livery has the footman? 85

Scrub. Livery! Lord, madam, I took him for
a captain, he's so bedizen'd with lace. And then
he has tops to his shoes up to his mid leg, a sil-
ver headed cane dangling at his nuckles; he car-
ries his hands in his pockets just so — (*walks in* 90
the French air) — and has a fine long perriwig
ty'd up in a bag. — Lord, madam, he's clear an-
other sort of man than I.

Mrs. Sull. That may easily be. — But what
shall we do now, sister? 95

Dor. I have it. — This fellow has a world of
simplicity, and some cunning; the first hides the
latter by abundance. — *Scrub!*

Scrub. Madam!

Dor. We have a great mind to know who this 100
gentleman is, only for our satisfaction.

Scrub. Yes, madam, it would be a satisfaction,
no doubt.

Dor. You must go and get acquainted with his footman, and invite him hither to drink a bottle of your ale — because you're butler to day. 105

Scrub. Yes, madam, I am butler every Sunday.

Mrs. Sull. O brave, sister! O my conscience, you understand the mathematicks already. 'Tis the best plot in the world: your mother, you 110 know, will be gone to church, my spouse will be got to the ale-house with his scoundrels, and the house will be our own — so we drop in by accident, and ask the fellow some questions our selves. In the countrey, you know, any stranger 115 is company, and we're glad to take up with the butler in a country dance, and happy if he'll do us the favour.

Scrub. Oh! madam, you wrong me! I never refus'd your ladyship the favour in my life. 120

Enter Gipsej.

Gip. Ladies, dinner's upon table.

Dor. Scrub, we'll excuse your waiting — go where we order'd you.

Scrub. I shall.

Exeunt.

SCENE [II] *changes to the Inn.*

Enter Aimwell and Archer.

Archer. Well, Tom, I find you're a marksman.

Aimwell. A marksman! who so blind cou'd be, as not discern a swan among the ravens?

Arch. Well, but heark'ee, Aimwell!

5

Aim. Aimwel! call me Oroondates, Cesario, Amadis, all that romance can in a lover paint, and then I'll answer. O Archer! I read her thousands in her looks; she look'd like Ceres in her harvest: corn, wine, and oil, milk and honey, 10 gardens, groves, and purling streams play'd on her plenteous face.

Arch. Her face! her pocket, you mean; the corn, wine, and oil lies there. In short, she has ten thousand pound; that's the English 15 on't.

Aim. Her eyes —

Arch. Are demi-canons, to be sure; so I won't stand their battery.

Going.

Aim. Pray excuse me, my passion must have 20 vent.

Arch. Passion! what a plague! D'ee think these romantick airs will do our business? Were my temper as extravagant as yours, my adventures have something more romantick by half. 25

Aim. Your adventures!

Arch. Yes. The nymph that with her twice ten hundred pounds,

With brazen engine hot, and quof clear starch'd,
Can fire the guest in warming of the bed — 30

There's a touch of sublime Milton for you, and the subject but an inn-keeper's daughter! I can play with a girl as an angler do's with his fish; he keeps it at the end of his line, runs it up the stream and down the stream, till at last he brings it to hand, tickles the trout, and so whips it into his basket. 35

Enter Bonniface.

Bon. Mr. Martin, as the saying is — yonder's an honest fellow below, my Lady Bountiful's butler, who begs the honour that you wou'd go home with him and see his cellar. 40

Arch. Do my *baisemains* to the gentleman, and tell him I will do my self the honour to wait on him immediately.

Exit Bon[nif]ace.]

Aim. What do I hear? Soft Orpheus play, and fair Toftida sing! 45

Arch. Pshaw! damn your raptures! I tell you, here's a pump going to be put into the vessel, and the ship will get into harbour, my life on't. You say there's another lady, very handsome, there? 50

Aim. Yes, faith.

Arch. I am in love with her already.

Aim. Can't you give me a bill upon Cherry in the mean time?

Arch. No, no, friend, all her corn, wine, and oil is ingross'd to my market. And once more I warn you to keep your anchorage clear of mine; 55

52 *I am.* Q² and O⁰, I'm.

for if you fall foul of me, by this light you shall go to the bottom! What! make prize of my little frigate, while I am upon the cruise for you! — 60

Aim. Well, well, I won't. [Exit Archer.]

Enter Boniface.

Landlord, have you any tolerable company in the house? I don't care for dining alone.

Bon. Yes, sir, there's a captain below, as the saying is, that arrived about an hour ago. 65

Aim. Gentlemen of his coat are welcome every where; will you make him a complement from me and tell him I should be glad of his company?

Bon. Who shall I tell him, sir, wou'd — 70

Aim. Ha! that stroak was well thrown in! — I'm only a traveller, like himself, and wou'd be glad of his company, that's all.

Bon. I obey your commands, as the saying is.
Exit.

Enter Archer.

Arch. S'death! I had forgot; what title will you give your self? 75

Aim. My brother's, to be sure; he wou'd never give me any thing else, so I'll make bold with his honour this bout. — You know the rest of your cue. 80

Arch. Ay, ay. *Exit.*

61 *Exit Archer.* In QQ and O1, O3 *Exit* follows Archer's speech.

81 *Exit.* Q1, O1, *Exit-Bon.* Probably by the compositor's slip, dropped from the third speech above.

Enter Gibbet.

Gib. Sir, I'm yours.

Aim. 'Tis more than I deserve, sir, for I don't know you.

Gib. I don't wonder at that, sir, for you never 85 saw me before — (*Aside.*) I hope.

Aim. And pray, sir, how came I by the honour of seeing you now?

Gib. Sir, I scorn to intrude upon any gentleman — but my landlord ——— 90

Aim. O, sir, I ask your pardon! You're the captain he told me of?

Gib. At your service, sir.

Aim. What regiment, may I be so bold?

Gib. A marching regiment, sir, an old corps. 95

Aim. (*aside*). Very old, if your coat be regimental. — You have serv'd abroad, sir?

Gib. Yes, sir, in the plantations; 'twas my lot to be sent into the worst service; I wou'd have quitted it, indeed, but a man of honour, 100 you know — Besides, 'twas for the good of my country that I shou'd be abroad: — any thing for the good of one's country — I'm a Roman for that.

Aim. (*aside*). One of the first, I'll lay my life. 105 — You found the West Indies very hot, sir?

Gib. Ay, sir, too hot for me.

Aim. Pray, sir, han't I seen your face at Will's coffee-house?

Gib. Yes, sir, and at White's too. 110

Aim. And where is your company now, Captain?

Gib. They an't come yet.

Aim. Why, d'ye expect 'em here?

Gib. They'll be here to night, sir. 115

Aim. Which way do they march?

Gib. Across the country.—The devil's in't, if I han't said enough to encourage him to declare! But I'm afraid he's not right; I must tack about. 120

Aim. Is your company to quarter in Litchfield?

Gib. In this house, sir.

Aim. What! all?

Gib. My company's but thin, ha! ha! ha! We 125
are but three, ha! ha! ha!

Aim. You're merry, sir.

Gib. Ay, sir, you must excuse me, sir; I understand the world, especially the art of travelling: I don't care, sir, for answering questions 130
directly upon the road — for I generally ride with a charge about me.

Aim. (*aside*). Three or four, I believe.

Gib. I am credibly inform'd that there are highway-men upon this quarter; not, sir, that I 135
cou'd suspect a gentleman of your figure — but truly, sir, I have got such a way of evasion upon

the road, that I don't care for speaking truth to any man.

Aim. Your caution may be necessary. — Then 140
I presume you're no captain?

Gib. Not I, sir; captain is a good travelling name, and so I take it; it stops a great many foolish inquiries that are generally made about gentlemen that travel; it gives a man an air of 145 something, and makes the drawers obedient: — and thus far I am a captain, and no farther.

Aim. And pray, sir, what is your true profession?

Gib. O, sir, you must excuse me! — Upon 150 my word, sir, I don't think it safe to tell you.

Aim. Ha! ha! ha! upon my word, I commend you.

Enter Bonniface.

Well, Mr. Bonniface, what's the news?

Bon. There's another gentleman below, as 155 the saying is, that, hearing you were but two, wou'd be glad to make the third man, if you wou'd give him leave.

Aim. What is he?

Bon. A clergyman, as the saying is. 160

Aim. A clergyman! Is he really a clergyman? or is it only his travelling name, as my friend the captain has it?

151 *you.* O3, ye.

Bon. O, sir, he's a priest, and chaplain to the French officers in town. 165

Aim. Is he a French-man?

Bon. Yes, sir, born at Brussels.

Gib. A French-man, and a priest! I won't be seen in his company, sir; I have a value for my reputation, sir. 170

Aim. Nay, but, Captain, since we are by our selves — Can he speak English, landlord?

Bon. Very well, sir; you may know him, as the saying is, to be a foreigner by his accent, and that's all. 175

Aim. Then he has been in England before?

Bon. Never, sir; but he's a master of languages, as the saying is; he talks Latin — it do's me good to hear him talk Latin.

Aim. Then you understand Latin, Mr. Bon-niface? 180

Bon. Not I, sir, as the saying is; but he talks it so very fast, that I'm sure it must be good.

Aim. Pray, desire him to walk up.

Bon. Here he is, as the saying is. 185

Enter Foigard.

Foigard. Save you, gentlemen's, both.

Aim. A French-man! — Sir, your most humble servant.

Foig. Och, dear joy, I am your most faithful shervant, and yours alsho. 190

Gib. Doctor, you talk very good English, but you have a mighty twang of the foreigner.

Foig. My English is very vel for the vords, but we foregners, you know, cannot bring our tongues about the pronunciation so soon. 195

Aim. (*aside*). A foreigner! a down-right Teague, by this light! — Were you born in France, doctor?

Foig. I was educated in France, but I was borned at Brussels; I am a subject of the King 200 of Spain, joy.

Gib. What King of Spain, sir? speak!

Foig. Upon my shoul, joy, I cannot tell you as yet.

Aim. Nay, Captain, that was too hard upon 205 the doctor; he's a stranger.

Foig. O, let him alone, dear joy; I am of a nation that is not easily put out of countenance.

Aim. Come, gentlemen, I'll end the dispute. — Here, landlord, is dinner ready? 210

Bon. Upon the table, as the saying is.

Aim. Gentlemen — pray — that door —

Foig. No no, fait, the captain must lead.

Aim. No, doctor, the church is our guide.

Gib. Ay, ay, so it is.

Exit foremost, they follow. 215

SCENE [III] *changes to a Gallery in Lady Bountiful's House.*

Enter Archer and Scrub singing and bugging one another, Scrub with a tankard in his hand. Gipse listening at a distance.

Scrub. Tall, all, dall! — Come, my dear boy, let's have that song once more.

Archer. No, no, we shall disturb the family. — But will you be sure to keep the secret?

Scrub. Pho! upon my honour, as I'm a gentleman. 5

Arch. 'Tis enough. You must know, then, that my master is the Lord Viscount Aimwell; he fought a duel t'other day in London, wounded his man so dangerously that he thinks fit to withdraw till he hears whether the gentleman's wounds be mortal or not. He never was in this part of England before, so he chose to retire to this place, that's all. 10

Gip. And that's enough for me. *Exit.* 15

Scrub. And where were you when your master fought?

Arch. We never know of our masters quarrels.

Scrub. No! If our masters in the country here receive a challenge, the first thing they do 20

is to tell their wives; the wife tells the servants, the servants alarm the tenants, and in half an hour you shall have the whole county in arms.

Arch. To hinder two men from doing what they have no mind for. — But if you should chance to talk now of my business? 25

Scrub. Talk! ay, sir, had I not learn't the knack of holding my tongue, I had never liv'd so long in a great family. 30

Arch. Ay, ay, to be sure, there are secrets in all families.

Scrub. Secrets! ay — but I'll say no more. Come, sit down, we'll make an end of our tankard: here — 35

Arch. With all my heart; who knows but you and I may come to be better acquainted, eh? Here's your ladies healths; you have three, I think, and to be sure there must be secrets among 'em. 40

Scrub. Secrets! ay, friend — I wish I had a friend!

Arch. Am not I your friend? Come, you and I will be sworn brothers.

Scrub. Shall we? 45

Arch. From this minute. Give me a kiss — and now, brother Scrub —

Scrub. And now, brother Martin, I will tell you a secret that will make your hair stand on

end. You must know that I am consumedly in 50
love.

Arch. That's a terrible secret, that's the truth
on't.

Scrub. That jade, Gipsej, that was with us
just now in the cellar, is the arrantest whore that 55
ever wore a petticoat; and I'm dying for love of
her.

Arch. Ha! ha! ha!—Are you in love with
her person or her vertue, brother Scrub?

Scrub. I should like vertue best, because it is 60
more durable than beauty: for vertue holds good
with some women long, and many a day after
they have lost it.

Arch. In the country, I grant ye, where no
woman's vertue is lost till a bastard be found. 65

Scrub. Ay, cou'd I bring her to a bastard, I
shou'd have her all to my self; but I dare not
put it upon that lay, for fear of being sent for a
soldier. Pray, brother, how do you gentlemen in
London like that same Pressing Act? 70

Arch. Very ill, brother Scrub; 'tis the worst
that ever was made for us. Formerly I remem-
ber the good days, when we cou'd dun our mas-
ters for our wages, and if they refused to pay us
we cou'd have a warrant to carry 'em before a 75
justice: but now if we talk of eating they have a
warrant for us, and carry us before three justices.

Scrub. And to be sure we go, if we talk of eating; for the justices won't give their own servants a bad example. Now, this is my misfortune — I dare not speak in the house, while that jade Gipse^y dings about like a fury. — Once I had the better end of the staff. 80

Arch. And how comes the change now?

Scrub. Why, the mother of all this mischief 85
is a priest.

Arch. A priest!

Scrub. Ay, a damn'd son of a whore of Babylon, that came over hither to say grace to the French officers, and eat up our provisions. 90
There's not a day goes over his head without dinner or supper in this house.

Arch. How came he so familiar in the family?

Scrub. Because he speaks English as if he had liv'd here all his life, and tells lies as if he had 95
been a traveller from his cradle.

Arch. And this priest, I'm afraid, has converted the affections of your Gipse^y?

Scrub. Converted! ay, and perverted, my dear friend: for, I'm afraid, he has made her a whore 100
and a papist! But this is not all; there's the French count and Mrs. Sullen, they're in the confederacy, and for some private ends of their own, to be sure.

Arch. A very hopeful family yours, brother 105

Scrub! I suppose the maiden lady has her lover too?

Scrub. Not that I know: she's the best on 'em, that's the truth on't. But they take care to prevent my curiosity by giving me so much ¹¹⁰ business that I'm a perfect slave. What d'ye think is my place in this family?

Arch. Butler, I suppose.

Scrub. Ah, Lord help you! I'll tell you. Of a Monday I drive the coach, of a Tuesday I drive ¹¹⁵ the plough, on Wednesday I follow the hounds, a Thursday I dun the tenants, on Fryday I go to market, on Saturday I draw warrants, and a Sunday I draw beer.

Arch. Ha! ha! ha! if variety be a pleasure in ¹²⁰ life, you have enough on't, my dear brother. But what ladies are those?

Scrub. Ours, ours; that upon the right hand is Mrs. Sullen, and the other is Mrs. Dorinda. Don't mind 'em; sit still, man. 125

Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda.

Mrs. Sull. I have heard my brother talk of my Lord Aimwell; but they say that his brother is the finer gentleman.

Dor. That's impossible, sister.

Mrs. Sull. He's vastly rich, but very close, ¹³⁰ they say.

Dor. No matter for that; if I can creep into his heart, I'll open his breast, I warrant him: I have heard say that people may be guess'd at by the behaviour of their servants; I cou'd wish¹³⁵ we might talk to that fellow.

Mrs. Sull. So do I; for I think he's a very pretty fellow. Come this way, I'll throw out a lure for him presently.

They walk a turn towards the opposite side of the stage; Mrs. Sullen drops her glove: Archer runs, takes it up, and gives it to her.

Arch. Corn, wine, and oil indeed! — But, I¹⁴⁰ think, the wife has the greatest plenty of flesh and blood; she should be my choice. — Ah, a, say you so! — Madam — your ladyship's glove.

Mrs. Sull. O, sir, I thank you! — What a handsom bow the fellow has!

145

Dor. Bow! Why, I have known several footmen come down from London set up here for dancing-masters, and carry off the best fortunes in the country.

Arch. (aside). That project, for ought I know,¹⁵⁰ had been better than ours. — Brother Scrub, why don't you introduce me?

Mrs. Sullen drops her glove, etc. — Thus in QQ and O1, O3. Later eds. make this stage direction follow "say you so."

151 than ours. — *Brother Scrub.* QQ and O1, O3, than ours, Brother Scrub. This is obviously wrong.

Scrub. Ladies, this is the strange gentleman's servant that you see at church to day; I understood he came from London, and so I invited 155 him to the cellar, that he might show me the newest flourish in whetting my knives.

Dor. And I hope you have made much of him?

Arch. O yes, madam, but the strength of your 160 ladyship's liquour is a little too potent for the constitution of your humble servant.

Mrs. Sull. What, then you don't usually drink ale?

Arch. No, madam; my constant drink is tea, 165 or a little wine and water. 'Tis prescribed me by the physician for a remedy against the spleen.

Scrub. O la! O la! a footman have the spleen!

Mrs. Sull. I thought that distemper had been 170 only proper to people of quality.

Arch. Madam, like all other fashions it wears out, and so descends to their servants; tho' in a great many of us, I believe, it proceeds from some melancholly particles in the blood, occa- 175 sion'd by the stagnation of wages.

Dor. How affectedly the fellow talks! — How long, pray, have you serv'd your present master?

Arch. Not long; my life has been mostly spent 180
in the service of the ladies.

Mrs. Sull. And pray, which service do you
like best?

Arch. Madam, the ladies pay best; the honour
of serving them is sufficient wages; there is a 185
charm in their looks that delivers a pleasure with
their commands, and gives our duty the wings
of inclination.

Mrs. Sull. That flight was above the pitch of
a livery. — And, sir, wou'd not you be satisfied 190
to serve a lady again?

Arch. As a groom of the chamber, madam,
but not as a footman.

Mrs. Sull. I suppose you serv'd as footman
before? 195

Arch. For that reason I wou'd not serve in
that post again; for my memory is too weak for
the load of messages that the ladies lay upon
their servants in London. My Lady Howd'ye,
the last mistress I serv'd, call'd me up one morn- 200
ing, and told me, 'Martin, go to my Lady All-
night with my humble service; tell her I was
to wait on her ladyship yesterday, and left word
with Mrs. Rebecca that the preliminaries of the
affair she knows of are stopt till we know the 205
concurrence of the person that I know of, for
which there are circumstances wanting which

we shall accommodate at the old place; but that in the mean time there is a person about her ladyship, that, from several hints and surmises, ²¹⁰ was accessory at a certain time to the disappointments that naturally attend things that to her knowledge are of more importance ——'

Mrs. Sull. } Ha! ha! ha! where are you go-

Dor. } ing, sir? 215

Arch. Why, I han't half done! — The whole howd'ye was about half an hour long; so I hapned to misplace two syllables, and was turned off and render'd incapable.

Dor. The pleasantest fellow, sister, I ever ²²⁰ saw! — But, friend, if your master be marry'd I presume you still serve a lady?

Arch. No, madam, I take care never to come into a marry'd family; the commands of the master and mistress are always so contrary that 'tis ²²⁵ impossible to please both.

Dor. (*aside*). There's a main point gain'd: my lord is not marry'd, I find.

Mrs. Sull. But I wonder, friend, that in so many good services, you had not a better provi- ²³⁰ sion made for you.

Arch. I don't know how, madam. I had a lieutenancy offer'd me three or four times; but that

²²⁵ so. O1, O3, too. (In copy of Q1 in Univ. of Mich. library the s is dropped in 'so.)

is not bread, madam — I live much better as I do. 235

Scrub. Madam, he sings rarely! I was thought to do pretty well here in the country till he came; but alack a day, I'm nothing to my brother Martin!

Dor. Does he? — Pray, sir, will you oblige us 240 with a song?

Arch. Are you for passion or humour?

Scrub. O le! he has the purest ballad about a trifle —

Mrs. Sull. A trifle! pray, sir, let's have it. 245

Arch. I'm asham'd to offer you a trifle, madam; but since you command me —

Sings to the tune of Sir Simon the King.

A trifling song you shall hear,
Begun with a trifle and ended.
[All trifling people draw near,
And I shall be nobly attended. 250

Were it not for trifles a few,
That lately have come into play;
The men wou'd want something to do,
And the women want something to say. 255

What makes men trifle in dressing?
Because the ladies (they know)
Admire, by often possessing,
That eminent trifle a beau.

250 *All trifling*, etc. In quartos, etc., only the two first lines appear. The complete song was first printed in ed. 5, *Works*.

When the lover his moments has trifled, 260
 The trifle of trifles to gain ;
 No sooner the virgin is rifled,
 But a trifle shall part 'em again.

What mortal man wou'd be able
 At White's half an hour to sit ? 265
 Or who cou'd bear a tea-table
 Without talking of trifles for wit ?

The court is from trifles secure ;
 Gold keys are no trifles, we see :
 White rods are no trifles, I'm sure, 270
 Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place
 Where trifles abundantly breed,
 The levee will show you his Grace
 Makes promises trifles indeed. 275

A coach with six footmen behind,
 I count neither trifle nor sin :
 But, ye gods! how oft do we find
 A scandalous trifle within!

A flask of champaign, people think it 280
 A trifle, or something as bad:
 But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
 You'll find it no trifle, egad!

A parson's a trifle at sea,
 A widow's a trifle in sorrow ; 285
 A peace is a trifle to-day,
 Who knows what may happen to-morrow ?

A black coat a trifle may cloak,
Or to hide it the red may endeavour :
But if once the army is broke, 290
We shall have more trifles than ever.

The stage is a trifle, they say ;
The reason pray carry along :
Because at ev'ry new play,
The house they with trifles so throng. 295

But with people's malice to trifle,
And to set us all on a foot:
The author of this is a trifle,
And his song is a trifle to boot.]

Mrs. Sull. Very well, sir, we're obliged to you. 300
— Something for a pair of gloves.

Offering him money.

Arch. I humbly beg leave to be excused: my
master, madam, pays me; nor dare I take money
from any other hand, without injuring his honour
and disobeying his commands. 305

Exit [with Scrub].

Dor. This is surprising! Did you ever see so
pretty a well bred fellow?

Mrs. Sull. The devil take him for wearing that
livery!

Dor. I fancy, sister, he may be some gentle-310
man, a friend of my lords, that his lordship has
pitch'd upon for his courage, fidelity, and discre-

tion, to bear him company in this dress, and who, ten to one, was his second too.

Mrs. Sull. It is so, it must be so, and it shall ³¹⁵ be so! — for I like him.

Dor. What! better than the count?

Mrs. Sull. The count happen'd to be the most agreeable man upon the place; and so I chose him to serve me in my design upon my husband. ³²⁰ But I shou'd like this fellow better in a design upon my self.

Dor. But now, sister, for an interview with this lord and this gentleman; how shall we bring that about? ³²⁵

Mrs. Sull. Patience! You country ladies give no quarter if once you be enter'd. Wou'd you prevent their desires, and give the fellows no wishing-time? Look ye, Dorinda, if my Lord Aimwell loves you or deserves you, he'll find a ³³⁰ way to see you, and there we must leave it. My business comes now upon the tapis. Have you prepar'd your brother?

Dor. Yes, yes.

Mrs. Sull. And how did he relish it? ³³⁵

Dor. He said little, mumbled something to himself, promis'd to be guided by me — but here he comes.

Enter Sullen.

Sull. What singing was that I heard just now?

Mrs. Sull. The singing in you're head, my 340
dear; you complain'd of it all day.

Sull. You're impertinent.

Mrs. Sull. I was ever so, since I became one
flesh with you.

Sull. One flesh! rather two carcasses join'd 345
unnaturally together.

Mrs. Sull. Or rather a living soul coupled to
a dead body.

Dor. So, this is fine encouragement for me!

Sull. Yes, my wife shews you what you must 350
do.

Mrs. Sull. And my husband shews you what
you must suffer.

Sull. S'death, why can't you be silent?

Mrs. Sull. S'death, why can't you talk? 355

Sull. Do you talk to any purpose?

Mrs. Sull. Do you think to any purpose?

Sull. Sister, heark'ye — (*Whispers.*) — I shan't
be home till it be late. *Exit.*

Mrs. Sull. What did he whisper to ye? 360

Dor. That he wou'd go round the back way,
come into the closet, and listen as I directed him.
But let me beg you once more, dear sister, to
drop this project; for as I told you before, in-
stead of awaking him to kindness, you may pro- 365
voke him to a rage; and then who knows how
far his brutality may carry him?

Mrs. Sull. I'm provided to receive him, I warrant you. But here comes the count: vanish!

Exit Dorinda.

Enter Count Bellair.

Don't you wonder, Monsieur le Count, that I³⁷⁰ was not at church this afternoon?

Count. I more wonder, madam, that you go dere at all, or how you dare to lift those eyes to Heaven that are guilty of so much killing.

Mrs. Sull. If Heaven, sir, has given to my³⁷⁵ eyes with the power of killing the virtue of making a cure, I hope the one may atone for the other.

Count. O, largely, madam, wou'd your ladyship be as ready to apply the remedy as to give³⁸⁰ the wound. Consider, madam, I am doubly a prisoner; first to the arms of your general, then to your more conquering eyes. My first chains are easy — there a ransom may redeem me; but from your fetters I never shall get free. 385

Mrs. Sull. Alas, sir! why shou'd you complain to me of your captivity, who am in chains

Enter Count Bellair. The 5th ed., *Works*, prints this scene in italic, with the following note: "This scene printed in *Italic*, with the entire part of the *Count*, was cut out by the author after the first night's representation; and where he should enter in the last scene of the fifth act, it is added to the part of Foigard." Ed. 5 changes the dialect in Act V accordingly, and other 18th century editions follow it.

my self? You know, sir, that I am bound, nay, most be tied up in that particular that might give you ease: I am like you, a prisoner of war³⁹⁰ — of war indeed! — I have given my parole of honour! Wou'd you break yours to gain your liberty?

Count. Most certainly I wou'd, were I a prisoner among the Turks: dis is your case; you're³⁹⁵ a slave, madam, slave to the worst of Turks, a husband.

Mrs. Sull. There lies my foible, I confess; no fortifications, no courage, conduct, nor vigi-
lancy can pretend to defend a place where the⁴⁰⁰ cruelty of the governour forces the garrison to mutiny.

Count. And where de besieger is resolv'd to die before de place. Here will I fix; — (*Kneels*) with tears, vows and prayers assault your heart,⁴⁰⁵ and never rise till you surrender; or if I must storm — Love and St. Michael! — And so I begin the attack.

Mrs. Sull. Stand off! — Sure he hears me not! (*Aside.*) And I could almost wish he — did⁴¹⁰ not! The fellow makes love very prettily. — But, sir, why shou'd you put such a value upon my person, when you see it despis'd by one that knows it so much better?

Count. He knows it not, tho' he possesses it ; 415
if he but knew the value of the jewel he is master of, he wou'd always wear it next his heart, and sleep with it in his arms.

Mrs. Sull. But since he throws me unregarded from him——

420

Count. And one that knows your value well comes by and takes you up, is it not justice ?

Goes to lay hold on her.

Enter Sullen with his sword drawn.

Sull. Hold, villain, hold !

Mrs. Sull. (*presenting a pistol*). Do you hold !

Sull. What ! murder your husband to defend 425
your bully !

Mrs. Sull. Bully ! For shame, Mr. Sullen. Bullies wear long swords ; the gentleman has none ; he's a prisoner, you know. I was aware of your outrage, and prepar'd this to receive 430
your violence ; and, if occasion were, to preserve my self against the force of this other gentleman.

Count. O, madam, your eyes be better fire arms than your pistol ; they nevre miss. 435

Sull. What ! court my wife to my face !

Mrs. Sull. Pray, Mr. Sullen, put up ; suspend your fury for a minute.

Sull. To give you time to invent an excuse !

Mrs. Sull. I need none. 440

Sull. No, for I heard every sillable of your discourse.

Count. Ay! and begar, I tink de dialogue was vera pretty.

Mrs. Sull. Then I suppose, sir, you heard⁴⁴⁵ something of your own barbarity?

Sull. Barbarity! Oons, what does the woman call barbarity? Do I ever meddle with you?

Mrs. Sull. No.

Sull. As for you, sir, I shall take another time.⁴⁵⁰

Count. Ah, begar, and so must I.

Sull. Look'e madam, don't think that my anger proceeds from any concern I have for your honour, but for my own: and if you can contrive any way of being a whore without making⁴⁵⁵ me a cuckold, do it and welcome.

Mrs. Sull. Sir, I thank you kindly; you wou'd allow me the sin but rob me of the pleasure. No, no, I'm resolv'd never to venture upon the crime without the satisfaction of seeing you⁴⁶⁰ punish'd for't.

Sull. Then will you grant me this, my dear? Let any body else do you the favour but that French-man, for I mortally hate his whole generation.

Exit. ⁴⁶⁵

Count. Ah, sir, that be ungrateful, for, begar, I love some of your's. — Madam —

Approaching her.

Mrs. Sull. No, sir.

Count. No, sir! Garzoon, madam, I am not your husband.

Mrs. Sull. 'Tis time to undeceive you, sir. I believ'd your addresses to me were no more than an amusement, and I hope you will think the same of my complaisance; and to convince you that you ought, you must know that I brought you hither only to make you instrumental in setting me right with my husband, for he was planted to listen by my appointment.

Count. By your appointment?

Mrs. Sull. Certainly.

Count. And so, madam, while I was telling twenty stories to part you from your husband, begar, I was bringing you together all the while?

Mrs. Sull. I ask your pardon, sir, but I hope this will give you a taste of the vertue of the English ladies.

Count. Begar, madam, your vertue be vera great, but garzoon, your honeste be vera little.

Enter Dorinda.

Mrs. Sull. Nay, now you're angry, sir.

Count. Angry! — *Fair Dorinda* [*Sings Dorinda, the opera tune, and addresses to Dorinda.*] Madam, when your ladyship want a fool, send for me. *Fair Dorinda, Revenge, &c.* *Exit.*

Mrs. Sull. There goes the true humour of his nation — resentment with good manners, and 495 the height of anger in a song! Well sister, you must be judge, for you have heard the trial.

Dor. And I bring in my brother guilty.

Mrs. Sull. But I must bear the punishment. 'Tis hard, sister. 500

Dor. I own it; but you must have patience.

Mrs. Sull. Patience! the cant of custom — Providence sends no evil without a remedy. Shou'd I lie groaning under a yoke I can shake off, I were accessory to my ruin, and my pa- 505 tience were no better than self-murder.

Dor. But how can you shake off the yoke? Your divisions don't come within the reach of the law for a divorce.

Mrs. Sull. Law! What law can search into 510 the remote abyss of nature? what evidence can prove the unaccountable disaffections of wedlock? Can a jury sum up the endless aversions that are rooted in our souls, or can a bench give judgment upon antipathies? 515

Dor. They never pretended, sister; they never meddle but in case of uncleanness.

Mrs. Sull. Uncleanness! O sister! casual violation is a transient injury, and may possibly be repair'd; but can radical hatreds be ever recon- 520 cil'd? No, no, sister, nature is the first lawgiver,

and when she has set tempers opposite, not all the golden links of wedlock nor iron manacles of law can keep 'um fast.

Wedlock we own ordain'd by Heaven's decree, 525

But such as Heaven ordain'd it first to be ; —

Concurring tempers in the man and wife

As mutual helps to draw the load of life.

View all the works of Providence above :

The stars with harmony and concord move. 530

View all the works of Providence below :

The fire, the water, earth, and air, we know, } 535

All in one plant agree to make it grow. }

Must man, the chiefest work of art divine,

Be doom'd in endless discord to repine ? 535

No, we shou'd injure Heaven by that surmise :

Omnipotence is just, were man but wise.

524 'um. O1, O3 'em.

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE [I] *continues.*

Enter Mrs. Sullen.

Mrs. Sullen. Were I born an humble Turk, where women have no soul nor property, there I must sit contented. But in England, a country whose women are its glory, must women be abus'd? where women rule, must women be en- 5
slav'd? Nay, cheated into slavery, mock'd by a promise of comfortable society into a wilder-
ness of solitude! I dare not keep the thought about me. O, here comes something to divert 10
me.

Enter a Country Woman.

Woman. I come, an't please your ladyship — you're my Lady Bountiful, an't ye?

Mrs. Sull. Well, good woman, go on.

Wom. I come seventeen long mail to have a cure for my husband's sore leg. 15

Mrs. Sull. Your husband! What, woman, cure your husband!

Wom. Ay, poor man, for his sore leg won't let him stir from home.

Mrs. Sull. There, I confess, you have given 20

11 *ladyship.* Q1, ladyships.

me a reason. Well, good woman, I'll tell you what you must do. You must lay your husbands leg upon a table, and with a chopping-knife you must lay it open as broad as you can; then you must take out the bone and beat the flesh soundly with a rowling-pin; then take salt, pepper, cloves, mace, and ginger, some sweet herbs, and season it very well; then rowl it up like brawn, and put it into the oven for two hours.

Wom. Heavens reward your ladyship! — I have two little babies too that are pitious bad with the graips, an't please ye.

Mrs. Sull. Put a little pepper and salt in their bellies, good woman.

Enter Lady Bountiful.

I beg your ladyship's pardon for taking your business out of your hands; I have been a tampering here a little with one of your patients.

L. Boun. Come, good woman, don't mind this mad creature; I am the person that you want, I suppose. What wou'd you have, woman?

Mrs. Sull. She wants something for her husband's sore leg.

L. Boun. What's the matter with his leg, goody?

31 *Heavens.* O3, Heaven.

Wom. It come first, as one might say, with a sort of dizziness in his foot, then he had a kind of a laziness in his joints, and then his leg broke out, and then it swell'd, and then it clos'd 50 again, and then it broke out again, and then it fester'd, and then it grew better, and then it grew worse again.

Mrs. Sull. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Boun. How can you be merry with the 55 misfortunes of other people?

Mrs. Sull. Because my own make me sad, madam.

L. Boun. The worst reason in the world, daughter; your own misfortunes shou'd teach 60 you to pitty others.

Mrs. Sull. But the woman's misfortunes and mine are nothing alike; her husband is sick, and mine, alas! is in health.

L. Boun. What! wou'd you wish your hus- 65 band sick?

Mrs. Sull. Not of a sore leg, of all things.

L. Boun. Well, good woman, go to the pantry, get your belly-full of victuals; then I'll give you a receipt of diet-drink for your husband. 70 But d'ye hear, goody, you must not let your husband move too much.

Wom. No, no, madam, the poor man's inclinable enough to lie still. *Exit.*

L. Boun. Well, daughter Sullen, tho' you 75
laugh, I have done miracles about the country
here with my receipts.

Mrs. Sull. Miracles indeed, if they have cur'd
any body; but I believe, madam, the patient's
faith goes farther toward the miracle than your 80
prescription.

L. Boun. Fancy helps in some cases; but
there's your husband, who has as little fancy
as any body; I brought him from death's
door. 85

Mrs. Sull. I suppose, madam, you made him
drink plentifully of asse's milk.

Enter Dor [inda], runs to Mrs. Sull [en].

Dor. News, dear sister! news! news!

Enter Archer, running.

Arch. Where, where is my Lady Bountiful?
— Pray, which is the old lady of you three? 90

L. Boun. I am.

Arch. O madam, the fame of your ladyship's
charity, goodness, benevolence, skill, and ability,
have drawn me hither to implore your ladyship's
help in behalf of my unfortunate master, who is 95
this moment breathing his last.

L. Boun. Your master! where is he?

Arch. At your gate, madam. Drawn by the
appearance of your handsome house to view it
nearer, and walking up the avenue within five 100

paces of the court-yard, he was taken ill of a sudden with a sort of I know not what; but down he fell, and there he lies.

L. Boun. Here, Scrub! Gipsey! all run, get my easie chair down stairs, put the gentleman in ¹⁰⁵ it, and bring him in quickly, quickly!

Arch. Heaven will reward your ladyship for this charitable act.

L. Boun. Is your master us'd to these fits?

Arch. O yes, madam, frequently: I have ¹¹⁰ known him have five or six of a night.

L. Boun. What's his name?

Arch. Lord, madam, he's a dying! A minute's care or neglect may save or destroy his life.

L. Boun. Ah, poor gentleman! — Come, ¹¹⁵ friend, show me the way; I'll see him brought in my self.

Exit with Archer.

Dor. O sister, my heart flutters about strangely! I can hardly forbear running to his assistance.

¹²⁰

Mrs. Sull. And I'll lay my life he deserves your assistance more than he wants it. Did not I tell you that my lord wou'd find a way to come at you? Love's his distemper, and you must be the physitian; put on all your charms, summon ¹²⁵ all your fire into your eyes, plant the whole artillery of your looks against his breast, and down with him.

Dor. O sister! I'm but a young gunner. I shall be afraid to shoot, for fear the piece shou'd 130 recoil, and hurt my self.

Mrs. Sull. Never fear: you shall see me shoot before you, if you will.

Dor. No, no, dear sister; you have miss'd your mark so unfortunately that I shan't care 135 for being instructed by you.

Enter Aimwell in a chair carry'd by Archer and Scrub, Lady Bountiful, Gipsej. Aimwell counterfeiting a swoon.

L. Boun. Here, here, let's see the hartshorn-drops. — Gipsej, a glass of fair water! His fit's very strong. — Bless me, how his hands are clinch'd! 140

Arch. For shame, ladies, what d'ye do? Why don't you help us? — Pray, madam (*To Dorinda*), take his hand and open it, if you can, whilst I hold his head.

Dorinda takes his hand.

Dor. Poor gentleman! — Oh! — he has got 145 my hand within his, and squeezes it unmercifully —

L. Boun. 'Tis the violence of his convulsion, child.

Arch. O, madam, he's perfectly possess'd in 150 these cases — he'll bite if you don't have a care.

Dor. O, my hand! my hand!

L. Boun. What's the matter with the foolish

girl? I have got this hand open, you see, with a great deal of ease.

Arch. Ay, but, madam, your daughter's hand is somewhat warmer than your ladyship's, and the heat of it draws the force of the spirits that way.

155

Mrs. Sull. I find, friend, you're very learned 160
in these sorts of fits.

Arch. 'Tis no wonder, madam, for I'm often troubled with them my self; I find my self extremely ill at this minute.

Looking hard at Mrs. Sullen.

Mrs. Sull. (aside). I fancy I cou'd find a way 165
to cure you.

L. Boun. His fit holds him very long.

Arch. Longer than usual, madam. — Pray, young lady, open his breast and give him air.

L. Boun. Where did his illness take him first, 170
pray?

Arch. To day at church, madam.

L. Boun. In what manner was he taken?

Arch. Very strangely, my lady. He was of a sudden touch'd with something in his eyes, which, 175
at the first, he only felt, but cou'd not tell whether 'twas pain or pleasure.

L. Boun. Wind, nothing but wind.

Arch. By soft degrees it grew and mounted to his brain, there his fancy caught it; there form'd 180

it so beautiful, and dress'd it up in such gay, pleasing colours, that his transported appetite seiz'd the fair idea, and straight convey'd it to his heart. That hospitable seat of life sent all its sanguine spirits forth to meet, and open'd all its 185 sluicy gates to take the stranger in.

L. Boun. Your master shou'd never go without a bottle to smell to. — Oh — he recovers! — The lavender water — some feathers to burn under his nose — Hungary-water to rub his tem- 190 ples. — O, he comes to himself! — Hem a little, sir, hem. — Gipsy, bring the cordial-water.

Aimwell seems to awake in amaze.

Dor. How d'ye, sir?

Aim. Where am I?

Rising.

Sure I have pass'd the gulph of silent death, 195
And now I land on the Elisian shore —
Behold the goddess of those happy plains,
Fair Proserpine — let me adore thy bright divinity.

Kneels to Dorinda, and kisses her hand.

Mrs. Sull. So, so, so! I knew where the fit wou'd end! 200

Aim. Eurydice perhaps —

How cou'd thy Orpheus keep his word,
And not look back upon thee?

No treasure but thy self cou'd sure have brib'd him
To look one minute off thee. 205

L. Boun. Delirious, poor gentleman!

Arch. Very delirious, madam, very delirious.

Aim. Martin's voice, I think.

Arch. Yes, my lord. — How do's your lordship?

210

L. Boun. Lord! did you mind that, girls?

Aim. Where am I?

Arch. In very good hands, sir. You were taken just now with one of your old fits, under the trees, just by this good lady's house; her ladyship had you taken in, and has miraculously brought you to your self, as you see.

Aim. I am so confounded with shame, madam, that I can now only beg pardon — and refer my acknowledgments for your ladyship's care till an opportunity offers of making some amends. I dare be no longer troublesome. — Martin, give two guineas to the servants.

Going.

Dor. Sir, you may catch cold by going so soon into the air; you don't look, sir, as if you were perfectly recover'd.

Here Archer talks to Lady Bountiful in dumb show.

Aim. That I shall never be, madam; my present illness is so rooted that I must expect to carry it to my grave.

Mrs. Sull. Don't despair, sir; I have known several in your distemper shake it off with a fortnight's physick.

L. Boun. Come, sir, your servant has been telling me that you're apt to relapse if you go into the air. — Your good manners shan't get ²³⁵ the better of ours — you shall sit down again, sir. Come, sir, we don't mind ceremonies in the country — here, sir, my service t'ye. — You shall taste my water; 'tis a cordial, I can assure you, and of my own making. — Drink it off, sir. — ²⁴⁰ (*Aimwell drinks.*) And how d'ye find your self now, sir?

Aim. Somewhat better — tho' very faint still.

L. Boun. Ay, ay, people are always faint after these fits. — Come, girls, you shall show the ²⁴⁵ gentleman the house. — 'Tis but an old family building, sir; but you had better walk about, and cool by degrees, than venture immediately into the air. You'll find some tolerable pictures. — Dorinda, show the gentleman the way. (*Exit.*) ²⁵⁰ I must go to the poor woman below.

Dor. This way, sir.

Aim. Ladies, shall I beg leave for my servant to wait on you? for he understands pictures very well.

255

Mrs. Sull. Sir, we understand originals as well as he do's pictures, so he may come along.

*Ex[eunt] Dor[inda], Mrs. Sull[en], Aim-
[well], Arch[er]. Aim[well] leads Dor-
[inda].*

Enter Foigard and Scrub, meeting.

Foigard. Save you, Master Scrub!

Scrub. Sir, I won't be sav'd your way — I hate a priest, I abhor the French, and I defie the 260 devil. Sir, I'm a bold Briton, and will spill the last drop of my blood to keep out popery and slavery.

Foig. Master Scrub, you wou'd put me down in politicks, and so I would be speaking with 265 Mrs. Shipsey.

Scrub. Good Mr. Priest, you can't speak with her; she's sick, sir; she's gone abroad, sir; she's — dead two months ago, sir.

Enter Gipsey.

Gipsey. How now, impudence! How dare you 270 talk so saucily to the doctor? — Pray, sir, don't take it ill; for the common-people of England are not so civil to strangers as ——

Scrub. You lie! you lie! 'tis the common people that are civilest to strangers. 275

Gip. Sirrah, I have a good mind to — Get you out, I say!

Scrub. I won't.

Gip. You won't, sauce-box! — Pray, doctor, what is the captain's name that came to your 280 inn last night?

266 *Shipsey.* O1, O3, Gipsey.

274-75 *common people.* Later eds., common people, such as you are.

Scrub. The captain! ah, the devil, there she hampers me again; the captain has me on one side, and the priest on t'other; so between the gown and the sword, I have a fine time on't. — 285
 But, *Cedunt arma togæ.* *Going.*

Gip. What, sirrah, won't you march?

Scrub. No, my dear, I won't march — but I'll walk. — And I'll make bold to listen a little too. *Goes behind the side-scene and listens.* 290

Gip. Indeed, doctor, the count has been barbarously treated, that's the truth on't.

Foig. Ah, Mrs. Gipse, upon my shoul, now, gra, his complainings wou'd mollifie the marrow in your bones, and move the bowels of your 295 commiseration! He veeps, and he dances, and he fistles, and he swears, and he laughs, and he stamps, and he sings; in conclusion, joy, he's afflicted à la François, and a stranger wou'd not know whider to cry or to laugh with him. 300

Gip. What wou'd you have me do, doctor?

Foig. Noting, joy, but only hide the count in Mrs. Sullen's closet when it is dark.

Gip. Nothing! is that nothing? It wou'd be both a sin and a shame, doctor. 305

Foig. Here is twenty *Lewidores*, joy, for your shame, and I will give you an absolution for the shin.

Gip. But won't that money look like a bribe?

Foig. Dat is according as you shall tauk it. If ³¹⁰ you receive the money before hand, 'twill be *logicè*, a bribe; but if you stay till afterwards, 'twill be only a gratification.

Gip. Well, doctor, I'll take it *logicè*. — But what must I do with my conscience, sir? ³¹⁵

Foig. Leave dat wid me, joy; I am your priest, gra; and your conscience is under my hands.

Gip. But shou'd I put the count into the closet —

Foig. Vel, is dere any shin for a man's being in ³²⁰ a closhet? One may go to prayers in a closhet.

Gip. But if the lady shou'd come into her chamber, and go to bed?

Foig. Vel, and is dere any shin in going to bed, joy? ³²⁵

Gip. Ay, but if the parties shou'd meet, doctor?

Foig. Vel den — the parties must be responsible. Do you be after putting the count in the closet; and leave the shins wid themselves. I ³³⁰ will come with the count to instruct you in your chamber.

Gip. Well, doctor, your religion is so pure! Methinks I'm so easie after an absolution, and can sin afresh with so much security, that I'm ³³⁵ resolv'd to die a martyr to't. Here's the key of the garden-door: come in the back way when

'tis late ; I'll be ready to receive you. But don't so much as whisper ; only take hold of my hand ; I'll lead you, and do you lead the count, and follow me. 340

Exeunt.

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. What witchcraft, now, have these two imps of the devil been a hatching here ? — There's twenty *Lewidores* ; I heard that, and saw the purse. — But I must give room to my betters. [Exit.] 345

Enter Aimwel, leading Dorinda, and making love in dumb show ; Mrs. Sull[en] and Archer.

Mrs. Sull. Pray, sir (*to Archer*), how d'ye like that piece ?

Arch. O, 'tis Leda ! You find, madam, how Jupiter comes disguis'd to make love —

Mrs. Sull. But what think you there of Alexander's battles ? 350

Arch. We want only a Le Brun, madam, to draw greater battles and a greater general of our own. The Danube, madam, wou'd make a greater figure in a picture than the Granicus ; and we 355 have our Ramelies to match their Arbela.

Mrs. Sull. Pray, sir, what head is that in the corner there ?

Arch. O, madam, 'tis poor Ovid in his exile.

Mrs. Sull. What was he banish'd for ? 360

Arch. His ambitious love, madam. — (*Bowing.*) His misfortune touches me.

Mrs. Sull. Was he successful in his amours?

Arch. There he has left us in the dark. He was too much a gentleman to tell. 365

Mrs. Sull. If he were secret I pity him.

Arch. And if he were successful I envy him.

Mrs. Sull. How d'ye like that Venus over the chimney?

Arch. Venus! I protest, madam, I took it for 370 your picture; but now I look again, 'tis not handsome enough.

Mrs. Sull. Oh, what a charm is flattery! If you wou'd see my picture, there it is over that cabinet. How d'ye like it? 375

Arch. I must admire any thing, madam, that has the least resemblance of you. But methinks, madam — (*He looks at the picture and Mrs. Sullen three or four times, by turns.*) Pray, madam, who drew it? 380

Mrs. Sull. A famous hand, sir.

Here Aimwell and Dorinda go off.

Arch. A famous hand, madam! — Your eyes, indeed, are featur'd there; but where's the sparkling moisture, shining fluid in which they swim? The picture, indeed, has your dimples; but 385 where's the swarm of killing Cupids that shou'd ambush there? The lips too are figur'd out; but where's the carnation dew, the pouting ripeness that tempts the taste in the original?

Mrs. Sull. [*aside*]. Had it been my lot to have 390
match'd with such a man!

Arch. Your breasts too — presumptuous man!
What, paint Heaven! — Apropos, madam, in the
very next picture is Salomoneus, that was struck
dead with lightning for offering to imitate Jove's 395
thunder; I hope you serv'd the painter so, mad-
am?

Mrs. Sull. Had my eyes the power of thunder,
they shou'd employ their lightning better.

Arch. There's the finest bed in that room, 400
madam — I suppose 'tis your ladyship's bed-
chamber.

Mrs. Sull. And what then, sir?

Arch. I think the quilt is the richest that ever
I saw. I can't at this distance, madam, distin- 405
guish the figures of the embroidery. Will you
give me leave, madam?

Mrs. Sull. The devil take his impudence! —
Sure, if I gave him an opportunity, he durst not
offer it? — I have a great mind to try. — (*Going:* 410
returns.) S'death, what am I doing? — And
alone, too! — Sister! sister! *Runs out.*

Arch. I'll follow her close —
For where a French-man durst attempt to storm,
A Briton sure may well the work perform. 415

Going.

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. Martin! brother Martin!

Arch. O, brother Scrub, I beg your pardon; I was not a going: here's a guinea my master order'd you.

Scrub. A guinea! hi! hi! hi! a guinea! eh —⁴²⁰ by this light it is a guinea! But I suppose you expect one and twenty shillings in change?

Arch. Not at all; I have another for Gipsev.

Scrub. A guinea for her! Faggot and fire for the witch! — Sir, give me that guinea and I'll⁴²⁵ discover a plot.

Arch. A plot!

Scrub. Ay, sir, a plot, and a horrid plot! First, it must be a plot because there's a woman in't: secondly, it must be a plot because there's a⁴³⁰ priest in't: thirdly, it must be a plot because there's French gold in't: and fourthly, it must be a plot because I don't know what to make on't.

Arch. Nor any body else, I'm afraid, brother⁴³⁵ Scrub.

Scrub. Truly, I'm afraid so too; for where there's a priest and a woman, there's always a mystery and a riddle. This I know, that here has been the doctor with a temptation in one⁴⁴⁰ hand and an absolution in the other, and Gipsev

has sold her self to the devil; I saw the price paid down — my eyes shall take their oath on't.

Arch. And is all this bustle about Gipse? 445

Scrub. That's not all; I cou'd hear but a word here and there; but I remember they mention'd a count, a closet, a back door, and a key.

Arch. The count! — Did you hear nothing of Mrs. Sullen? 450

Scrub. I did hear some word that sounded that way; but whether it was Sullen or Dorinda, I cou'd not distinguish.

Arch. You have told this matter to no body, brother? 455

Scrub. Told! No, sir, I thank you for that; I'm resolv'd never to speak one word *pro* nor *con* till we have a peace.

Arch. You're i'th right, brother Scrub. Here's a treaty a foot between the count and 460 the lady: the priest and the chamber-maid are the plenipotentiaries. — It shall go hard but I find a way to be included in the treaty. — Where's the doctor now?

Scrub. He and Gipse are this moment de-465 vouring my lady's marmalade in the closet.

Aim. (*from without*). Martin! Martin!

Arch. I come, sir, I come.

Scrub. But you forget the other guinea, brother Martin. 470

Arch. Here, I give it with all my heart.

Scrub. And I take it with all my soul. —
[*Exit Archer.*] I'cod, I'll spoil your plotting, Mrs. Gipsej! And if you shou'd set the captain upon me, these two guineas will buy me off. 475

Exit.

Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda, meeting.

Mrs. Sull. Well, sister!

Dor. And well, sister!

Mrs. Sull. What's become of my lord?

Dor. What's become of his servant?

Mrs. Sull. Servant! He's a prettier fellow, 480
and a finer gentleman by fifty degrees, than his master.

Dor. O' my conscience, I fancy you cou'd beg that fellow at the gallows-foot!

Mrs. Sull. O' my conscience I cou'd, pro-485
vided I cou'd put a friend of yours in his room.

Dor. You desir'd me, sister, to leave you, when you transgress'd the bounds of honour.

Mrs. Sull. Thou dear censorious country-girl! What dost mean? You can't think of the 490
man without the bedfellow, I find.

Dor. I don't find any thing unnatural in that

469 *forget.* O1, O3, forgot.

473 [*Exit Archer.*] QQ and O1, O3, [*Excunt severally.*]

thought : while the mind is conversant with flesh and blood, it must conform to the humours of the company.

Mrs. Sull. How a little love and good company improves a woman ! Why, child, you begin to live — you never spoke before. 495

Dor. Because I was never spoke to. — My lord has told me that I have more wit and beauty 500 than any of my sex ; and truly I begin to think the man is sincere.

Mrs. Sull. You're in the right, Dorinda, pride is the life of a woman, and flattery is our daily bread ; and she's a fool that won't believe a man 505 there, as much as she that believes him in any thing else. But I'll lay you a guinea that I had finer things said to me than you had.

Dor. Done ! What did your fellow say to ye ?

Mrs. Sull. My fellow took the picture of 510 Venus for mine.

Dor. But my lover took me for Venus her self.

Mrs. Sull. Common cant ! Had my spark call'd me a Venus directly, I shou'd have believ'd him a footman in good earnest. 515

Dor. But my lover was upon his knees to me.

Mrs. Sull. And mine was upon his tiptoes to me.

Dor. Mine vow'd to die for me.

Mrs. Sull. Mine swore to die with me. 520

Dor. Mine spoke the softest moving things.

Mrs. Sull. Mine had his moving things too.

Dor. Mine kiss'd my hand ten thousand times.

Mrs. Sull. Mine has all that pleasure to come. 525

Dor. Mine offer'd marriage.

Mrs. Sull. O Lard! D'ye call that a moving thing?

Dor. The sharpest arrow in his quiver, my dear sister! Why, my ten thousand pounds may 530 lie brooding here this seven years, and hatch nothing at last but some ill-natur'd clown like yours. Whereas, if I marry my Lord Aimwell, there will be title, place, and precedence, the park, the play, and the drawing-room, splendor, 535 equipage, noise, and flambeaux. — *Hey, my Lady Aimwell's servants there! — Lights, lights to the stairs! — My Lady Aimwell's coach put forward! — Stand by, make room for her ladyship! — Are not these things moving? — What! melancholly 540 of a sudden?*

Mrs. Sull. Happy, happy sister! Your angel has been watchful for your happiness, whilst mine has slept regardless of his charge. Long smiling years of circling joys for you, but not one hour 545 for me!

Weeps.

Dor. Come, my dear, we'll talk of something else.

Mrs. Sull. O Dorinda! I own my self a woman, full of my sex, a gentle, generous soul, easie 550 and yielding to soft desires; a spacious heart, where love and all his train might lodge. And must the fair apartment of my breast be made a stable for a brute to lie in?

Dor. Meaning your husband, I suppose? 555

Mrs. Sull. Husband! No, even husband is too soft a name for him. — But come, I expect my brother here to night or to morrow; he was abroad when my father marry'd me; perhaps he'll find a way to make me easy. 560

Dor. Will you promise not to make your self easy in the mean time with my lord's friend?

Mrs. Sull. You mistake me, sister. It happens with us as among the men — the greatest talkers are the greatest cowards: and there's a rea- 565 son for it; those spirits evaporate in prattle, which might do more mischief if they took another course. — Tho', to confess the truth, I do love that fellow; — and if I met him drest as he should be, and I undrest as I shou'd be — look 570 'ye, sister, I have no supernatural gifts — I can't swear I cou'd resist the temptation; tho' I can safely promise to avoid it; and that's as much as the best of us can do.

Ex[eunt] Mrs. Sull[en] and Dor[inda].

[SCENE II. *The Inn.*]

Enter Aimwell and Archer laughing.

Arch. And the awkward kindness of the good, motherly old gentlewoman —

Aim. And the coming easiness of the young one — S'death, 'tis pity to deceive her!

Arch. Nay, if you adhere to those principles, 5
stop where you are.

Aim. I can't stop; for I love her to distraction.

Arch. S'death, if you love her a hair's breadth beyond discretion, you must go no farther. 10

Aim. Well, well, any thing to deliver us from sauntering away our idle evenings at White's, Tom's, or Will's; and be stinted to bear looking at our old acquaintance, the cards, because our impotent pockets can't afford us a guinea for the 15
mercenary drabs.

Arch. Or be oblig'd to some purse-proud coxcomb for a scandalous bottle, where we must not pretend to our share of the discourse, because we can't pay our club o' th reckoning. — 20
Dam it, I had rather sponge upon Morris, and sup upon a dish of bohee scor'd behind the door!

[Scene II] etc. No change of scene is indicated in QQ, OO, or other early editions.

Aim. And there expose our want of sense by talking criticisms, as we shou'd our want of money by railing at the government. 25

Arch. Or be oblig'd to sneak into the side-box, and between both houses steal two acts of a play, and because we han't money to see the other three, we come away discontented and damn the whole five. 30

Aim. And ten thousand such rascally tricks — had we out-liv'd our fortunes among our acquaintance. — But now —

Arch. Ay, now is the time to prevent all this — strike while the iron is hot. — This priest is the luckiest part of our adventure; he shall marry you and pimp for me. 35

Aim. But I shou'd not like a woman that can be so fond of a Frenchman. 40

Arch. Alas, sir! Necessity has no law. The lady may be in distress; perhaps she has a confounded husband, and her revenge may carry her farther than her love. I gad, I have so good an opinion of her, and of my self, that I begin to fancy strange things: and we must say this for the honour of our women, and, indeed, of our selves, that they do stick to their men as they do to their *Magna Charta*. If the plot lies as I suspect, I must put on the gentleman. — But here comes the doctor — I shall be ready. *Exit.* 45 50

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Sauve you, noble friend.

Aim. O sir, your servant! Pray, doctor, may I crave your name?

Foig. Fat naam is upon me? My naam is 55
Foigard, joy.

Aim. Foigard! a very good name for a clergyman. Pray, Doctor Foigard, were you ever in Ireland?

Foig. Ireland! no, joy. Fat sort of plaace is 60
dat saam Ireland? Dey say de people are catcht dere when dey are young.

Aim. And some of 'em when they're old — as for example. — (*Takes Foigard by the shoulder.*) Sir, I arrest you as a traytor against the govern- 65
ment; you're a subject of England, and this morning shew'd me a commission by which you serv'd as chaplain in the French army. This is death by our law, and your reverence must hang 70
for't.

Foig. Upon my shoul, noble friend, dis is strange news you tell me! Fader Foigard a subject of England! De son of a burgomaster of Brussels, a subject of England! ubooboo —

Aim. The son of a bog-trotter in Ireland! 75
Sir, your tongue will condemn you before any bench in the kingdom.

Foig. And is my tongue all your evidensh, joy?

Aim. That's enough.

Foig. No, no, joy, for I vill never spake Eng- 80
lish no more.

Aim. Sir, I have other evidence. — Here, Mar-
tin!

Enter Archer.

You know this fellow?

Arch. (*in a brogue*). Saave you, my dear cus- 85
sen! How do's your health?

Foig. Ah! (*Aside*.) Upon my shoul dere is
my countryman, and his brogue will hang mine.
— *Mynheer, Ick wet neat watt hey zacht, Ick uni-
verston ewe neat, sacramant!* 90

Aim. Altering your language won't do, sir;
this fellow knows your person, and will swear
to your face.

Foig. Faace! Fey, is dear a brogue upon my
faash too? 95

Arch. Upon my soulvation dear ish, joy! —
But cussen Mackshane, vil you not put a remem-
brance upon me?

Foig. (*aside*). Mackshane! by St. Paatrick, dat
is naame, shure enough! 100

Aim. I fancy, Archer, you have it.

Foig. The devil hang you, joy! By fat ac-
quaintance are you my cussen?

Arch. O, de devil hang your shelf, joy! You

100 *is.* O1, O3, ish.

know we were little boys togeder upon de school, ¹⁰⁵
and your foster moder's son was marry'd upon
my nurse's chister, joy, and so we are Irish cus-
sens.

Foig. De devil taak the relation! Vel, joy, and
fat school was it? 110

Arch. I tinks it vas — aay — 'twas Tipper-
ary.

Foig. No, no, joy; it vas Kilkenny.

Aim. That's enough for us — self-confession.
— Come, sir, we must deliver you into the hands ¹¹⁵
of the next magistrate.

Arch. He sends you to gaol, you're try'd next
assizes, and away you go swing into purgatory.

Foig. And is it so wid you, cussen?

Arch. It vil be sho wid you, cussen, if you ¹²⁰
don't immediately confess the secret between
you and Mrs. Gipseey. Look'e, sir, the gallows
or the secret: take your choice.

Foig. The gallows! Upon my shoul, I hate
that saam gallow, for it is a diseash dat is fatal ¹²⁵
to our family. Vel, den, dere is nothing, shen-
tlemens, but Mrs. Shullen would spaak wid the
count in her chamber at midnight, and dere is
no haarm, joy, for I am to conduct the count
to the plash, my shelf. 130

109 *taak the.* O1, O3, taake de.
125 *dat.* Q2, that.

111 *it vas.* QQ, is vas.

Arch. As I guess'd. — Have you communicated the matter to the count?

Foig. I have not sheen him since.

Arch. Right agen! Why, then, doctor — you shall conduct me to the lady instead of the ¹³⁵ count.

Foig. Fat, my cussen to the lady! Upon my shoul, gra, dat is too much upon the brogue.

Arch. Come, come, doctor; consider we have got a rope about your neck, and if you offer to ¹⁴⁰ squeek, we'll stop your wind-pipe, most certainly: we shall have another job for you in a day or two, I hope.

Aim. Here's company coming this way; let's into my chamber, and there concert our affair ¹⁴⁵ farther.

Arch. Come, my dear cussen, come along.

Exeunt.

*Enter Bonniface, Hounslow, and Bagshot at one door,
Gibbet at the opposite.*

Gib. Well, gentlemen, 'tis a fine night for our enterprise.

Houns. Dark as hell.

150

Bag. And blows like the devil; our landlord here has show'd us the window where we must break in, and tells us the plate stands in the wainscoat cupboard in the parlour.

Bon. Ay, ay, Mr. Bagshot, as the saying is, ¹⁵⁵

knives and forks, and cups and canns, and tumblers and tankards. There's one tankard, as the saying is, that's near upon as big as me; it was a present to the squire from his godmother, and smells of nutmeg and toast like an East India ship.

Houns. Then you say we must divide at the stair-head?

Bon. Yes, Mr. Hounslow, as the saying is. At one end of that gallery lies my Lady Bountifull and her daughter, and at the other Mrs. Sullen. As for the squire——

Gib. He's safe enough; I have fairly enter'd him, and he's more than half seas over already. But such a parcel of scoundrels are got about him now that, I gad, I was asham'd to be seen in their company.

Bon. 'Tis now twelve, as the saying is—— gentlemen, you must set out at one.

Gib. Hounslow, do you and Bagshot see our arms fix'd, and I'll come to you presently.

Houns. and Bag. We will. *Exeunt.*

Gib. Well, my dear Bonny, you assure me that Scrub is a coward?

Bon. A chicken, as the saying is. You'll have no creature to deal with but the ladies.

Gib. And I can assure you, friend, there's a great deal of address and good manners in rob-

bing a lady; I am the most a gentleman that way that ever travell'd the road. — But, my dear 185
Bonny, this prize will be a galleon, a Vigo business. — I warrant you we shall bring off three or four thousand pound.

Bon. In plate, jewels, and money, as the saying is, you may. 190

Gib. Why then, Tyburn, I defie thee! I'll get up to town, sell off my horse and arms, buy my self some pretty employment in the household, and be as snug and as honest as any courtier of 'um all. 195

Bon. And what think you then of my daughter Cherry for a wife?

Gib. Look'ee, my dear Bonny — Cherry is the Goddess I adore, as the song goes; but it is a maxim that man and wife shou'd never have it 200
in their power to hang one another; for if they should, the Lord have mercy on 'um both!

Exeunt.

End of the Fourth Act

ACT V.

SCENE [I] *continues. Knocking without.*

Enter Boniface.

Boniface. Coming! Coming! — A coach and six foaming horses at this time o' night! Some great man, as the saying is, for he scorns to travel with other people.

Enter Sir Charles Freeman.

Sir Charles. What, fellow! A publick-house, 5
and a bed when other people sleep?

Bon. Sir, I an't a bed, as the saying is.

Sir Ch. Is Mr. Sullen's family a bed, think 'e?

Bon. All but the squire himself, sir, as the saying is; he's in the house. 10

Sir Ch. What company has he?

Bon. Why, sir, there's the constable, Mr. Gage the exciseman, the hunch-back'd barber, and two or three other gentlemen.

Sir Ch. [*aside.*] I find my sister's letters gave 15
me the true picture of her spouse.

Enter Sullen, drunk.

Bon. Sir, here's the squire.

Sull. The puppies left me asleep. — Sir——

Sir Ch. Well, sir?

Sull. Sir, I'm an unfortunate man — I have 20

20 *I'm. O1, O3, I am.*

three thousand pound a year, and I can't get a man to drink a cup of ale with me.

Sir Ch. That's very hard.

Sull. Ay, sir; and unless you have pitty upon me, and smoke one pipe with me, I must e'en 25
go home to my wife, and I had rather go to the devil by half.

Sir Ch. But I presume, sir, you won't see your wife to night; she'll be gone to bed. You don't use to lye with your wife in that pickle? 30

Sull. What! not lye with my wife! Why, sir, do you take me for an atheist or a rake?

Sir Ch. If you hate her, sir, I think you had better lye from her.

Sull. I think so too, friend. But I'm a justice 35
of peace, and must do nothing against the law.

Sir Ch. Law! As I take it, Mr. Justice, no body observes law for law's sake, only for the good of those for whom it was made.

Sull. But if the law orders me to send you to 40
goal, you must ly there, my friend.

Sir Ch. Not unless I commit a crime to deserve it.

Sull. A crime! Oons, an't I married?

Sir Ch. Nay, sir, if you call marriage a crime, 45
you must disown it for a law.

22 ale with me. OI, ale me.

41 goal. sic. QQ, OI.

Sull. Eh! I must be acquainted with you, sir,
— But, sir, I shou'd be very glad to know the
truth of this matter.

Sir Ch. Truth, sir, is a profound sea, and few 50
there be that dare wade deep enough to find out
the bottom on't. Besides, sir, I'm afraid the line
of your understanding mayn't be long enough.

Sull. Look'e, sir, I have nothing to say to
your sea of truth, but if a good parcel of land 55
can intitle a man to a little truth, I have as much
as any he in the country.

Bon. I never heard your worship, as the say-
ing is, talk so much before.

Sull. Because I never met with a man that I 60
lik'd before.

Bon. Pray, sir, as the saying is, let me ask
you one question: are not man and wife one
flesh?

Sir Ch. You and your wife, Mr. Guts, may 65
be one flesh, because ye are nothing else; but
rational creatures have minds that must be
united.

Sull. Minds!

Sir Ch. Ay, minds, sir; don't you think that 70
the mind takes place of the body?

Sull. In some people.

Sir Ch. Then the interest of the master must
be consulted before that of his servant.

Sull. Sir, you shall dine with me to morrow! 75
— Oons, I always thought that we were naturally one.

Sir Ch. Sir, I know that my two hands are naturally one, because they love one another, kiss one another, help one another in all the actions 80 of life; but I cou'd not say so much if they were always at cuffs.

Sull. Then 'tis plain that we are two.

Sir Ch. Why don't you part with her, sir?

Sull. Will you take her, sir? 85

Sir Ch. With all my heart.

Sull. You shall have her to morrow morning, and a venison-pasty into the bargain.

Sir Ch. You'll let me have her fortune too?

Sull. Fortune! Why, sir, I have no quarrel 90 at her fortune: I only hate the woman, sir, and none but the woman shall go.

Sir Ch. But her fortune, sir——

Sull. Can you play at whisk, sir?

Sir Ch. No, truly, sir. 95

Sull. Nor at all-fours?

Sir Ch. Neither.

Sull. (*aside*). Oons! where was this man bred?
— Burn me, sir! I can't go home; 'tis but two 100 a clock.

Sir Ch. For half an hour, sir, if you please —
But you must consider, 'tis late.

Sull. Late! that's the reason I can't go to bed. — Come, sir! *Exeunt.*

Enter Cherry, runs across the stage, and knocks at Aimwell's chamber-door. Enter Aimwell in his night-cap and gown.

Aim. What's the matter? You tremble, child; 105
you're frightened.

Cher. No wonder, sir — But in short, sir, this very minute a gang of rogues are gone to rob my Lady Bountiful's house.

Aim. How! 110

Cher. I dogg'd 'em to the very door, and left 'em breaking in.

Aim. Have you alarm'd any body else with the news?

Cher. No, no, sir, I wanted to have discov- 115
er'd the whole plot, and twenty other things, to your man Martin; but I have search'd the whole house, and can't find him. Where is he?

Aim. No matter, child; will you guide me immediately to the house? 120

Cher. With all my heart, sir; my Lady Bountiful is my godmother, and I love Mrs. Dorinda so well —

Aim. Dorinda! The name inspires me: the glory and the danger shall be all my own. — 125
Come, my life, let me but get my sword.

Exeunt.

SCENE [II] *changes to a bed-chamber in Lady Bountiful's House.*

Enter Mrs. Sull[en], Dor[inda], undress'd; a table and lights.

Dor. 'Tis very late, sister. No news of your spouse yet?

Mrs. Sull. No, I'm condemn'd to be alone till towards four, and then perhaps I may be executed with his company. 5

Dor. Well, my dear, I'll leave you to your rest; you'll go directly to bed, I suppose?

Mrs. Sull. I don't know what to do. — Hey-hoe!

Dor. That's a desiring sigh, sister. 10

Mrs. Sull. This is a languishing hour, sister.

Dor. And might prove a critical minute if the pretty fellow were here.

Mrs. Sull. Here! What, in my bed-chamber at two a clock o' th' morning, I undress'd, the family asleep, my hated husband abroad, and my lovely fellow at my feet! — O gad, sister! 15

Dor. Thoughts are free, sister, and them I allow you. — So, my dear, good night. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Sull. A good rest to my dear Dorinda! 20
— Thoughts free! Are they so? Why, then, suppose him here, dress'd like a youthful, gay, and burning bridegroom,

Here Archer steals out of the closet.

with tongue enchanting, eyes bewitching, knees imploring. — (*Turns a little o' one side and sees Archer in the posture she describes.*) — Ah! — (*Shreeks, and runs to the other side of the stage.*) Have my thoughts rais'd a spirit? — What are you, sir, a man or a devil?

Arch. A man, a man, madam. *Rising.*

Mrs. Sull. How shall I be sure of it? 30

Arch. Madam, I'll give you demonstration this minute. *Takes her band.*

Mrs. Sull. What, sir! do you intend to be rude?

Arch. Yes, madam, if you please. 35

Mrs. Sull. In the name of wonder, whence came ye?

Arch. From the skies, madam — I'm a Jupiter in love, and you shall be my Alcmena.

Mrs. Sull. How came you in? 40

Arch. I flew in at the window, madam; your cozen Cupid lent me his wings, and your sister Venus open'd the casement.

Mrs. Sull. I'm struck dumb with admiration!

Arch. And I — with wonder! 45

Looks passionately at her.

Mrs. Sull. What will become of me?

Arch. How beautiful she looks! — The teeming jolly Spring smiles in her blooming face, and

when she was conceiv'd her mother smelt to roses, look'd on lillies —

Lillies unfold their white, their fragrant charms,
When the warm sun thus darts into their arms.

Runs to her.

Mrs. Sull. Ah!

Sbreeks.

Arch. Oons, madam, what d'ye mean? You'll raise the house.

Mrs. Sull. Sir, I'll wake the dead before I bear this! — What! approach me with the freedoms of a keeper! I'm glad on't; your impudence has cur'd me.

Arch. If this be impudence (*Kneels.*) I leave to your partial self; no panting pilgrim, after a tedious, painful voyage, e'er bow'd before his saint with more devotion.

Mrs. Sull. (*aside*). Now, now, I'm ruin'd if he kneels! — Rise, thou prostrate ingineer; not all thy undermining skill shall reach my heart. — Rise, and know I am a woman without my sex; I can love to all the tenderness of wishes, sighs, and tears — but go no farther. — Still, to convince you that I'm more than woman, I can speak my frailty, confess my weakness even for you — but —

Arch. For me!

Going to lay hold on her.

Mrs. Sull. Hold, sir! build not upon that; for my most mortal hatred follows if you disobey

what I command you now. — Leave me this minute. — (*Aside.*) If he denies, I'm lost.

Arch. Then you'll promise —

Mrs. Sull. Any thing, another time.

Arch. When shall I come?

80

Mrs. Sull. To morrow — when you will.

Arch. Your lips must seal the promise.

Mrs. Sull. Pshaw!

Arch. They must! they must! (*Kisses her.*)

— Raptures and paradise! — And why not now, 85
my angel? The time, the place, silence, and
secrecy, all conspire. And the now conscious
stars have preordained this moment for my hap-
piness. *Takes her in his arms.*

Mrs. Sull. You will not! cannot, sure! 90

Arch. If the sun rides fast, and disappoints
not mortals of to morrow's dawn, this night shall
crown my joys.

Mrs. Sull. My sex's pride assist me!

Arch. My sex's strength help me! 95

Mrs. Sull. You shall kill me first!

Arch. I'll dye with you. *Carrying her off.*

Mrs. Sull. Thieves! Thieves! Murder!

Enter Scrub in his breeches, and one shoe.

Scrub. Thieves! Thieves! Murder! Popery!

Arch. Ha! the very timorous stag will kill in 100
rutting time. *Draws and offers to stab Scrub.*

Scrub. (*kneeling*). O pray, sir, spare all I have, and take my life!

Mrs. Sull. (*holding Archer's hand*). What do's the fellow mean? 105

Scrub. O madam, down upon your knees, your marrow-bones!—he's one of 'um.

Arch. Of whom?

Scrub. One of the rogues — I beg your pardon, sir, one of the honest gentlemen that just 110 now are broke into the house.

Arch. How!

Mrs. Sull. I hope you did not come to rob me?

Arch. Indeed I did, madam, but I wou'd have 115 taken nothing but what you might ha' spar'd; but your crying 'Thieves' has wak'd this dreaming fool, and so he takes 'em for granted.

Scrub. Granted! 'tis granted, sir; take all we have. 120

Mrs. Sull. The fellow looks as if he were broke out of Bedlam.

Scrub. Oons, madam, they're broke in to the house with fire and sword! I saw them, heard them; they'll be here this minute. 125

Arch. What, thieves!

Scrub. Under favour, sir, I think so.

Mrs. Sull. What shall we do, sir?

Arch. Madam, I wish your ladyship a good night. 130

Mrs. Sull. Will you leave me?

Arch. Leave you! Lord, madam, did not you command me to be gone just now, upon pain of your immortal hatred?

Mrs. Sull. Nay, but pray, sir — 135

Takes hold of him.

Arch. Ha! ha! ha! now comes my turn to be ravish'd. — You see now, madam, you must use men one way or other; but take this by the way, good madam, that none but a fool will give you the benefit of his courage, unless you'll take his 140 love along with it. — How are they arm'd, friend.

Scrub. With sword and pistol, sir.

Arch. Hush! — I see a dark lanthorn coming thro' the gallery. — Madam, be assur'd I will 145 protect you, or lose my life.

Mrs. Sull. Your life! No, sir, they can rob me of nothing that I value half so much; therefore now, sir, let me intreat you to be gone.

Arch. No, madam, I'll consult my own safety 150 for the sake of yours; I'll work by stratagem. Have you courage enough to stand the appearance of 'em?

Mrs. Sull. Yes, yes, since I have 'scaped your hands, I can face any thing. 155

Arch. Come hither, brother Scrub! Don't you know me?

Scrub. Eh, my dear brother, let me kiss thee!

Kisses Archer.

Arch. This way — here —

Archer and Scrub hide behind the bed.

Enter Gibbet with a dark lanthorn in one hand and a pistol in t'other.

Gib. Ay, ay, this is the chamber, and the lady 160
alone.

Mrs. Sull. Who are you, sir? What wou'd you have? D'ye come to rob me?

Gib. Rob you! Alack a day, madam, I'm only a younger brother, madam; and so, madam, if 165
you make a noise, I'll shoot you thro' the head; but don't be afraid, madam. — (*Laying his lanthorn and pistol upon the table.*) These rings, madam; don't be concerned, madam, I have a profound respect for you, madam; your keys, 170
madam; don't be frightened, madam, I'm the most of a gentleman. — (*Searching her pockets.*) This necklace, madam; I never was rude to a lady; — I have a veneration — for this necklace —

Here Archer, having come round and seiz'd the pistols, takes Gibbet by the collar, trips up his heels, and claps the pistol to his breast.

Arch. Hold, profane villain, and take the re- 175
ward of thy sacrilege!

Gib. Oh! pray, sir, don't kill me; I an't prepar'd.

Arch. How many is there of 'em, Scrub?

Scrub. Five and forty, sir. 180

Arch. Then I must kill the villain, to have him out of the way.

Gib. Hold, hold, sir! we are but three, upon my honour.

Arch. Scrub, will you undertake to secure him? 185

Scrub. Not I, sir; kill him, kill him!

Arch. Run to Gipse's chamber, there you'll find the doctor; bring him hither presently. —
(*Exit Scrub, running.*) Come, rogue, if you have a short prayer, say it. 190

Gib. Sir, I have no prayer at all; the government has provided a chaplain to say prayers for us on these occasions.

Mrs. Sull. Pray, sir, don't kill him: you fright me as much as him. 195

Arch. The dog shall die, madam, for being the occasion of my disappointment. — Sirrah, this moment is your last.

Gib. Sir, I'll give you two hundred pound to spare my life. 200

Arch. Have you no more, rascal?

Gib. Yes, sir, I can command four hundred, but I must reserve two of 'em to save my life at the sessions.

Enter Scrub and Foigard.

Arch. Here, doctor, I suppose Scrub and you 205
between you may manage him. Lay hold of him,
doctor. *Foig* [*ard*] *lays hold of Gibbet.*

Gib. What! turn'd over to the priest already!
— Look'ye, doctor, you come before your time;
I'ant condemn'd yet, I thank 'ye. 210

Foig. Come, my dear joy, I will secure your
body and your shoul too; I will make you a good
catholick, and give you an absolution.

Gib. Absolution! Can you procure me a par-
don, doctor? 215

Foig. No, joy.

Gib. Then you and your absolution may go
to the devil!

Arch. Convey him into the cellar; there bind
him — take the pistol, and if he offers to resist, 220
shoot him thro' the head — and come back to
us with all the speed you can.

Scrub. Ay, ay, come, doctor, do you hold him
fast, and I'll guard him.

[*Exeunt Foigard and Gibbet, Scrub following.*]

Mrs. Sull. But how came the doctor — 225

Arch. In short, madam — (*Shreeking without.*)
S'death! the rogues are at work with the other
ladies — I'm vex'd I parted with the pistol;
but I must fly to their assistance. — Will you

Exeunt Foigard, etc. Not in QQ, OO, or other early eds.

stay here, madam, or venture your self with²³⁰ me ?

Mrs. Sull. O, with you, dear sir, with you.

Takes him by the arm and exeunt.

SCENE [III] *changes to another apartment in the same house.*

Enter Hounslow dragging in Lady Bountyfull, and Bagshot balling in Dorinda; the rogues with swords drawn.

Hounslow. Come, come, your jewels, mistriss !

Bagshot. Your keys, your keys, old gentlewoman !

Enter Aimwell and Cherry.

Aim. Turn this way, villains ! I durst engage an army in such a cause. *He engages 'em both.* 5

Dor. O madam, had I but a sword to help the brave man !

L. Boun. There's three or four hanging up in the hall ; but they won't draw. I'll go fetch one, however. *Exit.* 10

Enter Archer and Mrs. Sullen.

Arch. Hold, hold, my lord ! every man his bird, pray.

They engage man to man; the rogues are thrown and disarm'd.

Cher. What ! the rogues taken ! then they'll

Enter Hounslow — drawn. See Notes.

impeach my father : I must give him timely notice. *Runs out.* 15

Arch. Shall we kill the rogues ?

Aim. No, no, we'll bind them.

Arch. Ay, ay. — (*To Mrs. Sullen, who stands by him.*) Here, madam, lend me your garter.

Mrs. Sull. The devil's in this fellow ! He 20
fights, loves, and banter, all in a breath. —
Here's a cord that the rogues brought with 'em,
I suppose.

Arch. Right, right, the rogue's destiny : a rope
to hang himself. — Come, my lord — this is but 25
a scandalous sort of an office (*binding the rogues
together*), if our adventures shou'd end in this
sort of hangman-work ; but I hope there is some-
thing in prospect that —

Enter Scrub.

Well, Scrub, have you secur'd your Tartar ? 30

Scrub. Yes, sir, I left the priest and him dis-
puting about religion.

Aim. And pray carry these gentlemen to reap
the benefit of the controversy.

*Delivers the prisoners to Scrub, who leads
'em out.*

Mrs. Sull. Pray, sister, how came my lord 35
here ?

Dor. And pray, how came the gentleman
here ?

Mrs. Sull. I'll tell you the greatest piece of villainy — *They talk in dumb show.* 40

Aim. I fancy, Archer, you have been more successful in your adventures than the house-breakers.

Arch. No matter for my adventure, yours is the principal. — Press her this minute to marry you — now while she's hurry'd between the pal- 45
pitation of her fear and the joy of her deliverance; now while the tide of her spirits are at high-flood. — Throw your self at her feet, speak some romantick nonsense or other — address her 50
like Alexander in the height of his victory, confound her senses, bear down her reason, and away with her. — The priest is now in the cellar, and dare not refuse to do the work.

Enter Lady Bountifull.

Aim. But how shall I get off without being 55
observ'd?

Arch. You a lover, and not find a way to get off! — Let me see —

Aim. You bleed, Archer.

Arch. S'death, I'm glad on't; this wound will 60
do the business. I'll amuse the old lady and Mrs. Sullen about dressing my wound, while you carry off Dorinda.

L. Boun. Gentlemen, cou'd we understand how you wou'd be gratified for the services — 65

Arch. Come, come, my lady, this is no time for complements; I'm wounded, madam.

L. Boun. }
Mrs. Sull. } How! wounded!

Dor. I hope, sir, you have receiv'd no hurt?

Aim. None but what you may cure ——— 70

Makes love in dumb show.

L. Boun. Let me see your arm, sir — I must have some powder-sugar to stop the blood. — O me! an ugly gash, upon my word, sir: you must go into bed.

Arch. Ay, my lady, a bed wou'd do very well. 75
 — Madam (*To Mrs. Sullen*), will you do me the favour to conduct me to a chamber?

L. Boun. Do, do, daughter — while I get the lint and the probe and the plaister ready.

Runs out one way, Aimwell carries off Dorinda another.

Arch. Come, madam, why don't you obey 80
 your mother's commands?

Mrs. Sull. How can you, after what is past, have the confidence to ask me?

Arch. And if you go to that, how can you, after what is past, have the confidence to deny 85
 me? Was not this blood shed in your defence, and my life expos'd for your protection? Look'ye, madam, I'm none of your romantick fools, that fight gyants and monsters for nothing; my valour

is downright Swiss ; I'm a soldier of fortune, and 90
must be paid.

Mrs. Sull. 'Tis ungenerous in you, sir, to up-
braid me with your services !

Arch. 'Tis ungenerous in you, madam, not
to reward 'em. 95

Mrs. Sull. How ! At the expence of my hon-
our ?

Arch. Honour ! Can honour consist with in-
gratitude ? If you wou'd deal like a woman of
honour, do like a man of honour. D'ye think I 100
wou'd deny you in such a case ?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lady order'd me to tell you
that your brother is below at the gate. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Sull. My brother ! Heavens be prais'd !
— Sir, he shall thank you for your services ; he 105
has it in his power.

Arch. Who is your brother, madam ?

Mrs. Sull. Sir Charles Freeman. — You'll ex-
cuse me, sir ; I must go and receive him.

[*Exit.*]

Arch. Sir Charles Freeman ! S'death and hell ! 110
my old acquaintance. Now unless Aimwell has
made good use of his time, all our fair machine
goes souse into the sea like the Edystone. *Exit.*

SCENE [IV] *changes to the Gallery in the same house.*

Enter Aimwell and Dorinda.

Dor. Well, well my lord, you have conquer'd; your late generous action will, I hope, plead for my easie yielding; tho', I must own, your lordship had a friend in the fort before.

Aim. The sweets of Hybla dwell upon her tongue! — Here, doctor —

Enter Foigard; with a book.

Foig. Are you prepar'd boat?

Dor. I'm ready. But first, my lord, one word. — I have a frightful example of a hasty marriage in my own family; when I reflect upon't it shocks me. Pray, my lord, consider a little —

Aim. Consider! Do you doubt my honour or my love?

Dor. Neither: I do believe you equally just as brave: and were your whole sex drawn out for me to chuse, I shou'd not cast a look upon the multitude if you were absent. But, my lord, I'm a woman; colours, concealments may hide a thousand faults in me. Therefore know me better first; I hardly dare affirm I know my self in any thing except my love.

Aim. (*aside*). — Such goodness who cou'd injure! I find myself unequal to the task of vil-

lain ; she has gain'd my soul, and made it honest
 like her own. I cannot, cannot hurt her. — Doc- 25
 tor, retire. — (*Exit Foigard.*) Madam, behold
 your lover and your proselite, and judge of my
 passion by my conversion ! — I'm all a lie, nor
 dare I give a fiction to your arms ; I'm all coun-
 terfeit, except my passion. 30

Dor. Forbid it, Heaven ! A counterfeit !

Aim. I am no lord, but a poor, needy man,
 come with a mean, a scandalous design to prey
 upon your fortune. But the beauties of your
 mind and person have so won me from my self 35
 that, like a trusty servant, I prefer the interest
 of my mistress to my own.

Dor. Sure I have had the dream of some poor
 mariner, a sleepy image of a welcome port, and
 wake involv'd in storms ! — Pray, sir, who are 40
 you ?

Aim. Brother to the man whose title I usurp'd,
 but stranger to his honour or his fortune.

Dor. Matchless honesty ! — Once I was
 proud, sir, of your wealth and title, but now am 45
 prouder that you want it ; now I can shew my
 love was justly levell'd, and had no aim but love.
 — Doctor, come in.

*Enter Foigard at one door, Gipsej at another, who
 whispers Dorinda.*

Your pardon, sir, we shannot want you now. —

49 *we shannot want you now. — Sir, you must, etc. Q1, we*

[*To Aimwell.*] Sir, you must excuse me — I'll 50
wait on you presently. *Exit with Gipsev.*

Foig. Upon my shoul, now, dis is foolish.

Exit.

Aim. Gone! And bid the priest depart! — It
has an ominous look.

Enter Archer.

Arch. Courage, Tom! — Shall I wish you 55
joy?

Aim. No.

Arch. Oons, man, what ha' you been doing?

Aim. O Archer! my honesty, I fear, has
ruin'd me. 60

Arch. How!

Aim. I have discover'd my self.

Arch. Discover'd! and without my consent?
What! have I embark'd my small remains in
the same bottom with yours, and you dispose of 65
all without my partnership?

Aim. O Archer! I own my fault.

Arch. After conviction — 'tis then too late
for pardon. — You may remember, Mr. Aim-
well, that you propos'd this folly: as you begun, 70
so end it. Henceforth I'll hunt my fortune sin-
gle — so farewell.

shannot; won't you now, sir? Q2, we shall not want you now, sir?
O1, we sha'not; won't you now, sir? O3, we shan't want you
now, Sir?

Aim. Stay, my dear Archer, but a minute.

Arch. Stay! What, to be despis'd, expos'd,
and laugh'd at! No, I wou'd sooner change con- 75
ditions with the worst of the rogues we just now
bound than bear one scornful smile from the
proud knight that once I treated as my equal.

Aim. What knight?

Arch. Sir Charles Freeman, brother to the 80
lady that I had almost — but no matter for that.
'Tis a cursed night's work, and so I leave you
to make your best on't. *Going.*

Aim. Freeman! — One word, Archer. Still
I have hopes; methought she receiv'd my con- 85
fession with pleasure.

Arch. S'death! who doubts it?

Aim. She consented after to the match; and
still I dare believe she will be just.

Arch. To her self, I warrant her, as you 90
shou'd have been.

Aim. By all my hopes she comes, and smiling
comes!

Enter Dorinda, mighty gay.

Dor. Come, my dear lord — I fly with impa-
tience to your arms — the minutes of my ab- 95
sence was a tedious year. Where's this tedious
priest?

83 *your best.* O1, O3, the best.

96-97 *tedious priest.* Later eds. omit 'tedious.'

Enter Foigard.

Arch. Oons, a brave girl!

Dor. I suppose, my lord, this gentleman is privy to our affairs? 100

Arch. Yes, yes, madam, I'm to be your father.

Dor. Come, priest, do your office.

Arch. Make hast, make hast, couple 'em any way. — (*Takes Aimwell's hand.*) Come, madam, I'm to give you — 105

Dor. My mind's alter'd; I won't.

Arch. Eh!

Aim. I'm confounded!

Foig. Upon my shoul, and sho is my shelf.

Arch. What's the matter now, madam? 110

Dor. Look'ye, sir, one generous action deserves another. This gentleman's honour oblig'd him to hide nothing from me; my justice engages me to conceal nothing from him. In short, sir, you are the person that you thought you counter-115 feited; you are the true Lord Viscount Aimwell, and I wish your lordship joy. — Now, priest, you may be gone; if my lord is pleas'd now with the match, let his lordship marry me in the face of the world. 120

Aim. Arch. What do's she mean?

Dor. Here's a witness for my truth.

Enter Sir Ch[arles] F. and Mrs. Sull[en].

Sir Ch. My dear Lord Aimwell, I wish you joy.

Aim. Of what?

Sir Ch. Of your honour and estate. Your brother died the day before I left London; and all your friends have writ after you to Brussels; — among the rest I did my self the honour.

Arch. Hark'ye, sir knight, don't you banter now?

Sir Ch. 'Tis truth, upon my honour.

Aim. Thanks to the pregnant stars that form'd this accident!

Arch. Thanks to the womb of time that brought it forth! — away with it!

Aim. Thanks to my guardian angel that led me to the prize!

Taking Dorinda's band.

Arch. And double thanks to the noble Sir Charles Freeman. — My lord, I wish you joy. — My lady, I wish you joy. — I gad, Sir Freeman, you're the honestest fellow living! — S'death, I'm grown strange airy upon this matter! — My lord, how d'ye? — A word, my lord; don't you remember something of a previous agreement, that entitles me to the moyety of this lady's fortune, which, I think, will amount to five thousand pound?

Aim. Not a penny, Archer; you wou'd ha' cut my throat just now, because I wou'd not receive this lady.

130 *Hark'ye.* O1, O3, *Hark'e.*

Arch. Ay, and I'll cut your throat again, if you shou'd deceive her now.

Aim. That's what I expected; and to end the dispute — the lady's fortune is ten thousand ¹⁵⁵ pound, — we'll divide stakes: take the ten thousand pound or the lady.

Dor. How! is your lordship so indifferent?

Arch. No, no, no, madam! his lordship knows very well that I'll take the money; I leave you ¹⁶⁰ to his lordship, and so we're both provided for.

Enter Count Bellair.

Count. *Mesdames & Messieurs*, I am your servant trice humble! I hear you be rob here.

Aim. The ladies have been in some danger, ¹⁶⁵ sir.

Count. And, begar, our inn be rob too!

Aim. Our inn! By whom?

Count. By the landlord, begar! — Garzoon, he has rob himself, and run away!

Arch. Rob'd himself! ¹⁷⁰

Count. Ay, begar, and me too of a hundre pound.

Arch. A hundred pound?

Count. Yes, that I ow'd him.

Enter Count Bellair. In ed. 5, *Works*, and later 18th c. eds., the place of Count Bellair in this scene is taken by Foigard, the speeches being appropriately altered. See Notes.

¹⁶² *Messieurs.* QQ, *Massieurs.*

¹⁷¹ *hundre.* Q2, hundred.

Aim. Our money's gone, Frank. 175

Arch. Rot the money! my wench is gone. —
Scavez-vous quelque chose de Mademoiselle Cherry?

Enter a Fellow with a strong-box and a letter.

Fell. Is there one Martin here?

Arch. Ay, ay — who wants him?

Fell. I have a box here, and letter for him. 180

Arch. (*taking the box*). Ha! ha! ha! what's here? Legerdemain! — By this light, my lord, our money again! — But this unfolds the riddle. — (*Opening the letter, reads.*) Hum, hum, hum — Oh, 'tis for the publick good, and must be 185 communicated to the company. *Reads.*

Mr. Martin,

My father, being afraid of an impeachment by the rogues that are taken to night, is gone off; but if you can procure him a pardon, he will make great discoveries 190 that may be useful to the country. Cou'd I have met you instead of your master to night, I wou'd have deliver'd my self into your hands, with a sum that much exceeds that in your strong box, which I have sent you, with an assurance to my dear Martin that I shall ever be his 195 most faithful friend till death. CHERRY BONNIFACE.

There's a billet-doux for you! As for the father, I think he ought to be encourag'd; and for the daughter — pray, my lord, persuade your bride to take her into her service instead of Gipsej. 200

190 *he will.* O3, he'll.

Aim. I can assure you, madam, your deliverance was owing to her discovery.

Dor. Your command, my lord, will do without the obligation. I'll take care of her.

Sir Ch. This good company meets oportunely ²⁰⁵ in favour of a design I have in behalf of my unfortunate sister. I intend to part her from her husband — gentlemen, will you assist me?

Arch. Assist you! S'death, who wou'd not?

Count. Assist! Garzoon, we all assest! ²¹⁰

Enter Sullen.

Sull. What's all this? — They tell me, spouse, that you had like to have been rob'd.

Mrs. Sull. Truly, spouse, I was pretty near it, had not these two gentlemen interpos'd.

Sull. How came these gentlemen here? ²¹⁵

Mrs. Sull. That's his way of returning thanks, you must know.

Count. Garzoon, the question be a propo for all dat.

Sir Ch. You promis'd last night, sir, that you ²²⁰ would deliver your lady to me this morning.

Sull. Humph!

Arch. Humph! What do you mean by humph? Sir, you shall deliver her — In short, sir, we have sav'd you and your family; and if you are not ²²⁵ civil, we'll unbind the rogues, join with 'um, and set fire to your house. What do's the man mean? Not part with his wife!

Count. Ay, garzoon, de man no understan
common justice. 230

Mrs. Sull. Hold, gentlemen, all things here
must move by consent; compulsion wou'd spoil
us. Let my dear and I talk the matter over, and
you shall judge it between us.

Sull. Let me know first who are to be our 235
judges.— Pray, sir, who are you?

Sir Ch. I am Sir Charles Freeman, come to
take away your wife.

Sull. And you, good sir?

Aim. Charles, Viscount Aimwell, come to 240
take away your sister.

Sull. And you, pray, sir?

Arch. Francis Archer, Esq., come ——

Sull. To take away my mother, I hope. Gentle-
men, you're heartily welcome; I never met with 245
three more obliging people since I was born! —
And now, my dear, if you please, you shall have
the first word.

Arch. And the last, for five pound!

Mrs. Sull. Spouse! 250

Sull. Ribb!

Mrs. Sull. How long have we been marry'd?

Sull. By the almanak, fourteen months; but
by my account, fourteen years.

Mrs. Sull. 'Tis thereabout by my reckoning. 255

Count. Garzoon, their account will agree.

Mrs. Sull. Pray, spouse, what did you marry for?

Sull. To get an heir to my estate.

Sir Ch. And have you succeeded?

260

Sull. No.

Arch. The condition fails of his side. — Pray, madam, what did you marry for?

Mrs. Sull. To support the weakness of my sex by the strength of his, and to enjoy the pleasures of an agreeable society.

Sir Ch. Are your expectations answer'd?

Mrs. Sull. No.

Count. A clear case, a clear case!

Sir Ch. What are the bars to your mutual contentment?

Mrs. Sull. In the first place, I can't drink ale with him.

Sull. Nor can I drink tea with her.

Mrs. Sull. I can't hunt with you.

275

Sull. Nor can I dance with you.

Mrs. Sull. I hate cocking and racing.

Sull. And I abhor ombre and piquet.

Mrs. Sull. Your silence is intollerable.

Sull. Your prating is worse.

280

Mrs. Sull. Have we not been a perpetual offence to each other — a gnawing vulture at the heart?

Sull. A frightful goblin to the sight?

Mrs. Sull. A porcupine to the feeling? 285

Sull. Perpetual wormwood to the taste?

Mrs. Sull. Is there on earth a thing we cou'd agree in?

Sull. Yes — to part.

Mrs. Sull. With all my heart. 290

Sull. Your hand.

Mrs. Sull. Here.

Sull. These hands join'd us, these shall part us. — Away!

Mrs. Sull. North. 295

Sull. South.

Mrs. Sull. East.

Sull. West — far as the poles asunder.

Count. Begar, the ceremony be vera pretty!

Sir Ch. Now, Mr. Sullen, there wants only 300 my sister's fortune to make us easie.

Sull. Sir Charles, you love your sister, and I love her fortune; every one to his fancy.

Arch. Then you won't refund?

Sull. Not a stiver. 305

Arch. Then I find, madam, you must e'en go to your prison again.

Count. What is the portion?

Sir Ch. Ten thousand pound, sir.

Count. Garzoon, I'll pay it, and she shall go 310 home wid me.

Arch. Ha! ha! ha! French all over. — Do you know, sir, what ten thousand pound English is?

Count. No, begar, not justement.

Arch. Why, sir, 'tis a hundred thousand livres. 315

Count. A hundre tousand livres! A garzoon! me canno' do't: your beauties and their fortunes are both too much for me.

Arch. Then I will.—This nights adventure has prov'd strangely lucky to us all—for Captain 320 Gibbet in his walk had made bold, Mr. Sullen, with your study and escritoire, and had taken out all the writings of your estate, all the articles of marriage with [t]his lady, bills, bonds, leases, receipts, to an infinite value: I took 'em from 325 him, and I deliver them to Sir Charles.

Gives him a parcel of papers and parchments.

Sull. How, my writings!—my head akes consumedly. — Well, gentlemen, you shall have her fortune, but I can't talk. If you have a mind, Sir Charles, to be merry, and celebrate my sister's 330 wedding and my divorce, you may command my house — but my head akes consumedly. — Scrub, bring me a dram.

Arch. Madam (*to Mrs. Sullen*), there's a country dance to the trifle that I sung to day; your 335 hand, and we'll lead it up. *Here a Dance.*

'T would be hard to guess which of these par-

ties is the better pleas'd, the couple join'd, or the couple parted; the one rejoycing in hopes of an untasted happiness, and the other in their deliv-³⁴⁰erance from an experienc'd misery.

Both happy in their several states we find,
Those parted by consent, and those conjoin'd.

Consent, if mutual, saves the lawyer's fee.

Consent is law enough to set you free. 345

FINIS.

Notes to The Beaux Stratagem

For single words see Glossary

Advertisement. 199, 1. *my illness.* See *Biography*, p. xi.

Prologue. 200, 3. *the Plain Dealer.* William Wycherley (1640–1715), author of the comedy of that name. He was more frequently called “Manly” Wycherley, after its chief character.

200, 8. notes of Union. The final union of England and Scotland was effected March 6, 1707, when Queen Anne gave her assent to the Act of Union.

Act I. Scene I. 203, 6. *Warrington coach.* The first of many touches of satire directed at English inns. Note the contrast of treatment accorded the passengers of the Warrington coach and those of the London coach.

204, 18. the Lyon and the Rose. The chambers of English inns were named instead of numbered. Cf. Goldsmith’s plays, this edition, pp. 97 and 207.

206, 76. she’s happy, etc. Cf. *The Recruiting Officer*, 75, 124.

206, 87. fits of the mother. Hysteria. *N. E. D.*

207, 98–99. marry’d . . . t’other day. A careless slip. Squire Sullen has been married fourteen months. See 333, 253.

207, 112. he wants it. In this and the following line there is evidently a play upon the ideas of cuckoldry and imbecility.

212, 234. such as we. Early eighteenth century editions omit *as*; a slight improvement in the sense, but without warrant.

212, 250. kind keepers. Cf. title of Dryden’s comedy, *Limberham, or the Kind Keeper.*

214, 282. out of doors; obsolete, or out of fashion.

218, 405. sets . . . above. Cf. *The Recruiting Officer*, 127, 245.

Act II. Scene I. 222, 7-8. Doctors-Commons.

The Association or College of Doctors of Civil Law dined in commons: hence the name, which was applied also to the civil and ecclesiastical courts which convened in the buildings of the Association. These courts had jurisdiction in matters of marriage and divorce.

224, 58. weekly bills. The Weekly Bills of Mortality for London, issued from 1538 until 1837. "Within the weekly bills" came to mean within the confines of London; thus even in the nineteenth century Serjeant Talfourd speaks of "every theatre within the Bills of Mortality." (Preface to *Tragedies*, London, 1844.)

224, 67. between both; i.e., as husband and brother.

Act II. Scene II. 230, 31. blazing star. A comet. Used also in Farquhar's poem, *Barcellona*.

231, 57. the coronation. Of Queen Anne, April 23, 1702: hence it was nearly five years since Aimwell attended church.

232. Enter Boniface, etc. Hunt, Ewald, and Archer change the scene at this point. The change seems unnecessary and is without authority of early editions.

233, 115-16. gentlemen o' the pad. Highwaymen. Cf. footpad.

234, 129. old Brentford at Christmas. Brentford, eight miles west of London, divided by the River Brent into the Old and New towns, has frequent mention in literature from Shakespeare (*Merry Wives*) to Thackeray (*Miscellanies*). Thomson, in *The Castle of Indolence*, calls it "a town of mud." The two kings of Brentford figure conspicuously in Buckingham's *The Rehearsal*, and Tom D'Urfey has a play, *The Two Queens of Brentford*.

235, 151-52. contrary way. Upward, i.e., up the gallows.

Act III. Scene I. 241, 15-16. warms . . . enjoyment. Mr. Archer suggests "mind" for "mirth," but the change would be for the worse. Mirth is used here in the sense of "pleasure," which is to be enjoyed "warmed over" in the recollection.

242, 27. cephalick plaister. A plaster for headaches and similar disorders.

245, 120. refus'd the favor; i.e., the "last favor," a euphemism far above Scrub. This is one of many instances in which Farquhar sacrifices his character for the sake of a laugh or an effect.

245, 121. dinner's upon table. Farquhar seems to forget that the count was invited to dinner. See 229, 193-94.

Act III. Scene II. 249, 98. in the plantations. Alluding to the transporting of convicts.

249, 103-4. a Roman for that. In military parlance a "Roman" was a foot-soldier who gave up his pay to his captain for leave to work, thus, like an ancient Roman, serving for the good of his country. (See *N. E. D.*) This precisely fits Gibbet's words.

249, 105. One of the first. Aimwell's aside has puzzled the critics. Schmid, following Count Stephanie's German version of *B. S.*, believes "one of the first" means "as the first Romans thought," alluding to the Rape of Sabine Women. This seems far-fetched. I believe the allusion is merely to the character of the rabble that, in legendary history, responded to the offer by Romulus of a refuge to all in his new city of Rome.

250, 133. three or four. A play upon "charge." Gibbet uses the word in the sense of trust or responsibility. Aimwell means charge of ammunition for firearms.

252, 189. dear joy. Joy = darling, child, sweetheart. The phrase, "dear joy," is so much used by the lower classes in Ireland that it is often used derisively to signify an Irishman. See Wright's *Dialect Dictionary*.

253, 196-97. down-right Teague. Pure Irish. "Teague" was a familiar Christian name among the Irish, and was for a long time used generically until supplanted by the more modern "Paddy." Cf. Farquhar's *The Twin Rivals* and *The Stage-Coach*.

253, 202. What King of Spain. Alluding to the War of the Spanish Succession, 1701-1714.

Act III. Scene III. 256, 68. upon that lay. Upon that line, or tack. *N. E. D.*

256, 70. Pressing Act. Cf. *The Recruiting Officer*, 79, 19-20, and note on same. Also entire Scene IV, Act V, *op. cit.*

256, 77. three justices. See note preceding.

257, 88. **whore of Babylon.** *Revelation*, xvii, xviii.

257, 95-96. **lies . . . traveller.** Cf. *The Recruiting Officer*, 98, 239-40.

262, 219. **render'd incapable.** Represented or described as . . . obs., *N. E. D.*

262-63, 232-34. **lieutenancy . . . bread.** The suggestion of Farquhar's own condition is obvious. See *Biography*, p. xi.

263. **Sir Simon the King.** A popular song alluding to Simon Wadloe, host of the Devil Tavern in the early seventeenth century. Old Simon is frequently mentioned by writers from Ben Jonson to Fielding.

264, 274. **his Grace.** Frequently taken to be a thrust at the Duke of Ormond. See *Biography*, p. xi.

264, 286. **a peace is a trifle.** Alluding to the efforts of Marlborough's Tory foes to end the war with France.

272, 485. **a taste of the vertue.** This speech hardly rings true. The rawness of the entire scene is little improved by Mrs. Sullen's impudent assumption of championship of English feminine morality.

272, 492. **Fair Dorinda, Revenge.** Fitzgibbon plausibly surmises that this was a song in some operatic version of Dryden and Davenant's *The Tempest*. Archer finds a song about revenge by a character called Dorinda in the opera *Camilla* (see *The Recruiting Officer*, 185, 27). It can hardly be the song Farquhar had in mind.

Act IV. Scene I. 279, 124-28. Love's his distemper, etc. A characteristic mixture of figures, resulting from Farquhar's extravagance of style in romantic passages.

286, 286. **Cedunt arma togae.** The soldier defers to the priest. The Latin is out of character. Cf. 253, 213-14.

288, 350-51. **Alexander's battles.** A series of historical paintings by Charles Le Brun (1619-1690).

288, 353. **greater general.** John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough.

288, 352-56. **We want only,** etc. In this passage the campaigns of Alexander and Marlborough are contrasted. The Granicus and the Danube rivers, Arbela and Ramelies (Ramillies), were the scenes of their victories, respectively, over the Persians and the French.

288, 359. **Ovid in his exile.** Ovid spent the last ten years of his life in exile at Tomi, presumably for an indiscretion in love, which has remained a mystery.

293, 485. **beg . . . at the gallows-foot.** The gallows-foot is the space immediately in front of the gallows. To beg a person was to petition in the Court of Wards for his custody as feudal superior or guardian. See *N. E. D.*

Act IV. Scene II. 297. The change of scene, not indicated in the early editions, is clearly intended.

297, 13. **bear looking.** The Temple and Mermaid editions print "bare (mere) looking," which gives the correct sense.

298, 28-29. **steal two acts, etc.** Cf. *Discourse upon Comedy*, 32, 686, and note, 34.

299, 61-62. **catcht dere. . . .** This points to the existence of a proverb about Irishmen antedating Johnson's famous *mot*, "Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young."

299, 67. **shew'd me a commission.** But less than a minute before Aimwell did not know Foigard's name!

300, 89-90. **Mynheer, Ick wet, etc.** Sir, I do not know what you say; I don't understand you, adzoons!

300, 97. **Cussen Mackshane.** That Archer should have hit upon Foigard's real name is rather forced, even in comedy.

304, 186. **Vigo business.** Cf. *The Recruiting Officer*, 184, 16, and see note on same, 194.

Act V. Scene I. the constable, etc. 305, 12-14. Cf. Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, 147, 98-101, this series.

309, 126. **my life.** Aimwell is apostrophizing Dorinda.

Act V. Scene II. 301, 38-39. Jupiter . . . Alcmena. Alcmena was wooed by Jupiter in the guise of her husband, Amphitryon. Hercules was their son. Plautus, Molière, and Dryden have treated the theme in comedy.

317, 188. **bring . . . presently; i.e., immediately.**

Act V. Scene III. 319. Enter Hounslow, etc. According to the stage directions the speeches of the two robbers should be interchanged.

323, 90. **downright Swiss.** Swiss soldiers were famous as mercenaries in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

323, 113. **like the Edystone.** The first Eddystone lighthouse, completed in 1699, was destroyed by a storm in 1703.

Act V. Scene IV. 327, 96-97. tedious priest. The repetition of "tedious" is unfortunate and may have been a printer's slip.

330. Enter Count Bellair. See footnote, p. 268.

333, 240. Charles, Viscount Aimwell. Undoubtedly an error. Aimwell is several times addressed by Archer as Tom. See 231, 47 and 54; 245, 125.

333, 253. fourteen months. See note to 207, 98-99.

336, 323, ff. writings of your estate, etc. The forcing of Sullen's consent through the possession of his papers seems a weak device, even for light comedy. But the idea of divorce by consent is too extravagant to be taken seriously, even if well worked out. The ending of the play lends some color to Lamb's explanation of the Restoration comedy. See *Introduction*, pp. xv and liii.

Epilogue. 338, 2. expiring author. See *Biography*, p. xi.

338, 9. Leuctra . . . Theban. In the battle of Leuctra (371 B. C.) the Thebans, led by Epaminondas, defeated the Spartans under Cleombrotus. The "conqu'ring Theban" did not, however, meet death on this field, but on that of Mantinea, nine years later, when he overcame the army of a coalition of Grecian states, including Sparta and Athens. His manner of death and last words appealed to Farquhar as fitting his own case. Farquhar's jest at death, "Nor let the bard be dam'd before he dies" (line 4), is not without heroic quality.

338, 14. Serjeant Kite. See *The Recruiting Officer*.

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- For Texts of A Discourse Upon Comedy see page lvii.*

II. WORKS BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL

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Glossary

- adso**, contraction of adzooks (God's hooks). *R. O.* v, iv, 20.
- ad's my life**, adslife (God's life). *R. O.* II, i, 9.
- all-fours**, a game of cards. Name refers to high, low, Jack, and the game. *B. S.* v, i, 96.
- Amadis**, hero of the Spanish romance, Amadis de Gaul, by Vasco de Lobeira. *B. S.* III, ii, 7.
- banes**, banns. *R. O.* III, ii, 229.
- begar**, begad. *B. S.* v, iv, 166.
- Bellarmino**, Cardinal Robert Francis Romulus (1502-1621). Distinguished Italian theologian. Controversy with James I relative to anti-Catholic laws. *D. C.* 207.
- Betterton**, Thomas, actor and play-house manager (1635?-1710). Builder of New Lincoln Inn Fields Theatre. Given credit by Cibber for introducing shifting scenery. *D. C.* 810.
- Bononcini**, Marco Antonio, Italian composer (1675?-1726). His opera, *Camilla, Regina de Volci*, was produced at Drury Lane about one week before *The Recruiting Officer*. *R. O. Epilogue* 25.
- broad-pieces**, coins of twenty shillings, so called in contrast to the guinea, which was thicker. *R. O.* II, iii, 38.
- caliver**, caliber. *R. O.* III, ii, 257.
- Camilla's**, see **Bononcini**. *R. O. Epilogue* 27.
- capitulate**, to treat for terms. *R. O.* I, i, 221.
- catechise**, catechism. *B. S.* II, ii, 173.
- centinel**, private soldier. *R. O.* IV, i, 201.
- ceruse**, a paint or cosmetic for the skin. *B. S.* II, ii, 103.
- Cesario**, in *The Fair Maid of the Inn* (1626), by Massinger, Fletcher, and Rowley, *B. S.* III, ii, 6.
- chapman**, purchaser, customer. *R. O.* III, i, 80.
- charge**, trust, commission. *B. S.* III, ii, 132.
- Charleroi**, a town in Belgium,

- about 33 miles south of Brussels. *R. O.* iv, ii, 42.
- cheapen**, to ask the price of. *R. O.* iv, ii, 75.
- chin-cough** (chine-cough), whooping-cough. *B. S.* i, i, 88.
- chister**, sister (Irish dial.). *B. S.* iv, ii, 107.
- chopping**, lusty, bouncing. *R. O.* i, i, 150.
- citts**, citizens. *D. C.* 101.
- club**, share. *B. S.* iv, ii, 20.
- coming**, yielding, pliable. *D. C.* 698.
- composure**, composition (musical). *R. O. Epilogue* 30-31.
- conjunction**, spell of sorcery. *R. O.* i, i, 25.
- consumed**, confounded. *B. S.* ii, ii, 128.
- consumedly**, confoundedly. *B. S.* ii, i, 95.
- conversable**, easy and pleasant in conversation. *B. S.* iii, i, 5.
- Cook** (Coke), Sir Edward, (1552-1634) distinguished jurist and law writer. *D. C.* 255.
- cornishes**, cornices. *R. O.* ii, ii, 41-42.
- demi-canon**, a gun of about six and one half inches bore. *B. S.* iii, ii, 18.
- diet-drink**, a drink prescribed and prepared for medicinal purposes. *B. S.* ii, i, 43.
- ding**, to fling or bounce. *B. S.* iii, iii, 82.
- Dixmude**, a town in Belgian West Flanders. *R. O.* iv, ii, 41.
- D'Urfey**, Thomas, playwright, (1653-1723). *R. O. Dedication* 40. See *Notes to R. O.* 186.
- enter**, to engage or attack. *B. S.* iv, ii, 168.
- fey**, variant of fay, faith (Irish dial.). *B. S.* iv, ii, 94.
- fistles**, whistles (Irish dial.). *B. S.* iv, i, 298.
- Fondlewife**, in Congreve's *Old Bachelor*. *D. C.* 560.
- Furnes**, a town in Belgian West Flanders. *R. O.* iv, ii, 41.
- garzoon**, gadzooks, God's wounds (French dial.). *B. S.* v, iv, 168.
- goose-cap**, a justice. *R. O.* v, i, 41. Cf. *Love and a Bottle*, iv, iii.
- graips**, gripes. *B. S.* iv, i, 33.
- gra**, agra, arrah. An Irish exclamation or expletive. *B. S.* iv, i, 318.
- groat**, fourpence silver. *R. O.* iii, i, 77.

- Hedelin**, François, abbé d'Aubignac (1604-1676). Preacher, poet, and critic. Author of *La Pratique du théâtre* (1657), etc. *D. C.* 120.
- Heinsius**, Daniel (1580-1655) and Nikolaes (1620-1681) father and son, both distinguished Dutch scholars. The former, who was a pupil of Scaliger and editor of Horace, Aristotle, and Seneca, was the greater, and is probably the one referred to by Farquhar. *D. C.* 120.
- Hicks-Hall**, a sessions-house for the Middlesex magistrates, in St. Johns Street, Clerkenwell, built for them by Baptist Hicks, Viscount Campden, in 1610, and occupied until 1778. *D. C.* 223.
- Hippolito's**, a coffee-house. *D. C.* 727.
- howd'ye**, rigmarole, *B. S.* III, III, 217.
- I cod**, egad. *R. O.* II, III, 180.
- I gad**, egad. *B. S.* II, II, 284.
- ingineer**, a plotter, layer of snares. *B. S.* V, II, 65.
- joy**, see note on 252, 189.
- keeper**, one who keeps a mistress. *B. S.* I, I, 250.
- Lard**, affected form of exclamation, Lord. *B. S.* IV, I, 527.
- Law**, freedom of choice. *B. S.* IV, II, 41.
- le**, affected form of exclamation, la. *B. S.* III, III, 243.
- Le Brun**, Charles, French painter (1619-1690). *B. S.* IV, I, 353.
- lewidores**, louis d'or. *B. S.* IV, I, 307.
- Libertine**, tragedy by Thomas Shadwell (1676). *D. C.* 178.
- list**, to enlist. *R. O.* I, I, 14.
- logice**, according to logic. *B. S.* IV, I, 315.
- mail**, miles (peasant dial.). *B. S.* IV, I, 14.
- Morose**, in Ben Jonson's comedy *Epicoene*. *D. C.* 616.
- Morris**, keeper of a coffee house. Cf. *Sir Harry Wildair*, v, iv. *B. S.* IV, II, 21.
- nab**, a hat. *R. O.* II, III, 64.
- naught**, naughty. *B. S.* II, I, 113.
- oeconomy**, orderly arrangement. *B. S.* II, I, 88. *D. C.* See note on line 58.
- Old Bachelor**, William Congreve's first play (1693). *D. C.* 179.
- oons**, contraction of 'Swounds, God's wounds. *R. O.* III, I, 260.

- Ormond**, James Butler, Duke of (1665-1745). Farquhar's patron. See *Biography*. *R. O. Dedication* 63.
- Oroondates**, King of Scythia, in La Calpranède's romance *Cassandra*. Also in play by John Banks, *The Rival Kings, or the Loves of Oroondates and Staira*. *B. S.* III, ii, 6.
- Orrery**, Charles Boyle, Earl of (1676-1731). Patron of Farquhar. See *Biography*. *R. O. Dedication* 64.
- Ounds**, see **oons**. *R. O.* II, iii, 59.
- pad**, a road-horse. *R. O.* II, ii, 61.
- palisadoes**, stakes carried by dragoons for defense against cavalry attack. *R. O.* III, i, 91.
- perjury**, perjury. *R. O.* II, iii, 143.
- pinner**, caps with long flaps pinned on each side; also the flaps themselves. *R. O.* III, ii, 7.
- portmantle**, portmanteau. *B. S.* I, i, 18.
- posy**, a verse or motto inscribed on a ring, brooch, etc. *R. O.* II, iii, 41.
- practick**, praxis. *D. C.* 190.
- premises**, the aforesaid. *B. S.* II, ii, 110.
- purchased**, obtained by effort. *B. S.* I, i, 358-359.
- pure**, fine, admirable. *IV*, i, 334.
- purely**, finely, admirably. *III*, i, 52.
- Quintus Curtius**, the biographer of Alexander the Great. *D. C.* 862.
- quoif**, coif, a cap worn by women. *B. S.* III, ii, 29.
- rakehelly**, dissolute, rakish. *R. O.* I, ii, 103.
- Rapin**, René. French critic (1621-1687). His *Réflexions sur la Poétique d'Aristote* powerfully affected English criticism and poetry in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. *D. C.* 120.
- ratafia**, a sweet cordial flavored with fruits. *R. O.* III, i, 125.
- regularities**, structural principles. *D. C.* 663.
- Rich**, Christopher (?-1714), manager of the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. *R. O. Dedication* 37. *D. C.* 147.
- Rover**; or the *Banish't Cavaliers*. By Mrs. Aphra Behn; called her best play. *D. C.* 178.
- Salmoneus**, son of Æolus, legendary ancestor of the Æolians. Commanded his subjects to worship him instead of Zeus. *B. S.* IV, i, 395.
- Salopian**, pertaining to Salop,

- or Shropshire. *R. O.* III, ii, 152.
- salvo**, reservation, saving fact or clause. *D. C.* 70.
- Savoy**, a palace in London, erected in the thirteenth century. Remodeled as hospital and later as place of worship. *R. O.* III, i, 141.
- Scaliger**, Josephus Justus (1540-1609), called the greatest scholar of modern times. *D. C. Advertisement* 3.
- 's death**, God's death. *R. O.* III, i, 26.
- 'sflesh**, God's flesh. *R. O.* II, iii, 64.
- sharps**, duelling swords. *R. O.* v, v, 12.
- smoak**, to smell out, suspect. *B. S.* II, ii, 120.
- steas**, stays. *B. S.* III, ii, 30.
- strake**, strike; a dry measure varying locally from two pecks to four bushels. *R. O.* III, i, 73.
- Tillotson**, John (1630-1694), Archbishop of Canterbury. His sermons were considered models of composition. Dryden pays them the highest compliment. *D. C.* 335.
- tit**, bit or morsel; also child or girl. *R. O.* III, i, 32. *B. S.* I, i, 198.
- Toftida**, Katherine Tofts, the leading soprano singer of Eng-
- land in the reign of Anne. *B. S.* III, ii, 46.
- Tom's**, a popular coffee-house in Russell Street, kept by Thomas West. *B. S.* IV, ii, 13.
- truncheon**, staff of authority, especially that of the earl marshal of England. *R. O.* II, i, 136.
- Twittenham**, old name of Twickenham, *R. O.* II, ii, 46.
- Tyburn**, the usual place of execution in Middlesex. *B. S.* IV, ii, 191.
- tympanies**, inflated or distended condition of the abdomen. *B. S.* I, i, 75.
- ubooboo**, an exclamation (Irish dial.), probably equivalent to alack. Used also in *The Twin Rivals*, v, iii. *B. S.* IV, ii, 74.
- usquebaugh**, whiskey. *B. S.* I, i, 68.
- vapours**, depression of spirits, hysterics, the "blues," etc. *R. O.* I, i, 176.
- vertigo's**, intended for the plural of vertex or vortex (vertexes or vertices). In the Cartesian philosophy the vortex theory was used to explain the motions of the universe. *D. C.* 443.

- vether**, father. *R. O.* II, iii, 66.
- Vossius**, Gerardus Johannes (1577-1649), Dutch classical scholar and theologian. *D. C.* 120.
- waunds**, contraction of God's wounds (peasant dial.). *R. O.* II, iii, 199.
- wauns**, see **waunds**. *R. O.* I, i, 45.
- whisk**, whist. *B. S.* v, i, 94.
- Wildair**, Sir Harry, the leading character in Farquhar's comedies *The Constant Couple* and *Sir Harry Wildair*. *D. C.* 615.
- White's**, a chocolate-house in St. James Street. *B. S.* III, ii, 110.
- Will's**, one of the most famous and popular coffee-houses of London. Frequented by wits and men of letters in Dryden's time, when it was kept by William Unwin. *B. S.* III, ii, 108.
- Woollich**, Woolwich. *D. C.* 365.
- woundily**, excessively. *R. O.* I, i, 29-30.
- wuns**, see **waunds**. *R. O.* IV, i, 60.





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